THE MAN'S MAGAZINE

50 CENTS JUNE 1965 A FAWCETT PUBLICATION

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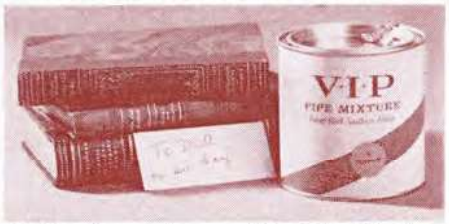

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Many-Faced War

Your author Malcolm Browne (*The New Face of War*—May) makes it clear that we can win in Viet Nam only if we drop our short-sighted concentration on military victory and seek a political solution. The Viet Cong is winning because it is a political movement which mobilizes popular support first, then fights. We fight, and the people be damned. But there can be no permanent victory without the support of the people. Let's try sending Peace-Corps-type missionaries to teach them how to set up a free, democratic government. Then we'll cut the Viet Cong's support out from under them.

—*Dick Johnson*
New York, N. Y.

Credit Due

Concerning my story *The Bloody Road to Usumbura* which appeared in last month's True, I'd like to mention that it was written with the very able collaboration of my English-language editor, Alex Pelle, with whom I have just completed the writing of *Congo Kitabu* (to be published next fall by Random House).

—*Jean-Pierre Hallet*
Los Angeles, Calif.

Looney Little League

Joey Jay (*Don't Trap Your Son in Little League Madness*—April) is 100 percent right, not only as far as baseball, but all living is concerned. Many people forget they were children and wanted to get into some sort of a ball game, and they would have been broken-hearted if they hadn't been allowed to compete. Let's take Joey's advice and give the game back to the kids. Let them learn the meaning of the saying, "It's not whether you win or lose, but how you play the game."

—*Ed Weilip*
Spokane, Wash.

Dick Daring And The Pea Pickers

Only You, Dick Daring (April) is an inside story on TV. What us poor pea pickers are more interested in is TV as a whole. You could do us a service by analyzing present-day TV in all its gruesome aspects, to the end that it will have to be changed for the better. Since your magazine seems to be written by intelligent people, it should not be too difficult to find someone to tackle the chore of condemning the hogwash, the abuses, the interruptions and all the other angles of this large subject.

—*Dudley Bennett*
Edgartown, Mass.

We think the best way to criticize the mediocrity of TV is to offer good entertainment that will show it up by contrast.

Uncommon Valor

In identifying the group of men who raised the second flag on Mount Suribachi, Richard Newcomb (*Iwo Jima*—March) listed Sgt. Michael Strank from "Jamestown, Pennsylvania." This is incorrect, as he was from Franklin Borough, a small community lying next to the city of Johnstown, Pennsylvania. We from Johnstown are proud of him and want to set the record straight.

—*Ray E. Miller*
Johnstown, Pa.

The author mentioned one of the Marines participating in the first planting of the flag on Suribachi as "Louis Charlo, a Crow Indian." Louis Charles Charlo, an unallotted *Flathead* Indian was born September 26,

[*Continued on page* 4]

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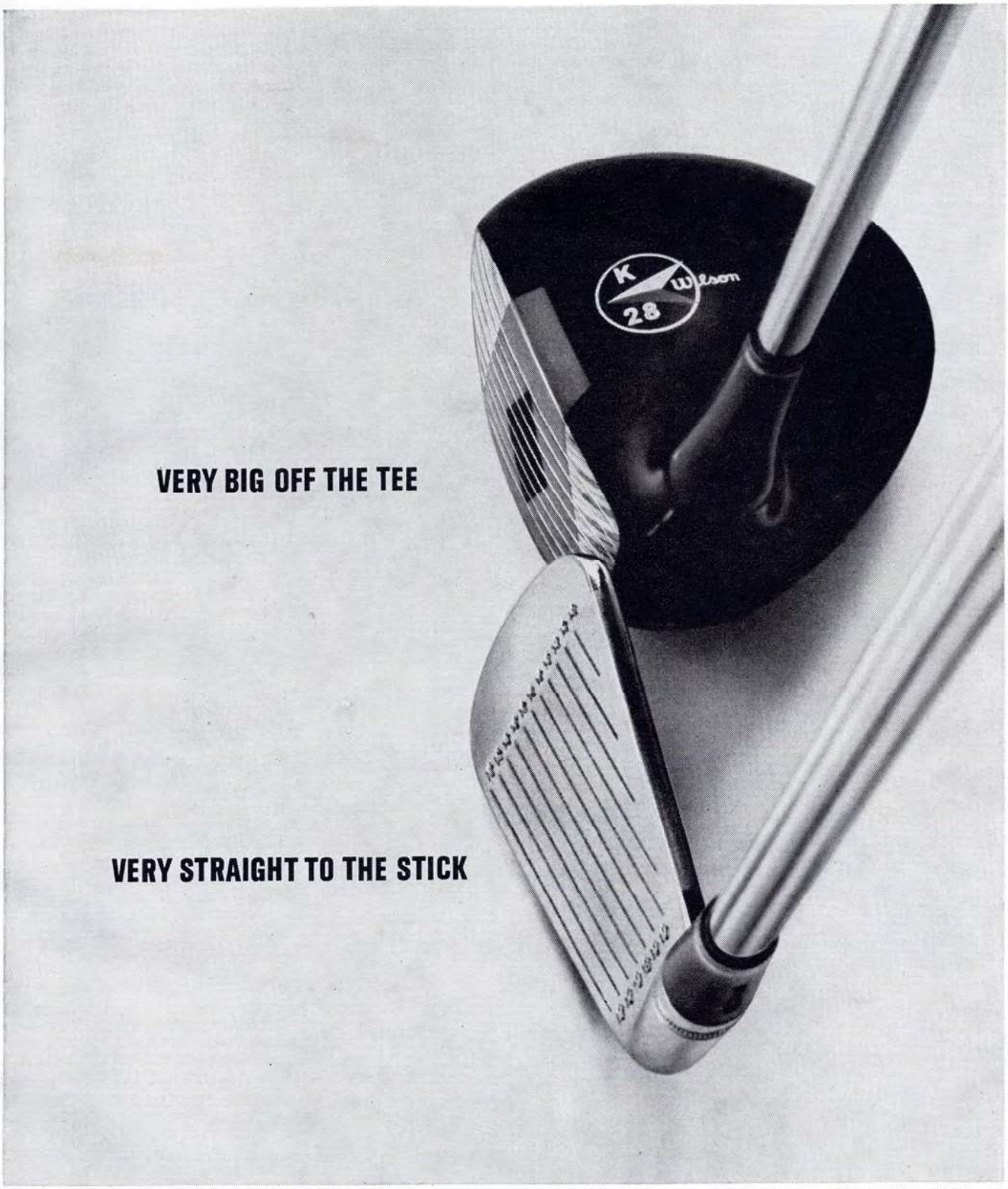

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[*Continued from page 2*]

1926 in Missoula, Montana. His parents, Mr. and Mrs. Antoine Charlo, still reside on the Flathead reservation. Louis is buried in the Fifth Marine Division cemetery on Iwo Jima.

—Richard A. Montee
Flathead Agency
Dixon, Mont.

Richard Newcomb and TRUE deeply regret these errors and hope they do not detract from the spirit of a work intended to honor Michael Strank, Louis Charlo and the thousands of other fighting men who died on Iwo Jima. The errors will be corrected in subsequent editions of Mr. Newcomb's book, *Iwo Jima*.

IMPOTENCE

Evan Hill's article *Impotence: The Secret Fear That Haunts Men* (March) is about the finest thing that has ever appeared in your pages. It is clearly and effectively written, well-researched, and characterized by balance, sympathy and judgment.

—John M. Haller
Modesto, Calif.

Three times a week I eat a fourth meal consisting of one quart of buttermilk, ¼ pound of peanuts, one plate of buttered grits, one bowl of oyster stew and one raw egg in a glass of whole milk. And maybe a glass of sherry or gin. This diet does increase a person's potency.

—Cpl. E. Q. Vinson, Jr., USMC
Camp Lejeune, N. C.

There's gotta be an easier way.

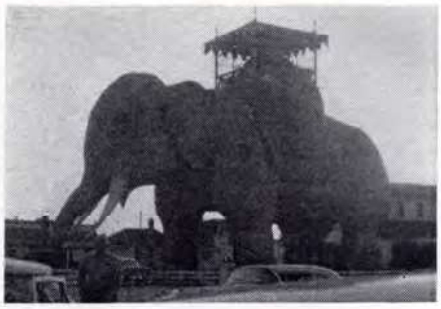
THE LITTLE GREEN BOX

Reading Erwin A. Bauer's article, *"Hey, Buddy, the Fish Are Here!"* (March) has been almost enough to make me sick. Devices like this "little green box" went out with the machine guns used on the elk in Jackson Hole, the slaughter of the American bison herds and the punt guns used by professional hunters to kill off much of the migratory bird population. Bauer's comparison of his little green box to a bird dog is fine as far as it goes. But the bird dog is used to flush the birds as well as locate them. This is for two reasons: 1) to give the birds a sporting chance and prevent the hunter from having to kill them on the ground; 2) to allow the hunter to show his skill to shoot these birds while on the wing. Bauer says, "Commercial fishermen of the world have used sonic devices to locate schools of fish." What he failed to add was that sportsmen *don't*.

—Keith Ramsay
Virginia Military Institute
Lexington, Va.

A "Lo-k-ted" fish has much more chance of getting away than a flushed bird.

ELEPHANTSVILLE



Hey, fellas! An elephant never forgets, and there's one near Atlantic City, New Jersey, that's likely to stomp you for printing in *Strange But True* (March) that he doesn't exist. You were writing about the Elephant Hotel in Coney Island, and you said, "Its like probably will never be seen again."

Well, here's a snapshot of its like, made in Philadelphia and assembled in Atlantic City, and still standing. You better come up with a mention of the old boy, to assuage his wounded feelings.

—Bill Nash
Munich, Germany

OVER AND ABOVE

A story about me entitled *Above and Beyond,* written by Joseph E. Brown, appeared in the January 1965 issue of TRUE. In reading it, I discovered numerous inaccuracies in the story. Though many of these are of a minor nature, I feel it my duty, to you and your readers, to offer these examples which represent a cross-section of the misstatements.

On page 22: ". . . and the rest of his body was a mass of burns, cuts and bruises." Actually, I suffered a few cuts on my face, hands and arms plus a few very minor burns on the same areas. Where Mr. Brown mentions my "spending a day leaping from sawhorses in his garage," I spent, in fact, about an hour jumping from a sawhorse onto the golf course near Gillespie Field. He depicts the Navy's water survival test: "He tried it first without artificial limbs and swallowed a ton of chlorine struggling to the side of the pool. With his legs strapped in place, it was much easier." That's not quite so. The entire test was done once only and with the limbs off. I recall swallowing no chlorine.

In concluding the story, author Brown says that the Navy permitted me to return to flying, "except for piloting the most refined supersonic jets and except for carrier landings without a co-pilot." I wish this were true. At present I am allowed to fly dual-controlled aircraft only and with a qualified co-pilot.

—Lt. Frank K. Ellis, USN
Monterey, California

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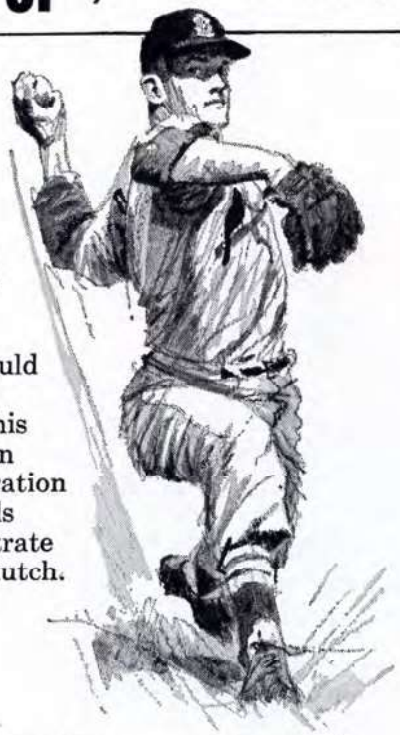

...pick a spot and pitch to it

Concentrate. Have a target every time you throw. Even when warming up on the sidelines or fooling around before a game, a pitcher should be throwing at a spot: the other fellow's right knee or his left shoulder or the buckle on his belt. Remember, concentration breeds control, control breeds confidence. Learn to concentrate and you'll be rough in the clutch.

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THE MAN'S MAGAZINE

TRUE

'Tis strange, but true; for truth is always strange—stranger than fiction.
BYRON

JUNE 1965

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COVER PHOTOGRAPH BY ROBERT HALMI

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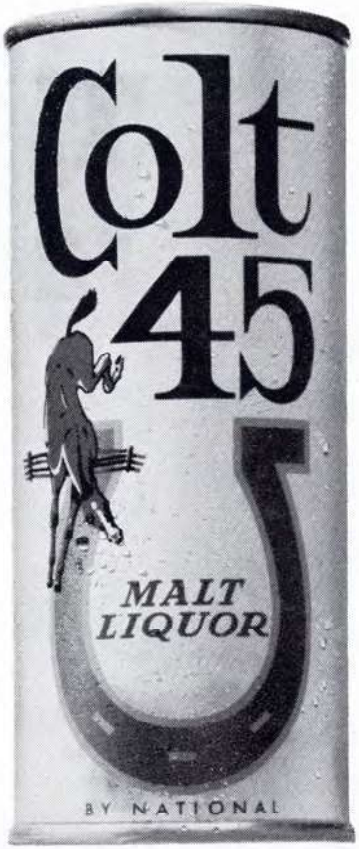
VOL. 46 A FAWCETT PUBLICATION NO. 337

Adventurers!
Swingers!
Fun lovers!
Playboys!



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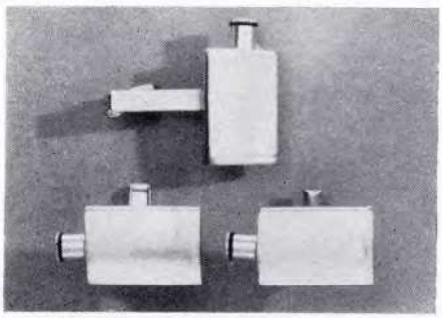

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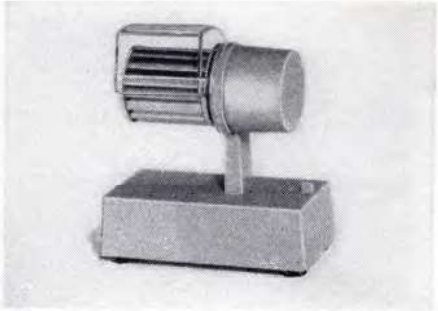

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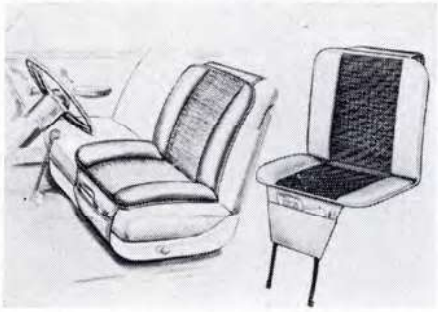

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For more True Goes Shopping, turn to page 110

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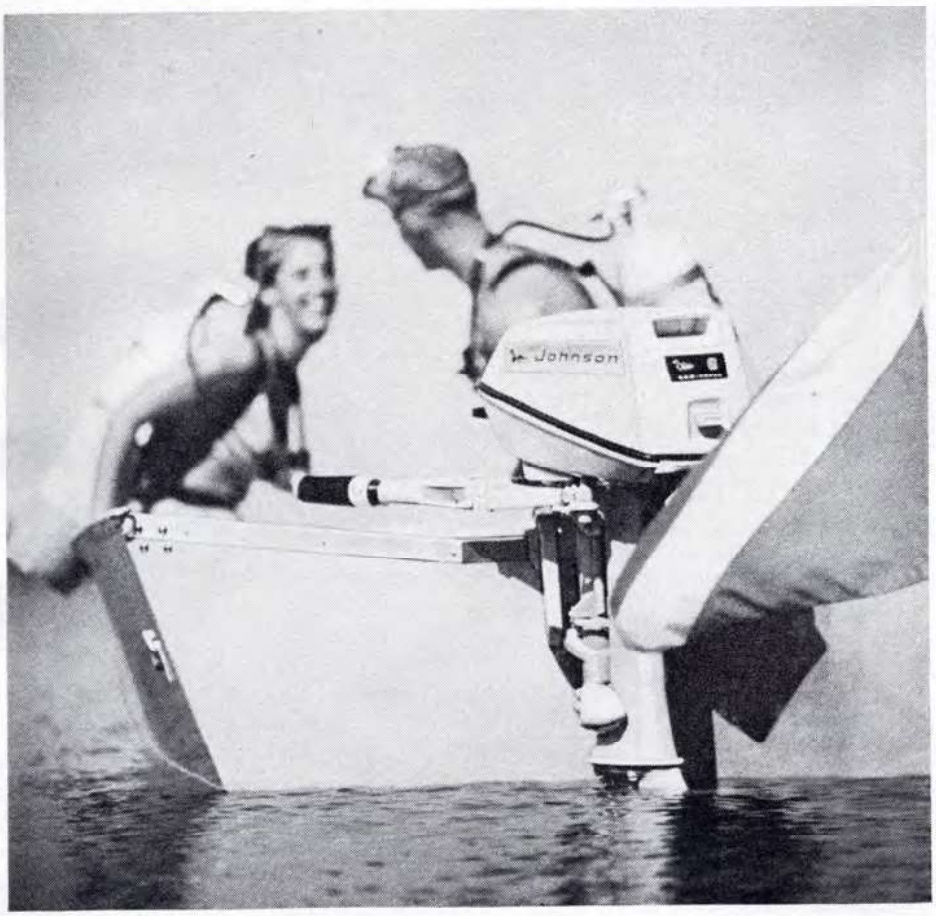

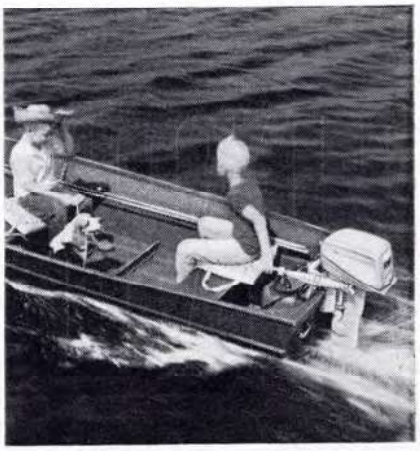

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IT'S A MAN'S WORLD

A monthly commentary by TRUE's editors to keep you entertained and informed—and to keep the little woman firmly in her place

HOT STUFF ABOUT SWEAT

Men sweat; women perspire. According to some research done by the Mitchum Company, an outfit that trafficks in deodorants, women don't start to perspire until surrounding temperature reaches 91° to 93° F. Men start to sweat when the temperature reaches 84°. However, men who wear lightweight T-shirts or underwear under their shirts tend to be cooler than women in sleeveless dresses, or guys who strip to the waist on a hot day. It's a matter of better evaporation from multitudes of absorbent fibers. The research doesn't mention "mental sweat." This kind occurs on palms of the hand and is associated with mental and emotional activity. Do a little beach-watching of girls in bikinis. Check your palms. If they're bone-dry—well, you could have a problem.

FATHERS-at-LARGE

About 50 men in New York City are "rescuing" children from emotionally unhealthy confinement in a woman's world. The men partially ease an ache in the lives of hundreds of children left fatherless by death, divorce or desertion. Such kids are pretty much imprisoned in a female world from which the unaided mother is helpless to release them. The youngsters have little chance to experience male companionship, masculine-flavored activities, protectiveness, attitudes and fun, or to build an admiring "father image" important to children. Man-help is needed. Members of a group called Fathers-at-Large, Inc., furnish it and get a whale of a lot of satisfaction.

Fathers-at-Large was founded by Jack Gaines, a 46-year-old Manhattan business executive. Gaines is himself divorced and the father of a 9-year-old daughter whom he can see only a few times a week. He got the inspiration for Fathers-at-Large when he heard mothers discussing the problems of their fatherless children. A mother told of the reaction of her 6-year-old son to circumstances of his father's death. He lay on a couch and said, "I'm going to heaven too. I'm dead like Daddy." Another mother realized the desperate need of a male figure when she came home from work to find her 9-year-old son wobbling around in her high heels and putting on her lipstick.

"That's when I became determined to get this organization going," Gaines recalls. "Now I'm so involved in it, I spend as much time as I do with my own business."

Fathers-at-Large carries out three or four projects a month. Members pay for bus rentals, food and tickets out of their own pockets and give wholly of their time and affection. The first outing was a visit to a Wild West town in New Jersey. Now as many as 150 boys and girls are taken to jujitsu exhibitions, parachute-jumping demonstrations, visits aboard submarines, tours of Army bases, sports and other man-slanted activities. There have been weekend camping trips which for many children were the first overnight trips away from Mommy. Mothers are invited to Thanksgiving and Christmas parties and, of course, to a Mother's Day outing. Otherwise, Mom stays home.

Many members of Fathers-at-Large are divorced. Some are bachelors. Some are happily married men who have no children or whose children have grown up and left home. All are keenly aware that children are deeply affected by loss of a father.

"Boys apparently suffer most," says Gaines. "They need a man around whom they can learn from and pattern themselves after. They often become hostile and withdrawn when they lose their fathers. Girls suffer for different reasons, though the hurt is just as deep. They need their fathers to help bring out their femaleness, to make them aware that girls are special. Most of the little girls we've worked with need to be reassured that men actually like women.

"With each new member we can take five more kids. It's completely interracial. We have very rich kids as well as kids who are underprivileged in every sense." One of the greatest benefits to children, Gaines feels, is their awakened awareness that men, particularly fathers, are not necessarily like the bumbling, helpless, dim-witted creatures depicted in so-called family life comedies.

Contributions to Fathers-at-Large, Inc., are tax deductible. Similar groups have been organized in St. Louis and Los Angeles. Plans are under way for organizing on a national basis. Anyone interested in giving an image of responsible fatherhood to kids who sorely need it is invited to write to Fathers-at-Large, G.P.O. Box 1523, New York, N.Y. 10001.

PUP ART

We dismissed this year's lists of the 10 Best-Dressed Men and Best-Dressed Women as gimmicks of garment makers to reward customers who spent the most dough for clothes. But recently we watched a parade of the 10 Best-Dressed dogs and were stupefied by advances in canine haute couture. The fashion show was held at Barbetta's, a swanky eatery in midtown Manhattan. So whelp us, the hostess was Cleo, the restaurant's truffle hound who jets to Italy for the truffle season. Female models (human) led the pups across a stage. One sad-looking schnauzer wore a white mink coat. Twin whippets sported matching plaid raincoats. A white poodle wore a fur-trimmed hat. A terrier exuding pink mesh was supposed to be dressed as a rose blossom. Another was got up as a forget-me-not. The only naked dog in the show

(Continued on page 12)

Plymouth Barracuda. World's most elegant golf cart.

Or the roomiest, most versatile sports car around for about $2500.*

Flip down Barracuda's back seat and you've got a 7-foot carpeted cargo space to pack the clubs. Flip up the rear seat and you've got plenty of room to take your best friends to the country club dance.

And now you can get your Barracuda with an optional Formula 'S' package that includes tach, high performance V-8, stiff suspension and Blue Streak Special tires.

See your Plymouth Dealer.

*Price based on Manufacturer's Suggested Retail Price of $2502 for lowest-priced 6-cylinder model, exclusive of destination charges, state and local taxes, if any, whitewall tires, wheel covers, back-up lights, silver paint, racing stripe and other optional equipment.

I dig Barracuda.

PLYMOUTH DIVISION CHRYSLER MOTORS CORPORATION

THE ROARING '65s
FURY
BELVEDERE
VALIANT
BARRACUDA
Plymouth

IT'S A MAN'S WORLD

(Continued from page 10)
was a large male terrier up for adoption. Except for a free lunch, all we got out of the affair was an impression that Philadelphia police who are using German shepherds to curb violence in the subways are on the wrong track. They should infest the subways with poodles wearing earrings, lace cummerbunds, bows on their toes and tailpieces shaped like petunias. Rapists and thugs would laugh themselves to death.

MATCH GAME

We quit playing the match game because bright fellows always beat us. We couldn't get onto the secret. You know the game. Two players place between them an agreed upon number of matches, 25 or so. Each player in turn can draw 1 to 5 matches from the pile. The winner is the one who picks up the last match. Loser pays for the drinks. A couple of professors, Nobel prize winner William Shockley and Frederick J. McDonald, have actually been exposing Palo Alto high school students to the game. The professors say that the kids soon discover the magic number: 6. If a player can leave 6 matches in the pile after he has drawn, he will win. This leads to a hunch that he can win by leaving any multiple of 6 matches. He discovers by experiment that this is so. The professors say that the game encourages kids to test their hunches by experimenting to find a problem-solving principle. It's supposed to teach straight thinking. Maybe so. Thanks for the magic number, anyway.

CORDIALLY YOURS

Ever been in the office of a man who hangs signed photos of VIP's all over the walls? Makes you feel that the fellow is buddy-buddy with a passel of bigwigs and had better be treated with respect. Well, forget it. Chances are good that the photographs weren't actually signed by the subjects. This is particularly true of photos of political and entertainment celebrities, who get slathers of requests for their pictures. The more prominent the personage, the more likely he is to have a skillful assistant who can imitate his signature and send off sheaves of photos to satisfy popular demand. We learn this from Charles Hamilton, a New York autograph dealer who has enormous experience in distinguishing spurious from genuine documents. Photos signed by a helper aren't exactly forgeries, but neither are they he-done-its. Presidents cause a lot of trouble, not for Hamilton but for people who come in hoping that something ostensibly written or signed by a President is worth a lot of money. Hamilton says that LBJ doesn't sign anything. True, he signs an important bill with 64 pens that can be handed out to inflate the ego of recipients. But he doesn't sign anything else. We were so disillusioned that we went home and turned an autographed photo of William S. Hart to face the wall.

OLD POPSKULL

A rare kind of conspicuous consumption is offered by Jurgensen's, a liquor store in Beverly Hills. For $23.50 you can pick up a pint of pre-Prohibition Kentucky bourbon, made in 1916 and bottled in 1933. A case of 24 pints is only $500. Here's a great chance for a Hollywood actor to upstage his competition. He can nonchalantly fill his swimming pool with the stuff.

KILLER THRILLER

A man we want on our side—because it would be fatal to have him against us—is Matt Helm, who lives in Santa Fe, New Mexico, but who is away from home most of the time, destroying our nation's most dangerous enemies. Matt works for a government agency so secret it can't be named. He's all man, a tough loner, trained to kill without hesitation for the good of the country. He can take it as well as dish it out. Once he let himself be worked over by Commies because if he had let loose his skills in committing mayhem his identity would have been suspected. Women? Matt handles them masterfully in more ways than one, but if a dame turns out to be a double-crossing spy trying to buy secrets with her honor he rubs her out. Before the government drafted him as an undercover agent, Matt wrote western stories and did photography around Santa Fe. He was married for 15 years, but shed this handicap when his wife was horrified by one of his patriotic assassination jobs and left him.

The fact is that Matt Helm is a fictional hero, an utterly credible man of violence who makes other secret agents of fiction look like gushy sentimentalists. We met the guy in tough and torrid, hair on end, suspense-espionage thrillers published in paperback by Gold Medal. In the first of these, *Death of a Citizen*, the government calls him out of retirement, and he fulfills deadly assignments in *The Wrecking Crew*, *The Removers*, *The Silencers*, *Murderer's Row*, *The Ambushers*, *The Shadowers* and *The Ravagers*. By strange coincidence, Helm's creator, Donald Hamilton (shown here) also lives in Santa Fe and like Helm, once wrote western stories, is an expert photographer and an avid hunter who knows that automatic pistols have safety catches but revolvers haven't. Hamilton is a mild-mannered man with a handsome academic beard that would grace an English professor, and in fact is working for a doctorate in English. He is teaching himself to play the guitar, no doubt preparatory to dropping Matt Helm into a spy ring of folk singers. Helm will go to any length in the public service.

PRIVATE DREAM

They rolled out the carpet when Robert A. Nuti signed for a hitch in the Army. He stepped from a plane in Colorado Springs into the arms of Diane Lynn Cox, Miss Teenage America of 1962, who handed him a bouquet of roses. He was toasted by military brass and taken on scenic tours. His shoulder patches were bestowed upon him by a lieutenant general. He made television appearances as an honored guest. He was given a deed to one square foot of land on Pike's Peak. The Army hadn't gone crazy. Nuti unwittingly hit the publicity jackpot by being the 50,000th volunteer for duty at missile sites of the Army Air Defense Command. Private Nuti's dream ended when he wound up at Fort Knox, Kentucky, to spend eight weeks in basic combat training. Ten-*shun!* Suck in your gut, Nuti!

DEPT. OF ODD INFORMATION

A motorist who drove on the wrong side of the street in Norwalk, Connecticut, was totally forgiven by police when she agreed to give up driving. She was 90 years old.

A corrosion inhibitor to prevent cars from being pockmarked by rock salt spread on streets in winter has been developed. Specks of salt containing the inhibitor are said to protect metal surfaces better than most paints.

—THE EDITORS

Daytona Speedway tests prove you may be courting disaster every time you touch the brake pedal...

THE SHOCKING TRUTH ABOUT UNSAFE BRAKE LININGS

The September sun scorched the high-banked oval at Daytona International Speedway. Two identical cars were on the track. NASCAR* officials in their striped shirts watchdogged every operation from the mechanics' pit to the track.

This was the week for testing . . . an important week for millions of motorists . . . Daytona Brake Lining Tests—Phase II.

14 Brands Proved Unsafe

A year earlier, 19 leading brands of brake linings had been put through a series of torture tests right here at Daytona Speedway. Repeated panic stops from high speeds shredded linings or burned them to ashes. Fourteen proved unsafe under emergency stopping conditions.

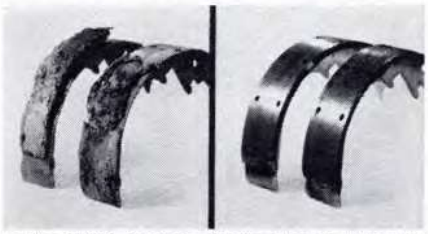
But one brand came through every test with plenty of safe stops left over—Grey-Rock Balanced Brake Linings proved safest of all.

Tom McCahill, noted automotive authority who witnessed the 1963 and 1964 Daytona Tests, says, "I'm doubly convinced Grey-Rock is the only brake lining brand that offers total safety. You can't buy a better brake lining to save your life!"

1964 Daytona Tests

Now, the second series of tests was underway. This time, each car was instrumented with equipment designed just for these tests. The object was to eliminate the human factor.

Air-operated pistons automatically applied brake pedal pressure to maintain a constant 800 lbs. per square inch of hydraulic line pressure during each stop. An electronic counter measured stopping distances accurately down to 1/10th of a foot.



In the 1963 Daytona Tests, Brand J literally came apart during the tests, while Grey-Rock finished all tests with plenty of safe stops left.

Grey-Rock Outstops 25 Brands

Tests were repeated on each brake lining brand in stops from 80, 65 and 50 miles per hour. NASCAR officials recorded each stopping distance.

When it was all over, Grey-Rock had done it again. From all three speeds, Grey-Rock stopped in a shorter distance than any of the other 25 leading brands.

More than half of the linings tested proved unsafe for today's driving conditions. And yet, these are the very linings that may be on your car right now.

If you are concerned about driving safety for yourself and your family, here's what you should do.

For the name of your nearest dealer, call Western Union by number and ask for me,
OPERATOR 25

She'll give you the name of your nearest Grey-Rock dealer. Then see him for a free P-L-S® brake inspection. If your brakes are OK, he'll tell you so. If you need a reline, he'll install Grey-Rock Balanced Brake Linings, the exclusive Copper-Woven and molded combination twice proved safest at Daytona. Call now... your life may depend on it.

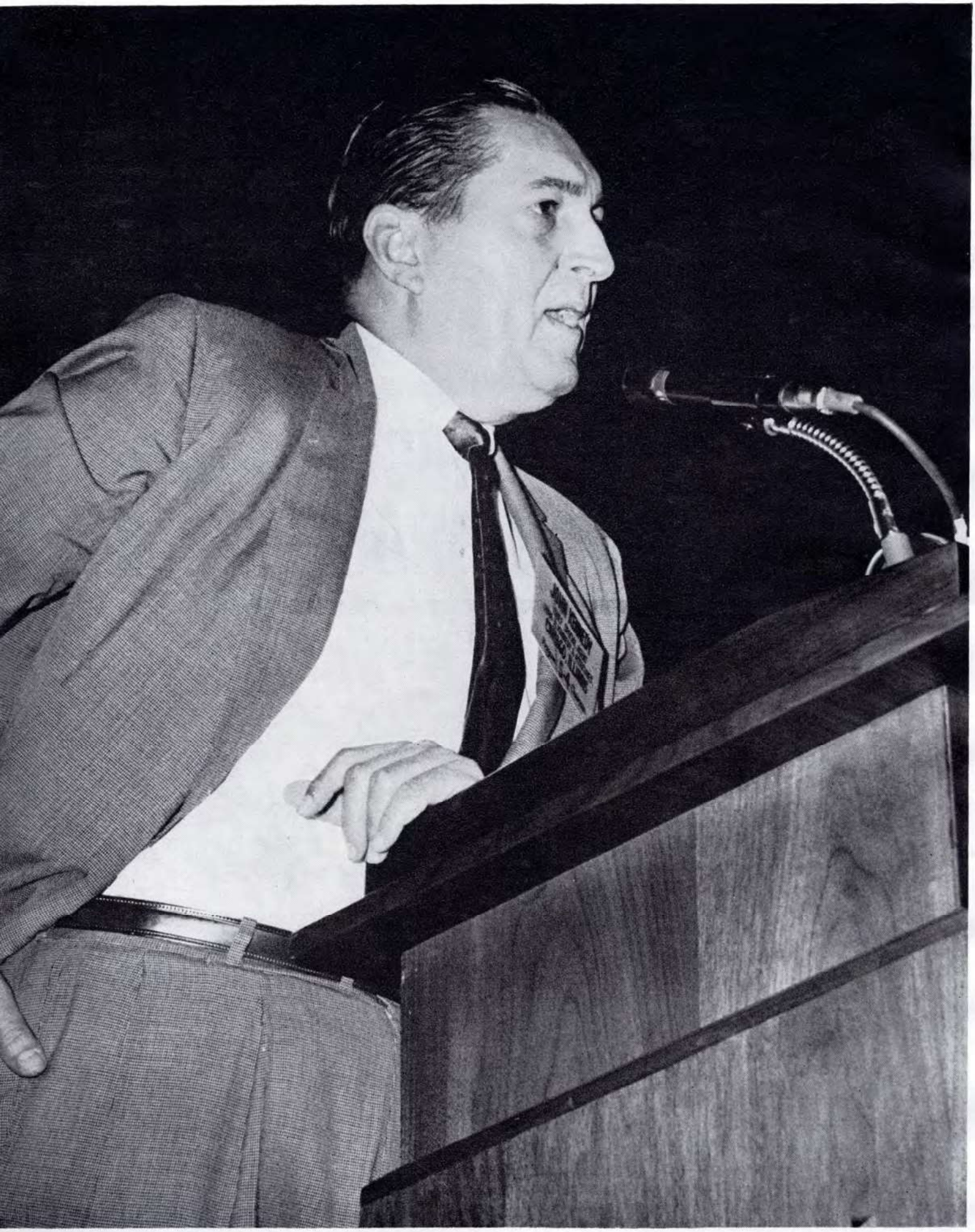
**National Association for Stock Car Advancement and Research, Inc.*

Grey-Rock®

Division of Raybestos-Manhattan, Inc.
Manheim, Pa.

You can't buy a better brake lining to save your life!

See Grey-Rock in the new Jerry Lewis motion picture, "The Family Jewels", coming soon to your neighborhood theater.



BY CHARLES REMSBERG

SCOURGE OF THE ARSON RACKET

The hottest detective in the country is not a cop, but a tough private eye with a famous name: Jack Kennedy. As the nemesis of firebugs who think they've got it made, he brags with truth, "They shake when I show up"

CHICAGO, ILL.

■ When special investigator John A. Kennedy stepped off a plane in Lake Charles, Louisiana, in May of last year, he was met by a group of down-in-the-mouth law enforcers who were wishing they held relatively simple jobs as nuclear physicists or brain surgeons.

What was bugging the Calcasieu Parish cops was a rash of baffling house fires. Thousands of dollars' worth of property had puffed up in smoke, and one home owner had died horribly when his hair and clothes were caught by flame. Yet exhaustive probes by firemen, county police and state fire marshals had unearthed no credible causes.

One mysterious blaze could be overlooked, perhaps. But a series was downright embarrassing. Then, in the sleuths' blackest hour, someone remembered Jack Kennedy's reputation for piecing together fire puzzles, and he was called down from his private detective agency in Chicago. Kennedy stepped majestically off the plane, paused to let the locals know they were in the awesome presence of "the world's greatest fire detective," and launched into talk of a startling possibility: arson.

Yes, arson had crossed their minds, the Louisiana Hawkshaws admitted hesitantly, but the odds seemed against doing much to uncover it. Deliberate burning, called "the red menace" by firemen, is widely considered the crime easiest to commit, hardest to detect and most difficult to prove. In Calcasieu Parish, no one had been even so much as indicted for torching a building for more than half a century. Besides, the idea was preposterous; all the fire victims were known to be God-fearing types who would no sooner kindle their own property than run amuck.

Kennedy said, sure.

At the nearest burning, he clamped his teeth around an immense cigar, squeezed his 6-foot 4-inch, 230-pound hulk into coveralls, tugged on fire boots and grabbed a scoop shovel. "When I hit a fire scene," he announced at machine-gun clip, "I look for clues even most firemen don't know about. Every fire leaves 'fingerprints' that tell what happened —you just have to know enough about fire chemistry to read 'em." With that authoritative statement abruptly out of the way, he stoically began the work of tearing through the

Kennedy points out arson evidence to father of three small children who died in fire. Father later admitted he set it.

His fame keeps Kennedy in demand as an instructor all over the country. Here, he conducts annual fire seminar in Chicago.

blackened debris of one gutted structure after another.

Tattletale "fingerprints" leaped out at him like bloodstains on a murder suspect's shoes. In the cold rubble of the first homesite, he found copper fixtures melted in the bathroom. Normal house fires burn at about 1,400°F., but copper melts only at temperatures above 2,000°. Something, Kennedy knew, had substantially goosed-up the heat of the fire, and he suspected that the guilty element quite possibly had been a petroleum-based accelerant, splashed on the contents of the house.

In another ravaged dwelling he discovered that concrete foundation blocks had whitened, cracked, peeled and weakened during the fire. To Kennedy's eye, this unusual spalling had been, like the melted copper, the telltale product of exceptionally intense heat. The blocks' ghostly color told him they had been so hot that ordinary carbon deposits spawned by the blaze had not adhered to them. Again he suspected the sinister influence of gasoline or kerosene.

He took a few photos and kept on digging. In less than a week's time he handed authorities enough highly specialized evidence to make Calcasieu Parish history. At this writing, two startled fire "victims" have been indicted for torching their own homes, and according to District Attorney Frank Salter, charges are pending against at least three others.

The men that Kennedy's findings first implicated before the Calcasieu grand jury were a Bible-beating evangelist, Delma Thomas, who was heavily in debt because of medical bills, and a city fireman who reportedly had tried unsuccessfully to sell his home in a racially changing neighborhood before fire destroyed it. Both had been in line for sizeable fire-insurance settlements. (Thomas was convicted and given three years at hard labor; the fireman's case is, as of this writing, still pending.)

"I've never seen anything like Kennedy's performance," Salter told me. "He walked through here finding evidence of arson right and left. To him, it was like shooting fish in a barrel."

For more than 20 years, boisterous, brassy Jack Kennedy, now 46, one-time college gridiron star, oft-time Naval hero and full-time colorful character, has been tramping through the badlands of human behavior, gunning down fire outlaws. The hundreds he has bagged for insurance companies, state fire marshals, attorneys and local cops range from snooty industrial tycoons through Sterno stumblebums to specimens for the butterfly net. He especially likes cases, such as the puzzlers in Louisiana, that have stumped other experts.

"I've had 'em all," he told me recently, pacing around his plushy carpeted Loop office. "College kids who set fires in dormitories so they can rescue their sweethearts, volunteer firemen who set fires to have an excuse to get away from their wives." He paused and stared fondly at a grasscloth-covered wall studded with pictures of arsonists glaring and fire officials beaming, with framed letters of gratitude from governors and mayors whose domains he had visited, and with [*Continued on page* 18]

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[*Continued from page* 16]
souvenir-sized replicas of fire axes and other tools of his trade.

"Once," he said with a laugh, "a Greek Orthodox priest came up and started blessing me while I was digging in rubble to prove he touched off a restaurant to collect insurance. Hell, I don't have any false modesty, they all shake when I show up."

"Jack Kennedy can be damned infuriating with that ego of his," says Illinois State Fire Marshal William Cowhey. "But he knows arson when he sees it." According to Professor Shelby Gallien, director of Purdue University's famed Arson Seminar, "Jack is doing *the* outstanding work in the fire investigation field."

Kennedy's reputation keeps him almost as much in demand as an instructor and fire-department troubleshooter as it does for investigating. Besides lecturing at Purdue for the last 16 years, he teaches annually at the Fire Investigation and Subrogation Seminar at the University of Miami, and he has helped conduct fire seminars at eight other universities, drawing on his own exhaustive, 1,100-page textbook, *Fire and Arson Investigation*. He organized and now supervises the yearly Chicago Seminar on Causes and Origins of Fires and Explosions, which has become the largest of its kind in the world. In addition, he has personally established and schooled arson investigation squads for the Chicago, Milwaukee, and Flint, Michigan, fire departments, and in some states deputy fire marshals now are required to take instruction from him before they can hold office.

This entanglement with the academic life has by no means scarred Kennedy with a gray, professorial personality, however. Showmanship—or as some acquaintances put it, show-offmanship—is his trademark.

Sporting costly monogrammed shirts, he races to fire scenes in a spanking-new, red-upholstered Cadillac and chain-smokes $1.25 Havana cigars with his name embossed on the wrapper. At his flossy home in a Chicago suburb, he maintains eight telephones, including two separate lines into the bathroom, so that he never needs to move more than a pace when a call jangles in. Troubled by a sticky case or some personal quandary, he may impulsively buy a closetful of clothes or compulsively gorge himself on Polish sausage and sauerkraut. Then in a recurrent test of will power, he'll abstain from drinking for months at a spell. A faithful student of the *Racing Form* and owner of three race horses, Fox Hound, Fast and Fit, and North Bend, he once parlayed his last $65 into more than three grand by cannily picking long-shot winners.

Even when he's relaxing, he's "on." At the end of a tough day, he likes to test his near-photographic memory by reciting endless verses of poetry, often sparking his performance by betting employees he can complete verses by well-known poets if tossed the first line. On Sundays he dons a cowboy hat and a red-white-and-blue-splotched robe and, to the resigned despair of his attractive brunette wife, Dorothy, mother of his two boys and two girls, sits in his den with a glass of ginger ale, flipping from one TV channel to another with a remote-control tuner. "He always follows three or four programs at once," she explains. "It's a challenge for him."

One reason Kennedy is considered a big smoke in the fire field undoubtedly is the fact that he always leaves his Three Stooges mien behind when he steps out of that flashy Caddy at a fire scene. "It's almost a Jekyll-Hyde thing," says William Coppock, an insurance adjuster who has worked closely with him. "When he's on a case, everything's business. He has an almost ruthless drive to come up with the answers. When he's ready to drop from exhaustion, he always works one more hour."

Arson investigation is a field that can use some hard-working aces. Thanks in large part to an amazingly low detection and conviction rate, arson holds a special lure to the financially and psychologically desperate. The National Board of Fire Underwriters says fraud fires—those set to collect insurance—are at a 24-year high and climbing, some times as much as 29 percent a year. In 1963, the National Fire Protection Association estimated that 30,900 fires of "incendiary or suspicious origin" caused $55,300,000 damage in the United States. This statistic compares with an estimated $21,600,000 loss from 7,500 such blazes 10 years earlier, in 1953.

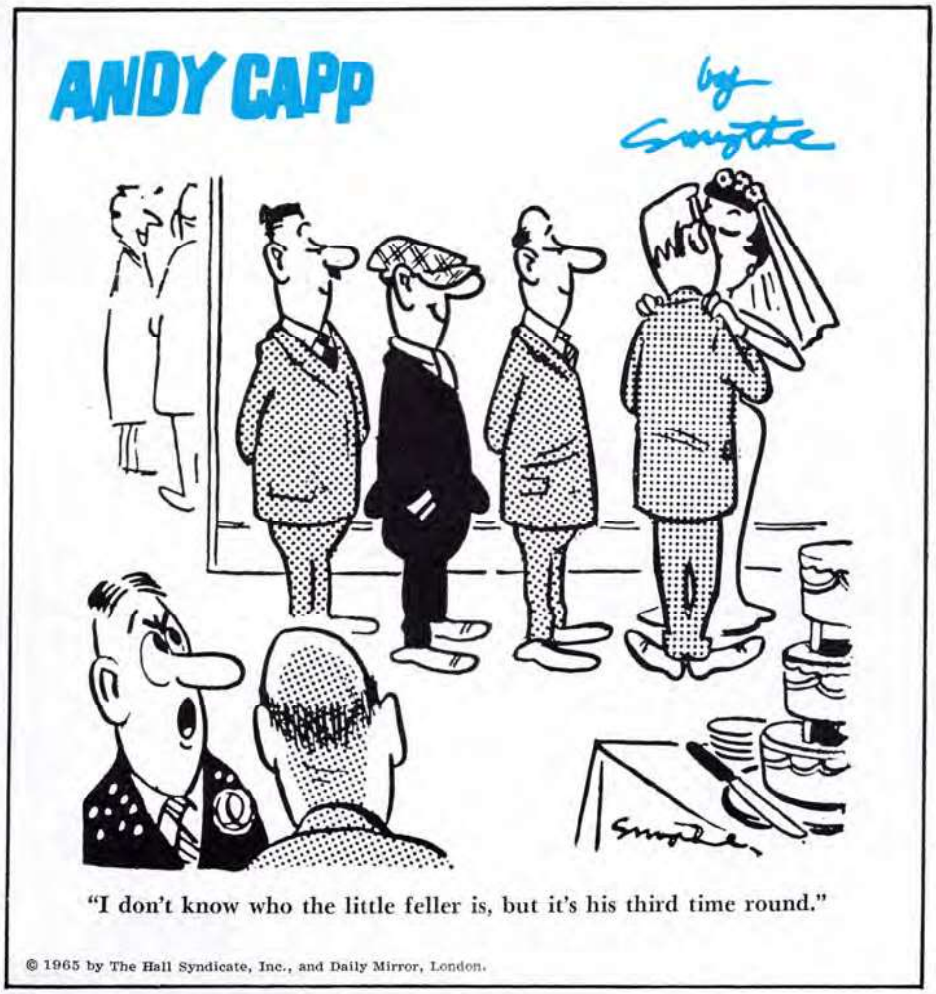
Insurance executives predict that the trend will not only continue but also grow worse, and they point out that "the number of incendiary fires is vastly greater than the figures show." Many arsons, for example, no doubt lie clouded in the 53,000 fires which the NFPA says were of "unknown or undetermined origin" in 1963. Alarmingly, Kennedy and other experts I consulted charge that arson goes *undiscovered* nine times out of 10. Kennedy says probably one out of every five fires—more than 2,000 out of the total blazes every week—is deliberately set.

"A depressing number of fire marshals and other so-called investigators are Smokey Stovers who wouldn't recognize arson if it slapped them in the face," a prominent insurance adjuster told me. "If a fire cause isn't obvious, they write it off as 'faulty wiring' or 'kids playing with matches' or something utterly fantastic like 'mice gnawing on nails and causing sparks.'"

A few years ago, fire raged through a shopping center in Texas, and the local fire chief was pictured in the paper, service stripes gleaming on his sleeve, pointing to a "faulty heater" as the cause. Arson, he stated flatly, wasn't even a remote possibility.

A statement like that starts the fire horse in Jack Kennedy snorting. When the heater manufacturer hired him to determine whether the heater was really to blame, Kennedy eagerly dropped everything and rushed to the scene.

There he carefully examined the verti-



"I don't know who the little feller is, but it's his third time round."

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Chevy II Nova 4-Door 2-Seat Station Wagon—the big one at the small price

What's so big about a Chevy II wagon? Let's begin in the back.

RINGTHEBELL on Archive.org

Imagine a closet 3 feet by 4 feet by 6 feet. Now think of all the shoes and boots, hats and coats, and rods and reels you could put into it. A Chevy II is like that in back.

Time was when all you could say about cars in Chevy II's price range was "nice and economical."

That isn't quite the way they're made any more—at least not a Chevy II Nova Station Wagon.

A better description is "roomy and economical, luxurious and economical, powerful and economical."

We kept the good and improved upon what could be improved upon.

The room we've covered, so let's talk about the luxury. The upholstery in this Nova Wagon is all vinyl. So are the door trim panels and inside roof liner.

There are vinyl covered armrests front and back; ashtrays front and back; color-keyed seat belts in front; a cigarette lighter and lighted glove compartment in the instrument panel. The passenger compartment floor is covered with thick deep-twist carpeting, door to door.

About the power. It's all in what you want. It starts with a spirited 120-hp Hi-Thrift Six for fast warm-ups, quick pickups and smooth, dependable power on the highways. Your best buy.

About economical. It's still one of the most economical American cars made. Enough said. . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit, Michigan.

CHEVROLET

cal wooden studs remaining in the gutted buildings. According to a theory he claims to have devised, they can point to the source of the fire by the way they are burned. That is, they will be most severely charred on the side from which the flames came, and the tops of the studs will be most extensively eaten away near where the fire broke out. Following these "fire fingerprints," Kennedy traced the origin not to the heater but to a restaurant several doors away. And the circumstances, he said, looked mighty suspicious.

Days later, a teen-aged boy was caught red-handed setting another blaze. He confessed to starting the shopping-center fire in the spot Kennedy had fingered.

The public, of course, is paying the bill for bumbling officials. Because torchers so often go free, the multi-million-dollar arson drain on insurance companies has mounted steadily. So have fire-insurance premiums in many areas. In the 12 months ending last October, 24 states granted rate increases, some of five percent or more, and a spokesman for the Fire Insurance Research Association told me the insurance industry "hopes for much greater increases in the months ahead." The *Journal of American Insurance* has labeled arson "a major factor in boosting insurance rates."

For those people so star-crossed as to have direct contact with the legion of fire loonies running loose, the suffering is often more than monetary. "Even arson in an unoccupied building is horrible," Kennedy declares, shoving his black-rimmed glasses up on his forehead. "Firemen never know what the arsonist did to start the fire or what is going to happen. Hidden pools of liquid accelerant may suddenly burst into flame. Walls and roofs may cave in. Gasoline or kerosene vapors may explode the whole building and kill innocent people. In my books, an arsonist is even more depraved than an outright murderer."

In one of Kennedy's most celebrated cases, the arsonist *was* a murderer. Some months ago, at the request of a local state's attorney, he gunned his big car down to Pontiac, Illinois, soon after three small children roasted alive when their old house burst into flames. Their sobbing father said he had been napping and had barely escaped with his own life when choked into gasping wakefulness by thick smoke. But neither he nor local and state investigators could explain how the tragic holocaust had broken out. Kennedy promised he'd find out within a day.

Starting in the living room of the gutted dwelling, he worked to pinpoint the precise place where the fire had begun. He dragged out blackened furniture and shoveled away debris until, in an unobstructed sweep of floor and walls, his flashlight riveted on a single revealing spot. At that point the baseboard was deeply charred and flames had eaten down between the floorboards.

"This is the lowest point in the room where burning is evident," he told the sheriff who accompanied him. "Fire travels upward once it starts, so this low point has to be where the flames broke out."

More interesting to Kennedy, however, was the fact that a "normal" fire rarely erupts absolutely at floor level and never eats into the floorboards unless feeding on gasoline or another accelerant that has soaked into the wood.

The fire looked even more suspicious when he dug out a second site of floor-level burning in the adjoining dining room. This, he explained, was completely contrary to normal fire behavior. "The only explanation for this burn pattern," Kennedy announced, "is that an entirely separate fire started in the dining room." And separate, simultaneous fires, he informed the sheriff, are considered *prima-facie* evidence of arson.

The town recoiled in shock when it heard Kennedy's verdict. When he later produced a confession from the arsonist, lynch talk crackled through the streets. The man who set the fires turned out to be the dead children's 28-year-old father, Leland Soule, to whom sympathetic citizens had given hundreds of dollars, a new job, free lodging and endless condolences. An examination by Kennedy's lie-detector expert, Arthur Richter, indicated that the man set the blazes with gasoline to collect $7,000 insurance on his youngsters' lives . . . and to free himself of baby-sitting.

COMING . . .

A noted authority presents startling evidence behind

THE NEW AUSTRALIAN "THING"

Alive and bloodchilling, a silent sea monster sweeps in from a forgotten age

NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

"That's why I never take anything for granted," Kennedy said to me.

Just what a fire scene reveals, what "fingerprints" Kennedy is able to read, varies, of course, from fire to fire. Incendiary blazes, like the arsonists who set them, have individual idiosyncrasies. Extensive burning in a bathroom, where there are ordinarily few flammable materials, may hint that someone poured gasoline into the bathtub and dropped a match; the color of smoke and flames may reveal the presence of various unnatural substances feeding the fire; a clock without a minute hand found in the ruins may suggest that a timing device had been rigged to kindle the building.

Such leads, of course, normally are only the beginning of an arson investigation. Before a fire-setter can be made to confess, or a jury persuaded to convict, a mountain of evidence often must be amassed.

Recently, for instance, a fierce fire destroyed a Miami dress shop only minutes after the owners and the clerks had left for the day. The bosses said they had noticed no smoke or flames before locking up, and speculated that a fluorescent light fixture above a dress rack had suddenly malfunctioned. Yet firemen discovered that a clock on the same circuit had not stopped running until after they arrived. This indicated that no electrical failure had occurred until the flames were already well under way.

When Kennedy arrived at the scene, the public adjuster was going over the loss with the owners. He recognized Kennedy and turned to the fire victims. "You've got trouble," he muttered. In a rare display of humility, Kennedy laughed off the remark, shook hands all around and started digging. Sixteen hours later he had unraveled the riddle.

First he noticed that plastic hangers from clothes racks throughout the store had been destroyed in the fire, but when he poked through piles of dresses below the racks he found they were not burned, only damaged by soot and water. That meant the hangers had *melted* away, rather than burned. And although electrical conduit had fused and twisted along the store ceiling, wooden fixtures nearby had been merely scorched.

These and similar findings told him that terrific temperatures had been generated in the store, while the fire itself had never really caught on and burned with intensity. To Kennedy, an exceptionally hot flash fire spells arson with accelerants.

Other discoveries strengthened his suspicion. Crawling on hands and knees, he located three different low points of burning where the floor had been eaten away. From mirrors and glass shelves he scraped smoke deposits, the gummy, gritty texture of which suggested a petroleum base. And from the most severely burned spot he could find, he sawed out a chunk of charred white pine.

Experiments in his laboratory long before had proved that white pine normally burns one inch deep every 45 minutes. The char Kennedy now measured equaled 25 minutes of normal burning. Even if the flames had been intensified with gasoline or kerosene, the fire had to have started before the owners left the store.

Kennedy, who had been hired by the store's insurance company to investigate the fire, advised his clients not to honor the loss claim. The owners angrily sued to collect. In court they clung to their electrical failure yarn and found three firemen to go along with them. "These expert witnesses are seasoned fire fighters," their lawyer bellowed to Kennedy on cross-examination. "Are you saying you know more about fire than *firemen?*"

"Oh, I sometimes meet very good firemen," Kennedy shot back. "They're students in the classes I teach."

The jury took the exchange without flinching, and in the end saw things Kennedy's way. His two days in the smoky ruins saved the insurance company about $70,000 and, he is convinced, scared off enough potential fire-setters in Miami to lower the arson rate there—at least temporarily.

The bulldog tenacity that characterizes his work was nurtured while Kennedy was still a teen-ager, working as photographer and sometimes assistant to Leonard C. M. Johnson, the no-nonsense dean of Chicago private eyes. Johnson schooled him in the rudiments of fire sleuthing while Jack was the captain of a city-championship baseball team that

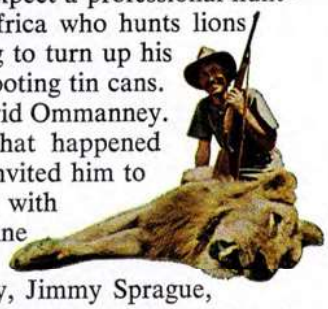
"Every hunter must shoot his share of tin cans before he takes a crack at a lion."

"I couldn't even begin to count the number of tin cans my Winchester 22 put daylight into," says David Ommanney, the Winchester man from Africa.

You'd expect a professional hunter from Africa who hunts lions for a living to turn up his nose at shooting tin cans.

Not David Ommanney.

Look what happened when we invited him to hunt deer with us in Maine last fall.



This boy, Jimmy Sprague, who lived near our camp, came over to show us his new Winchester 22. (He really just wanted to talk to David about hunting lions.)

Well, as it turned out, Jimmy's gun was just like one David had in his safari battery back in Africa. (Not for hunting lion, of course, but to use on birds and varmints.)

"This is a real rifle," said David when he saw it. "Mine will group five shots at 100 yards that you can cover with a half crown. And that's darn accurate shooting."

It was David who suggested plinking at tin cans. "If you want to hunt lion, you've got to practice," he said. "You can spend a couple of weeks finding a lion to shoot at. You know, one with a good mane. And then you may get only *one* shot at it. So you've got to learn to make every shot count."

In between shots, David mentioned some other things besides good marksmanship that Jimmy could learn from his 22. Like knowing where to aim to hit a vital spot. And knowing how far the rifle will shoot. And what its effective range is. And knowing what size game it should be used for.

"Don't let anyone try to tell you plinking with a 22 is kid stuff," he told Jimmy.

"You can just tell them that you're practicing to hunt lions."

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Johnson sponsored. I talked to Johnson about him.

"As soon as Jack heard it was the toughest kind of detective work, it automatically became his favorite," Johnson said. "He was only interested in things that seemed too hard for him."

Before long, Kennedy's inbred cockiness was leading to disputes with veteran smoke-eaters over fire causes. "He was often wrong but never in doubt," a rival investigator recalls. Gradually he became wrong less often; he read everything he could find on fire chemistry and investigation, spent hours playing poker with firemen so he could pump them for information, and chased fire trucks around the clock to see firsthand how fire behaves.

At Northwestern University, where Kennedy studied economics (his father was a well-to-do accountant) and starred as a smörgåsbord athlete (football, baseball, track, swimming), he finally decided gumshoeing was his calling.

In 1941, after transferring to Lake Forest College, he quit school at the age of 23 with hopes of becoming a Naval intelligence agent. The split with academic learning was not entirely his idea. He made the dean's blacklist by, among other things, buzzing his private airplane dangerously low over a school baseball diamond and dropping a note asking the score.

In the Navy, Kennedy rocketed from yeoman third class to lieutenant commander, won the Silver Star, earned numerous citations for bravery, and wove a legend around himself as a fearless individualist.

When the aircraft carrier *Langley* was aflame from Jap bombs, Kennedy raced back and forth through sheets of fire to get bandages for the wounded. Then, when the ship was sinking (the first of three sinkings he survived), he grabbed oilskin bags containing irreplaceable personnel records and the $100,000 payroll and jumped overboard. Through the raging sea he pushed the bags ahead of him on a chair, withstanding both the beating of the waves and the blistering heat of oil-fed fires, until he was rescued. By that time, buddies who had vainly pleaded with him to do what seemed to be the safest thing—cling to chunks of wreckage rather than risk a lonely swim to nowhere—had drowned.

Then, as now, he played as zanily as he fought hard. An old Navy sidekick, Joe VonAlbade, remembers his skill as a skipper. "Jack could put a ship through the eye of a needle when he had to. But when he didn't have to, O God!" Once, in a convoy, he had run his LCI on a monotonous due-east course for four solid days. Suddenly he ordered a hard-right rudder, then hard-left, then dead stop. Startled by this pointless zigzagging, the flagship captain blinkered: "What you doing?" Kennedy calmly flashed back: "Am tired of going in a straight line."

But the Navy was a tolerant institution, and Kennedy finally made intelligence. Appointed military governor of Sendai, Japan, he investigated fires, bank robberies, rapes and other indiscretions by U.S. servicemen, and also found time to pen the Navy's official manual on arson investigation. When he left the service in 1946, he hurried back to Chicago to work out a fire protection program for Spiegel, a large mail-order house, and stayed on as senior investigator.

"Kennedy never overlooked the slightest detail in any case he handled," recalls John Kneafsey, then his boss and now president of the Special Agents Association, a professional group of private detectives and guards. "His mind was clicking every moment. Unlike many detectives, he was always willing to gamble heavily if he thought it would pay off."

One of his gambles has become a classic. Kennedy was questioning a stubborn suspect in a label-fraud scheme, a racket whereby employees steal merchandise by pasting packages with phony address labels. This is one of the biggest headaches in mail-order operations, but Kennedy was getting nowhere. Suddenly he realized that he and the suspect were standing by a "silent watchman" console which would explode with ringing bells and flashing lights whenever certain doors were opened after hours in the plant. The unit, he remembered, could be test-fired by twisting a key on the side.

"See this machine?" he asked the suspect. "Put your hands right down on it, and if you don't tell me the truth when I ask you a question, it will go haywire."

GIVE TO FIGHT MULTIPLE SCLEROSIS

The great crippler of young adults

The suspect grudgingly complied. Kennedy asked a few innocuous questions, then leveled the big one: "Are you behind the label-fraud ring?" Just as the man said no, Kennedy surreptitiously turned the test key and the console flew into mechanical hysterics. The ashen-faced suspect confessed on the spot.

Kennedy might have stayed with general investigating but for a chance meeting with a former FBI agent, who then was recognized as one of the top all-around detectives in Chicago. "Kneafsey introduced us, and I was very much impressed," Kennedy told me. "Then this guy asked where he could get a refrigerator wholesale because he could only afford to pay $10 a month. *Ten dollars a month!* I thought, boy, if he's at the top, I'm in the wrong business."

The right business, he decided, was his first love and old taskmaster, arson detection. When the Mutual Investigations Bureau, a claims checking agency, was organized by the insurance industry in Chicago in 1948, 30-year-old Kennedy was among the first detectives hired. There, case by case, he established himself as a human bloodhound who could sniff out fire fraud—even when other top men in the field had failed.

Finally, in 1956, when he was 38 and in one of his periodic brooding spells—this time because he was earning the MIB limit, $12,000 a year—his former shipmate Joe VonAlbade popped into his office. "You miserable sonofabitch," Joe yelled, "why don't you quit? I just quit my job and bought a house, without a cent of income!" You could almost hear the fires of competition crackle up. "You did?" Kennedy asked. "Well, if you can do it, so can I!"

On April Fool's Day, with a collection of Salvation Army castoffs for office furniture and his mother for secretary, he started free-lancing his fire talents as John A. Kennedy and Associates. Since then he has tackled more than 1,000 baffling blazes in every state, as well as in Canada, Mexico and Japan, and has built himself a tidy private-eye empire. From a six-room office with a force of seven investigators, he also heads General Investigations, Inc., a conventional detective agency, and the Northwest Patrol, a private watchman service. Kennedy himself, however, probes only fire cases, and he is one man who has made arson pay off, handsomely and legally. Drawing a $200-a-day fee, plus expenses, he has earned as much as $25,000 for a single investigation. Close friends estimate his annual income at upwards of $75,000.

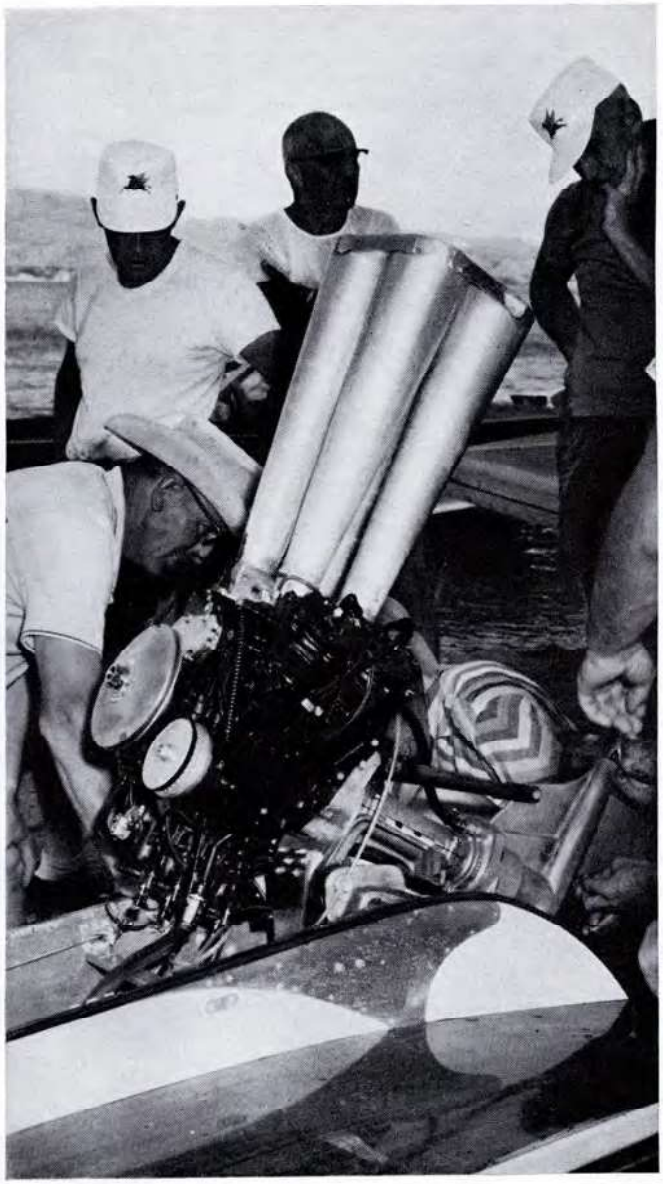
"Much of Kennedy's success," says John Reid, the famous lie-detector expert, "comes from his tremendous skill at handling suspects." In an arson case, this ability can be just as important as digging out physical evidence. Kennedy's technique, in part, consists of turning off his ego when he's around anyone who seems jittery, reasoning that the suspect will lower his guard and talk himself into a trap if he feels there's nothing to fear.

I was with Kennedy recently when he played this Mickey-the-Mope act in a Chicago suburb, where a city official's home had burned in a remote wooded area. The local volunteer fire force found nothing amiss, but the insurance company asked Kennedy to take a look. We had been inside the gutted dwelling only a few minutes when he showed me a stark outline of arson: in the bedroom, three sites of floor-level burning indicated separate, simultaneous fires.

Unexpectedly, the official, identified as Fred Garshen, and his wife Alice walked in to salvage some of their belongings. Kennedy's manner changed instantly. Now, when he shoveled aside debris, he fumbled around as though he didn't know even how to handle a scoop, much less how to detect fire causes. He talked constantly about "this terrible thing that has happened to you."

By then the Garshens had loosened up noticeably. Fred wished he could offer us a drink, he said, but his liquor supply —"worth plenty"—had been ruined. "That fire was really hot," he exclaimed. "You know, even the eggs in the refrigerator got hard-boiled. But a funny thing, the champagne at the back was still real cold!" Kennedy chuckled and shook his head again.

A few minutes later, Kennedy spotted Alice standing by the swimming pool in the front yard. "Nice pool," he said cordially. She looked glum. "It caused us lots of trouble," she mumbled. "We forgot to build a rock base before we poured the concrete, and the bottom cracked."



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Back in his car, Kennedy grinned. "Looks like they were living over their heads—big liquor stock, champagne, all on a small official's salary. And that swimming pool was a bust, expensive to repair. They were generally dissatisfied with the whole place, I'd say."

The next day, still playing the gullible dumb-bunny bit, Kennedy nodded encouragingly while Garshen spilled out a rambling story of how the fire had mysteriously erupted while he and his wife were 50 miles away. But in the telling, he let slip that creditors were hounding him, that he couldn't afford docking space for a new boat he had purchased, and that he needed money fast for a new house he had bought before the fire. His understanding listener amiably played him along for more than two hours. When Kennedy finally turned off the act, he zeroed in not only with the physical evidence he had detected but with a wealth of incriminating statements from Garshen's own mouth.

Under this barrage the suspect crumbled. With racking sobs he signed a written confession that he had set fires in bedroom wastebaskets, then locked the house and sped away with his wife in a wild effort to collect insurance money.

After he had stumbled out, Kennedy gleefully slapped me on the back. "Am I neat?" he asked rhetorically. Then he roared his own answer. "Very, very slick!" (As this is written, Kennedy's ultimate slickness has yet to be proved in court. But both Garshen and his wife have been indicted for arson.)

Perhaps a third of arson crimes are motivated by hope of economic gain, Kennedy estimates. But collecting insurance on his own property is not always the arsonist's goal. Sometimes he seeks profit indirectly, by burning a competitor's business. Of late, Kennedy notes, the profit-fire scene seems to be shadowed by the resurgence of professional "torches," of the type popular in the Depression era. These free-lance firebugs sneak from town to town seeking out businessmen and home-owners who are sinking in financial quicksand, and quietly offer fire for hire.

"They're tough to beat," Kennedy admits. "They don't just pour gasoline on the floor. They do something clever, like rig a phone so the agitation of its ringing will kindle a fire."

The vast bulk of arson is do-it-yourself, however, and according to Kennedy, it falls under three general motives besides indirect profit and insurance fraud.

Some fire-setters want to hide another crime. When flames raged through an Iowa grain elevator, supposedly destroying 100,000 bushels of wheat, Kennedy patiently weighed all the grain he could sift from the ruins. Wheat, he knew, does not burn in an ordinary fire. So the grain should have weighed *heavier* than 100,000 bushels because of water absorbed from the fire hoses. Kennedy found the weight far short. Faced with that fact, the elevator manager confessed he had been filching wheat for speculation and, caught with his market quotations down, set the blaze in an effort to hide the shortage.

Other arsonists seek personal satisfaction or want to further a cause through fire. Once Kennedy fingered a female firebug who burned buildings so she could see her fireman boy friend in action.

Perhaps oddest of the fire-setters are those who, psychologically different, set fires because of mental affliction. Their fellow arsonists conceivably could find other means to reach their goals and select fire primarily as a convenience. But the mentally afflicted are driven to fire by an overpowering compulsion, usually sexual. "True pyromaniacs achieve orgasms from setting fires or watching flames or hearing sirens," Kennedy explains. "Often they are homosexuals or women in menopause."

His most famous case of pyromania is the Our Lady of Angels School fire, which claimed the lives of 92 Chicago children and three nuns on a bleak winter day in 1958. A newsman at the time, I was the first reporter to reach the blazing school. While firemen carried out the charred bodies, city and state investigators theorized that the disaster had resulted accidentally from "sneak smokers" or from an explosion. Kennedy saw it differently.

Through his various specialized methods, he traced the source of the fire to a wastepaper drum in the rear stairwell. But more interesting to him than the fire mechanics was other evidence. In a washroom at the church next door, he found that someone had burned hearts, initials and other designs on the wall above the urinal. He recognized these as the marks of a potential pyromaniac; such a person often lights fires in restrooms, especially while urinating or masturbating, because of the sexual association. Then, in the school chapel just a few feet from the waste drum, he found several spent matches and burned bits of paper, as if someone had been playing with fire.

"I was certain right there that the fire had been deliberately set, possibly by a student at the school," Kennedy declares. But officials continued to book it as a mystery and remarked privately that Kennedy was just playing another of his long-shot gambles.

In 1962 a teen-aged boy who had been a student at the school was brought to John Reid for lie testing about several incendiary fires in a Chicago suburb. Awaiting interrogation, he was observed through a one-way mirror, lighting matches and masturbating violently while concentrating on a picture of the White House Christmas tree. "Before the afternoon was over," Reid told me, "he had confessed setting that school fire just the way Kennedy said it was set. Without prompting, he told of going first to the chapel, then to the rest room, and back to the waste drum where he dropped the match."

Despite the 95 deaths, he was never tried for arson because of his age (then 13), but was sent to a home for delinquents. Presumably he is getting psychiatric help. He clearly needed it. During a Family Court hearing, he tried to set fire to his attorney's pocket flaps.

Just where pyromaniacs will strike, of course, cannot usually be anticipated. But Kennedy does have a good idea where insurance-fraud fires will crop up in the months ahead. "Arson-for-insurance almost always inversely follows the business economy," he explains. "Recently business failures have been heavy among furniture stores, shopping centers, bowling alleys, dairy farms and apartment houses, so I'm especially on the alert for set fires in those places."

In hopes of beating a possible arson rap, many businessmen who burn depend strongly on their good reputations and the strange hesitancy of jurors to believe that anyone would deliberately torch his own property. For instance, the "victim" of a raging fire in Owensboro, Kentucky, recently was Bernes Stone, a prominent jeweler for 36 years, a church deacon and an active member of various do-good civic organizations. When Stone claimed the blaze had lost him $100,000 in unset diamonds, however, Kennedy didn't blink twice over the man's impressive reputation. He knew diamonds don't burn, and he quickly unearthed evidence of arson.

Although criminal charges were lodged against Stone, no jury in his county had returned an arson conviction in 118 years, and Stone seemed sure of himself. Furthermore, his defense lawyer produced a seasoned fire-safety engineer who spent hours on the witness stand detailing why the fire had been legitimate.

Throughout his testimony, Kennedy sat at the prosecutor's side, smiling. Then for two days running, he himself faced the jury and refuted virtually every word the defense expert had uttered.

The only quarrel in the jury room was over how long Stone would spend in prison. Breaking a 118-year tradition, the jurors polled "guilty" on their first ballot, and finally set the penalty at four years.

"Kennedy's testimony was devastating," Commonwealth Attorney William Gant stated later. "It carried the greatest impact in the case."

Kennedy, true to form, agreed.

At that, he was being comparatively modest. In a Vermont courtroom once, he was authoritively rattling off facts about fire on cross-examination when an exasperated attorney whirled on him and sneered, "I suppose you think you're the world's greatest arson detective!"

Kennedy turned to the judge, his brow wrinkled in concern. "Am I under oath, Your Honor?" he asked meekly. The judge nodded.

"Well, in that case," Kennedy said solemnly, "I'll have to answer yes."

—Charles Remsberg

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AMERICA'S GREATEST HORSE THIEF

Once he saw those wild horses Philip Nolan couldn't forget them. He had to go back—through perilous Comanche territory deep into forbidden Spanish lands where death was certain if he was caught

BY NORMAN CARLISLE

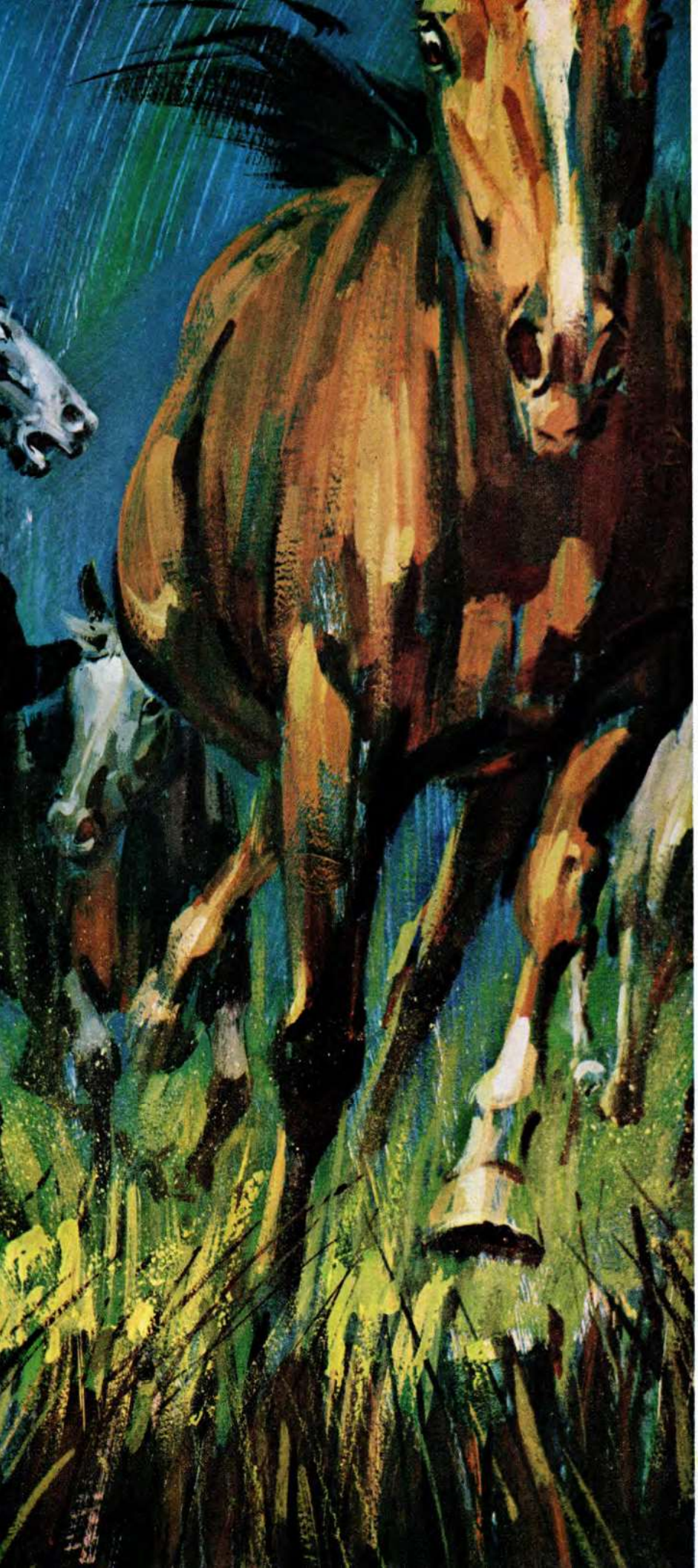
■ He was the first American into Texas but Philip Nolan wasn't thinking about making history on that hot summer day. He sat astride his horse on the Texas hilltop staring in startled disbelief at the spectacle below. What he *was* thinking about was making his fortune. There it was, right before him, the big chance, the kind of thing he'd dreamed of as he'd brawled, battled, and bluffed his way across the frontier in Kentucky and Tennessee.

Wild horses! Hundreds . . . no, thousands of them . . . running free!

A fierce joy swept the big man in ragged buckskins and a wild gleam came into his dark eyes. Back East, in the American settlements, they were horse hungry, and here was all this horseflesh—reds, duns, blacks, some big and sleek, their hides glistening in the sunlight, others wiry and long of hair. All there for the taking.

There for the taking!

As the lust for gold could set hot blood to pounding through some men, so the sight of the horses affected Philip Nolan. To be sure, they were wild and untamed and their



range was deep inside forbidden Spanish territory, where any American was menaced by the Spanish *garote* or Indian torture fires, but Nolan's mind did not dwell on the obstacles that could keep him from cashing in on this equine bonanza. He raised his Kentucky rifle high in one hand and made a promise.

"I'll be back!"

The way Nolan kept that vow was going to win him worldwide fame as a horse hunter, strain diplomatic relations between Spain and the U.S., and get Nolan branded as a scoundrel and hailed as a hero. He well qualified for either tag, depending on whether the viewpoint was that of spluttering Spanish officials, outraged by his repeated invasions of Texas, or Americans, including President Thomas Jefferson, who took gleeful pride in the brash deeds of this irrepressible frontiersman.

Though he was only in his early 20's when he first headed into Texas in 1790, Nolan already had behind him an adventure-crammed life in which he'd been scout, trapper, hunter, riverboatman, gambler and horse trader. Described by historians as "a dark and puzzlesome Irishman," he was born in Belfast, had run away from home as a boy in his teens, and ended up in what was then the western frontier, Kentucky.

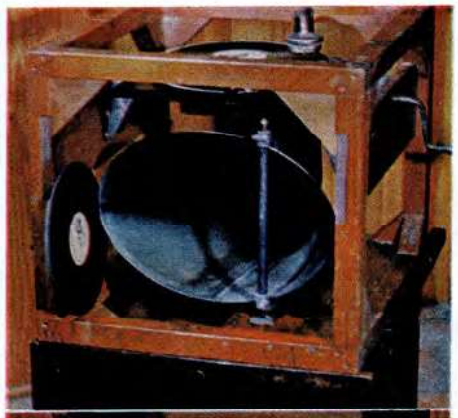
The rough and tumble life fitted his temperament exactly. He was a good shot with rifle or pistol, handy with a knife, handier still with his fists. He had a way of coming out on top in waterfront fights during his years as a boatman. He stood 6-foot-4 and was said to have once picked up two big men by their collars, one in each hand, and tossed them out of a tavern.

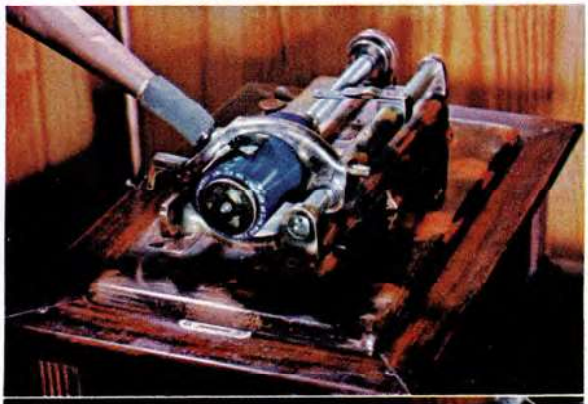
Nolan was known for his obsession with horses. He'd broken them, traded them, raced them and bet on them. Everywhere in the settlements he had a reputation [*Continued on page* 78]

Yelling wildly, Nolan and the Comanche raiders rode headlong into the Spanish herd.

Edison's Dream: A Talking Machine

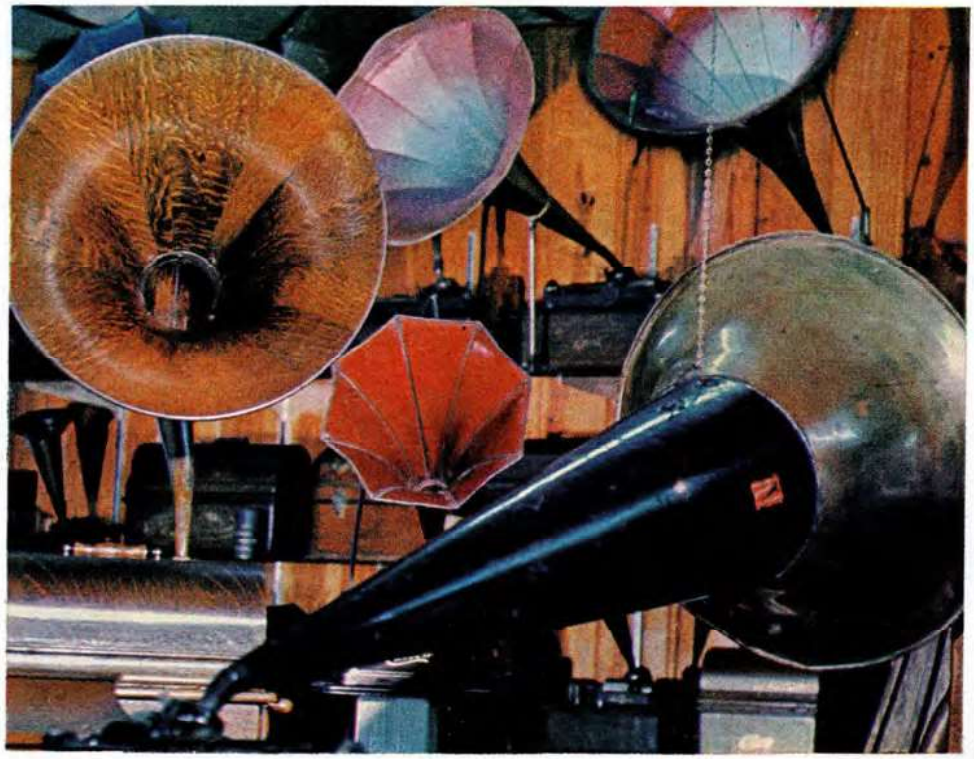
Of all Thomas Edison's inventions, the phonograph was his most original and favorite idea. Two years after he began—in 1887—to work out a method to record and reproduce sound, he was making the first commercial talking machines. For 30 years he turned out improvements and new models. Because he was deaf, Edison even made a special machine for himself. He put a wooden frame around a disc phonograph (right, top) and "listened" by biting into the wood—his teeth picked up vibrations. Disc, leaning against frame, is only record of his own voice he made.

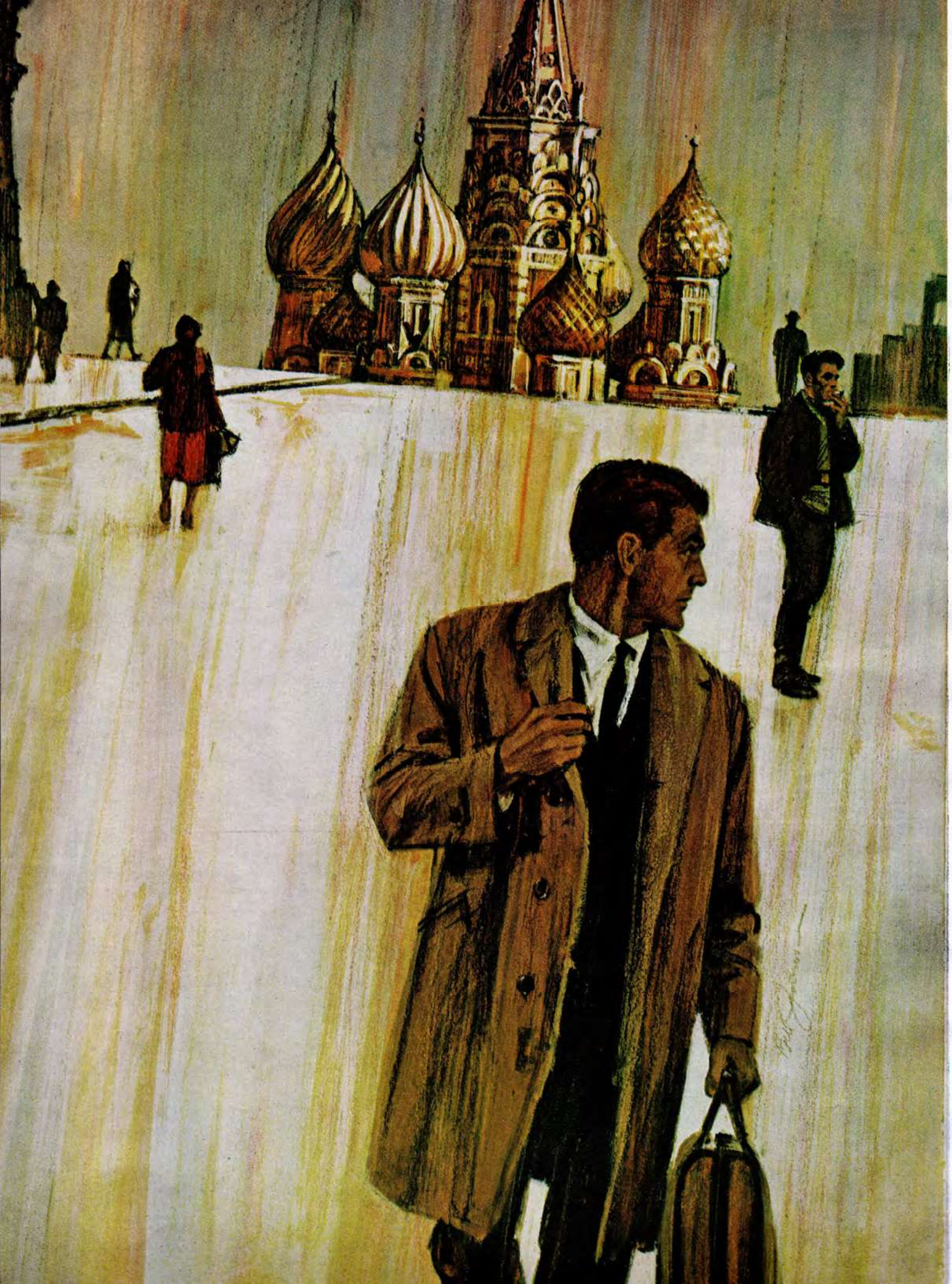




The cylinders below that were Edison's first permanent records. He developed them from Alexander Graham Bell's fragile lavender beeswax cylinder. At left, three phonographs show some of the many models Edison developed. Deluxe machine at top, with burnished copper finish, cost a whopping $100 in 1889, but its works were standard. Edison's big problem was getting electric power into the phonograph. He solved it on center machine by using governor from a steam engine hitched

to rubber belts to keep motor speed constant. Third model came with the first volume control—a damper with a device that controlled the amount of vibration that went through the rubber tubing into earphones or a speaker. Speakers did all the amplifying. The bigger the horn, the boomier the music. They were made of everything from iron to paper and came in a wild variety of shapes. One of the first juke boxes (below, left) had 24 cylindrical records. Music-lovers dropped a nickel in the slot, chose a record by lining it up with the brass arrow, wound up the spring with the big crank and whirled off in a waltz. Next to it is model #23, hand-made by Edison himself in 1887. Record is piece of foil. A stylus engraved lines as foil was cranked along. Back at the bar, for a fee musical drinkers could listen in with stethoscopes.





rich and red... and very, very dead

There was only one thing really wrong with young Rokotov: he was a capitalist, and in Moscow that is fatal—if you achieve the enormous success that Yan did

BY GEOFFREY BOCCA

ILLUSTRATED BY BILL JOHNSON

■ The green Volga sedan pulled up in the flickering snow outside the National Hotel on Moscow's Gorky Street. The great flakes fell with gentle relentlessness out of a sky of lead, defying the old women in felt boots and white bandannas trying to keep the sidewalks clean with their witches' brooms. A young man stepped out of the car and sniffed the air appreciatively.

In the drab, shoddy crowd of muffled Muscovites hurrying home, he stood out on several counts. For one thing he was bareheaded. And he was well dressed. An expensive fur overcoat was left languidly unbuttoned. His trousers were narrow, his shirt silk. His thin Italian shoes advertised the fact that he wasted little time walking in snow. He was an exceptionally tall, good-looking fellow in his early 30's, with long hair, although his complexion, like that of most Muscovites, was sallow and unhealthy from under-exposure to sunshine. Whereas most of the men hurrying past looked hunched and weary, his back was straight, and he looked up and down the great avenue as though he, rather than Khrushchev, ruled the place. In a way he did—but not for much longer.

His name was Yan Rokotov, and he amusedly answered to the nickname "King," in English. Taking from the car a smart leather overnight case, he walked into the National. He passed the Intourist Bureau, crowded with foreign visitors changing money or seeking ballet tickets, passed the newsstand (Communist literature only—*Pravda, Izvestia, Neues Deutschland*, London *Daily Worker, Humanité*), and was about to mount the stairs to the restaurant on the mezzanine when three strangers closed in on him.

"Y. M. Rokotov?" one asked.

Rokotov nodded. The men showed him their identification and led him to the manager's office, where they asked him to open his bag. Rokotov did so. Inside, the three men—members of the Moscow militia, the police, in civilian clothes—found a dozen American nylon shirts, some gaudy American wallpaper neckties of the style that went out of fashion 15 years ago, nylon stockings . . . and money. In paper containers there were French gold louis, Italian marengos, English gold sovereigns, to the value of no less than $75,000, and a roll of 500 English "Georges," as English pound notes are called in the Moscow underworld that Rokotov controlled.

The short but brilliant reign of King Rokotov, the greatest of all the Russian black-market operators, was over. More than anyone else, Rokotov profited by and exposed a festering sore in the Soviet economy. In the workers' paradise a huge black market continues to flourish despite all official attempts to put it down, despite the wholesale arrests and drastic punishments which seep out as reports in the foreign press.

While it lasted for Rokotov, life was very good indeed. It involved fast cars, pretty girls, smart parties, vacations on the Black Sea coast—the Riviera of Russia—and money. Especially money. It poured in on him in endless varieties—rubles, dollars, pounds, West German marks, Swiss and French francs. There was a time when he simply did not know what to do with it all. Rokotov was a business and financial genius, nothing less. That is what makes his case unique in the history of crime as the Communists know it. He was also an organizer of tremendous ability. Had he grown up in England, he might well have acquired in time a genuine handle to his name by being awarded a knighthood. In America he could have become president of some giant corporation. But such talents are not appreciated in the Soviet Union. Soviet morality was shocked, and it demanded that the end of this vile individualist criminal be a sticky one.

Rokotov, who was 34 when he was caught, showed business acumen early. His later trial revealed that he had been born in Moscow of working-class parents, and by the time he left school he had amassed, through schoolboy trading, a ruble fortune amounting to several thousand dollars. As reward for this kind of initiative, the teen-aged businessman was sent to prison for speculating, but he came out richer than he went in. Having discovered that many of his fellow prisoners were pig-hating Moslems, he had cornered their pork rations and sold them to the prison guards—who were happy enough to buy extra food from anyone. After his release, a Moscow friend who knew the story told me, he carefully kept out of official sight, while slowly and quietly building his investment fund, waiting for his golden opportunity. He saw it when Khrushchev decided to open Russia to the West as a tourist attraction—and he was ready.

To the Russians, deprived of even the simplest luxuries, famished not only for material goods but for any kind of cultural contact, the arrival of the first travelers from abroad must have seemed like a visitation from another world. As long as *everybody* wore shapeless packets and [*Continued on page* 89]

Rokotov threaded his way through the Moscow snow toward the hotel. He was on his way to his final deal.

the most unforgettable sonofabitch I ever knew

Dirty, contrary, profane, opinionated and generally drunk — yes, sir, that was Grandpa. But, according to the famous author who remembers him well, he was one of nature's most remarkable specimens — alive or dead

BY ROBERT RUARK

ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHOR

■ Every time my thoughts go back to the halcyon days of my childhood, I think of my Grandpa, and when I think of my Grandpa I think of a well-worn joke.

It seems there was this ultramodern Grandma, who wore too much rouge, too much lipstick, rolled her stockings and smoked through a foot-long holder, just like Auntie Mame.

One day the kids gathered around Grandma, who was reading French novels and munching on brandied chocolates.

"Tell us a story, Granny," the kids chorused. "Please tell us a story."

"All right," Grandma said, "if one of you little bastards will go fetch the gin and bring me some new cigarettes."

Freshly stoked with a stout slug of juniper juice, and burning a new cigarette, Grandma looked with affection at the kids clustered round her knees.

"Once upon a time," Grandma began. "There was an old sonofabitch. . . ."

"Oh, *no*, Granny, don't tell us about *Grandpa*," the kids protested. "Tell us about the time you were a whore in Chicago."

My Grandma was never a whore in Chicago, or any other place, but Grandpa qualified on the kids' recognition signals. Grandpa *was* an old sonofabitch, and I adored him for the quality. Grandpa was useless, and profane, and dirty and generally drunk. My Grandpa, a very contrary man, died disappointed. His faith in corn whisky had been shaken. Up until it became apparent, in his late 70's, that he was going to cash his checks, Grandpa had regarded corn whisky as a specific against everything from a cold in the head to Miss Ca'line, his wife.

Grandpa, whose full name was Hanson Kelly Ruark, was a native of Southport, North Carolina, a little town about 30 miles from Wilmington, a deep-water port. Grandpa didn't like Southport much, so he moved. He didn't like Wilmington either. Said it was too citified. If the truth be told, Grandpa didn't like anything much. Nothing suited him.

Grandpa was tall and skinny. He had a receding chin which he masked with a fierce red beard. A pipe grew perpetually from the corner of his mouth. He wore long drawers, which laced up the back. The lacing always peeped over his pants, and for years I thought Grandpa was a sissy. I thought the lacing came from a corset, like my mother wore.

The old gentleman affected those easy, soft shoes with elastic webbing in the sides, and he sliced big holes around his bunion areas. Grandpa thought that feet ought to have plenty of breathing space. He always wore white socks, too, because, he said, colored socks poisoned the feet. He never wore a necktie in his life; he thought tying a piece of cloth around a neck was as silly as tying a rope around it, and said so.

My father, the youngest of Miss Ca'line's kids, was his mother's baby. She called him Rosebud, to Grandpa's great disgust. When Rosebud went to work at the age of 15, for $4 a week, Grandpa, age 37, retired. Uncle Dan was working, and so was Uncle Fletcher, and Aunt Gus had married the best barber in town, and Aunt Claude had married the schoolteacher, and Grandpa said dod-limb it, he was tired, and he aimed to rest up a while. He rested up for 40-odd years. Grandpa had grown weary early in life, and putting in some time as Register of Deeds in Southport (while Miss Ca'line ran a boardinghouse) made his feet hurt.

Grandpa's feet started to hurt when he was in the Confederate Army. His Army days filled him with a deep distrust for motion. Grandpa hated [*Continued on page* 102]

HENRY A. BARN

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BY HENRY A. BARNES
NEW YORK CITY
TRAFFIC COMMISSIONER

THE MAN WITH THE RED AND GREEN EYES

Armed with monumental common sense and a flair for stepping on bureaucratic toes, Henry Barnes has spent his life grappling with a mess every American is familiar with—the automobile explosion

■ I was born in a little upstate New York town whose only claim to fame was that it was the site of one of the country's largest insane asylums. There are those among my detractors who see this as a definite influence on my life. . . . In a way it was. Like many other young boys whose parents are divorced, I had more than my share of insecurity, which may explain why I was obsessed with the idea that one or more of the asylum inmates would escape some day and break into our house. Being the man of the family—there were only my sisters and mother—I took the responsibility of protecting the womenfolk. I did this by setting up a very elaborate and intricate booby trap system. It was my first attempt to influence human behavior by mechanical means.

We were the proud possessors of one of the world-famous Morris chairs. It was the most comfortable piece of furniture in the house and no visitor could resist it. I therefore reasoned that if one of those asylum inmates broke into the house and overpowered us he would undoubtedly seat himself in our precious Morris chair to gloat over his victory. It was logic, pure and simple. Nothing else to do then but catch the culprit when he would be off guard and most vulnerable. So I proceeded to turn the Morris chair into a lethal weapon. With a particularly large alarm clock I equipped the chair with a spring and a gear planted in the seat so that an unsuspecting "looney," leaning back and enjoying his comfort to the full, would trigger the spring and set the gear off with the momentum of a high-powered buzz saw running amok.

It was a momentous success. The only thing I didn't reckon with was the victim. Instead of a looney, it turned out to be my mother. And despite the female protection of an old-fashioned and formidable corset—complete with steel stays—the poor woman suffered a loss of dignity and derriere that was irreplaceable. The tanning I got, as a result of this fiasco, made it ironically unanimous.

I reluctantly relinquished my role as a Pinkerton expert and devoted myself to the mysteries of electricity, but I cannot recommend my drastic method of self-instruction to other young students. My ambition—stimulated by *Tom Swift and His Wireless Telephone*—was to build my very own radio setup. Among the equipment I needed was a good supply of dry-cell batteries. We being a poor family, I haunted the local carbarn and managed to salvage several dozen discarded batteries which were used in the trolley buzzer system. These batteries were of questionable quality and so they had to be tested. In lieu of a voltmeter, which was out of my financial reach, I had to resort to a primitive method of testing their capacity. The cheapest way was to attach two wires to the battery terminals and touch them to the tip of your tongue. If the cells were dead, you felt nothing. If there was any life to them, you were supposed to experience a salty taste. With all the discarded batteries I had on hand, this would have been an endless task. So I decided to hook up 16 of them in one sequence and save a lot of time and bother. The result was electrifying. I lost a half-inch of my tongue and rendered the rest of it insensitive for weeks. Understandably, to this day I am unable to speak with anything that resembles perfect diction.

About this time in my life, Mother remarried, and we headed down South. This was a [*Continued on page* 113]

■ For a long time they quit bothering us. They mostly stayed home, grumbling among themselves, sometimes writing a letter to an editor or desultorily bugging a few scientists in some obscure laboratory. Now and then they were able to raise a national hue and cry about something, but they seemed to have lost their old verve and nothing they did had great impact or lasting effect. It was this way for a decade and a half after the end of World War II. But starting about 1960 they began to get their century-old movement going once more. And today it is back in full swing—as big, as pathetic and potentially as disastrous as ever before. The antivivisectionists are on the prod again.

Many of them are crackpots, but we'd be foolhardy to dismiss them as only that. They're laughable, but we'd better do more than just laugh. For these people are dangerous. The new antivivisectionists of the 1960's (or neo-AV's, as scientists call them) have the same motive as AV's of old: they want to outlaw or severely restrict the use of live animals in medical and other scientific research. But along with this old motive they have new power. They have so much power that their drive to hog-tie research has begun to sway the United States Government. No fewer than six research-crippling bills were introduced in the last Congress, and the chances are that at least that many will come before the current session.

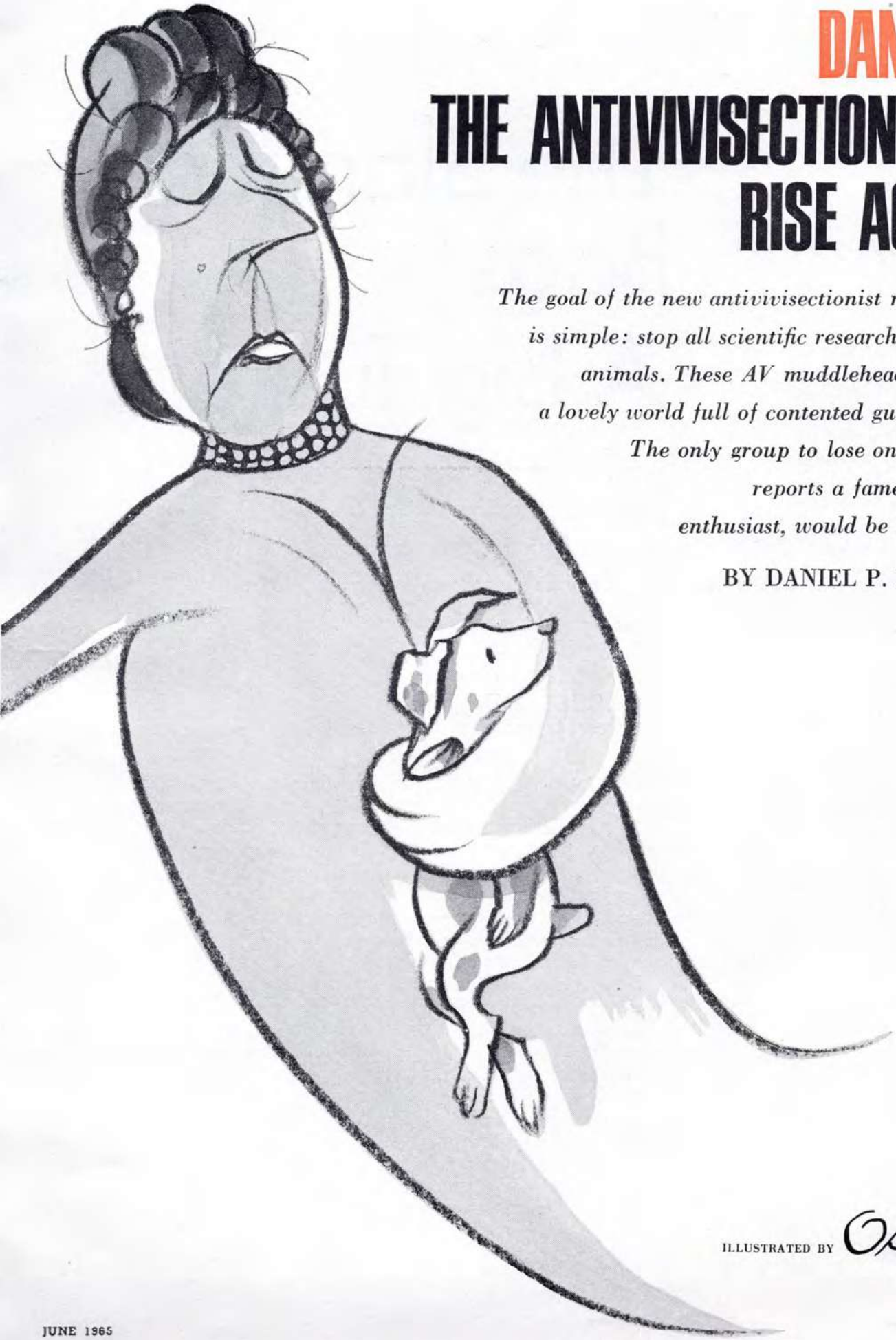
The results could be devastating. Animal experimentation is one of the very foundations of modern medical science. "Without animal experimentation," says Dr. Morris Fishbein, former editor of the internationally respected *Journal of the American Medical Association*, "we would not have serums or vaccines, anesthetics or antibiotics."

If the neo-AV's had their way, more than half the researchers now hunting a [*Continued on page* 93]

DANGER: THE ANTIVIVISECTIONISTS RISE AGAIN

The goal of the new antivivisectionist movement is simple: stop all scientific research that uses animals. These AV muddleheads picture a lovely world full of contented guinea pigs. The only group to lose on the deal, reports a famed animal enthusiast, would be humanity

BY DANIEL P. MANNIX



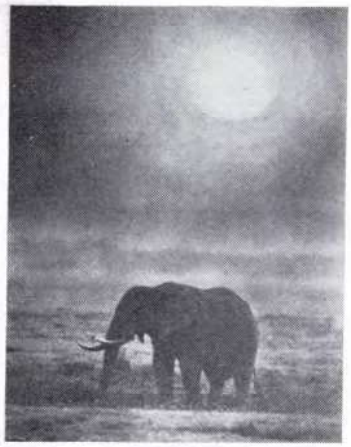
ILLUSTRATED BY Osborn

ELEVENTH OF A SERIES

TRUE HUNTS WITH FAMOUS MEN:
SAM SNEAD

The Slammer Bags A Big Tusker

After six frustrating days of laboring mightily on what Sam dubbed "the *marfi* safari," the seventh day provided no rest for the Slammer. It was like winning the Masters'



BY DOUG KENNEDY
PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY ROBERT HALMI

TANZANIA, EAST AFRICA

■ When Sam Snead first played golf with President Eisenhower, so the story goes, the President was suitably awed by the booming power of "The Slammer's" tee shots. Characteristically, Snead, an easy-going fellow, was not particularly awed by the Eisenhower presence. On the final hole, the man who has won more major golf tournaments than any player in the world, stroked a drive out 275 yards. Eisenhower's was some 100 yards shorter—and he asked Sam why he didn't get more distance. Snead's reply was laconic, classic: "You've got to get your butt into it . . . Mr. President."

Now, Snead was getting his own butt into an area alien to his experience: an elephant hunt in Africa. His broad back was covered with sweat—and a well-earned sweat at that. During the last hour of tracking we had covered almost five miles of some of the toughest elephant terrain to be found in Tanzania.

At times, when we'd hit a clearing, we'd break into a dog trot. At other times we'd be on our hands and knees, crawling through some of the thorniest thickets imaginable. It's not for nothing that the Africans have named this thorn bush the "wait-a-bit" bush.

Always, elusively just ahead of us, were some king-sized African elephants. We knew they were jumbos from the evidence: footprints that

The careful stalk with hunter Bill Jenvey finally pays off as Snead prepares to shoot at point-blank—and dangerous—range.

After Sam's lethal heart shot, Jenvey drives home the clincher automatically. Also automatic: happy trophy picture.

Sam's longest trophy tusk measured a whopping 76 inches—but the pair was not as well-matched as son Jack's.

Dangerously close to an alerted herd of buffalo, Sam selected the biggest head, got the bull with one shot.

Sam Snead's Big Tusker

at times measured up to 22 inches across; huge piles of dung, called *marfi* in Swahili; and the constant crashing of trees as the herd plowed ahead.

We could see the evidence of the prints, we could smell the evidence of the *marfi*, we could hear the branches broken. But as far as we were concerned the elephants were great, gray phantoms, ghostly creatures that didn't really exist.

Suddenly the lead tracker put up a hand in warning. We stopped in midstride. The crashing of branches ahead had become an uproar of noise that sounded like just exactly what it was: a thundering herd of charging elephants. They had been spooked by our scent and had fled.

Without a word we flopped to the ground in varying states of exhaustion. Sam exhaled a heartfelt "Whoooooooeeeeee. Damn, but it's good to sit down." Some of us were too breathless to do anything but nod in agreement.

Sam reached to his hip, extracted a small hunting knife, leaned over and undid the laces of his ankle-high boots. Cutting at the seams near the laces, he opened up the boots to relieve the pressure. It was then that we noticed the blood on his socks. The blood had even stained the leather. White Hunter Bill Jenvey was immediately solicitous, but Sam just grinned and drawled, "Forget it, I've had plenty of blisters before these."

But it was hard to forget Sam's obvious agony on the long hike back to the hunting car, a far longer and rougher walk than any 36-hole golf match he'd ever played. But when Bill Jenvey suggested a rest, Sam, an accomplished woodsman in his own right, squinted at the gathering dusk and said, "The way I figure it, we'll just about make it back to the car as it gets dark. So we'd better keep going." Sam was dead right —and for the next two weeks all of us, hunters, trackers, skinners, etc., never ceased to be amazed at the hunting lore Sam had accumulated starting as a kid trapper in the Virginia hills.

And when the safari was over, veteran hunter Bill Jenvey paid Sam the ultimate [*Continued on page* 104]

Impala head, big for Tanzania.

Warthog is good leopard bait.

Sam and waterbuck trophy.

$8,500,000 FREE— IF YOU CAN GET IT

The gold is there—the detector proved that. All the next guy has to do is drop a couple hundred feet down a water-filled mine shaft—and stay alive

BY JOHN REESE
ILLUSTRATED BY LOUIS GLANZMAN

MEXICO

■ In the part of Mexico we were in, buried-treasure tips are a peso a dozen, and every hole in the ground is a legend. But Beth claimed that a fine scintillator had testified there was a fortune in gold in this particular hole. A scintillator is an electronic metal detector, and while legend may lie, and usually does, the electrons don't.

The four of us—Beth, Earl, Perry and myself—clustered around the hole in the concrete floor in a back room of the old ranch house. All we could see was a twinkle of water, 20 feet down. Our sounding line had struck bottom 10 feet below that. An Indian servant girl was hanging the washing in the branches of a flame tree, just outside the window. She spoke no English, but Beth took no chances and kept her voice low.

"The hacienda is 200 years old," she said. "The family was driven out by bandits who called themselves 'revolutionaries,' in 1868. Father and son both died of malaria in Mazatlán within a month. The mother and the five daughters had not been told where the family gold was hidden, for their own protection.

"It wasn't safe for them to come back until 1875. The old lady sold off most of the land, raising money to hunt for the gold. She never found it. She died in 1904, still insisting that it was here somewhere. The daughters are all dead now, but I've talked to dozens of grandchildren and great-grandchildren. They're pretty bitter. They say that the old lady squandered the ranch on a phony tip, looking for gold that never was there.

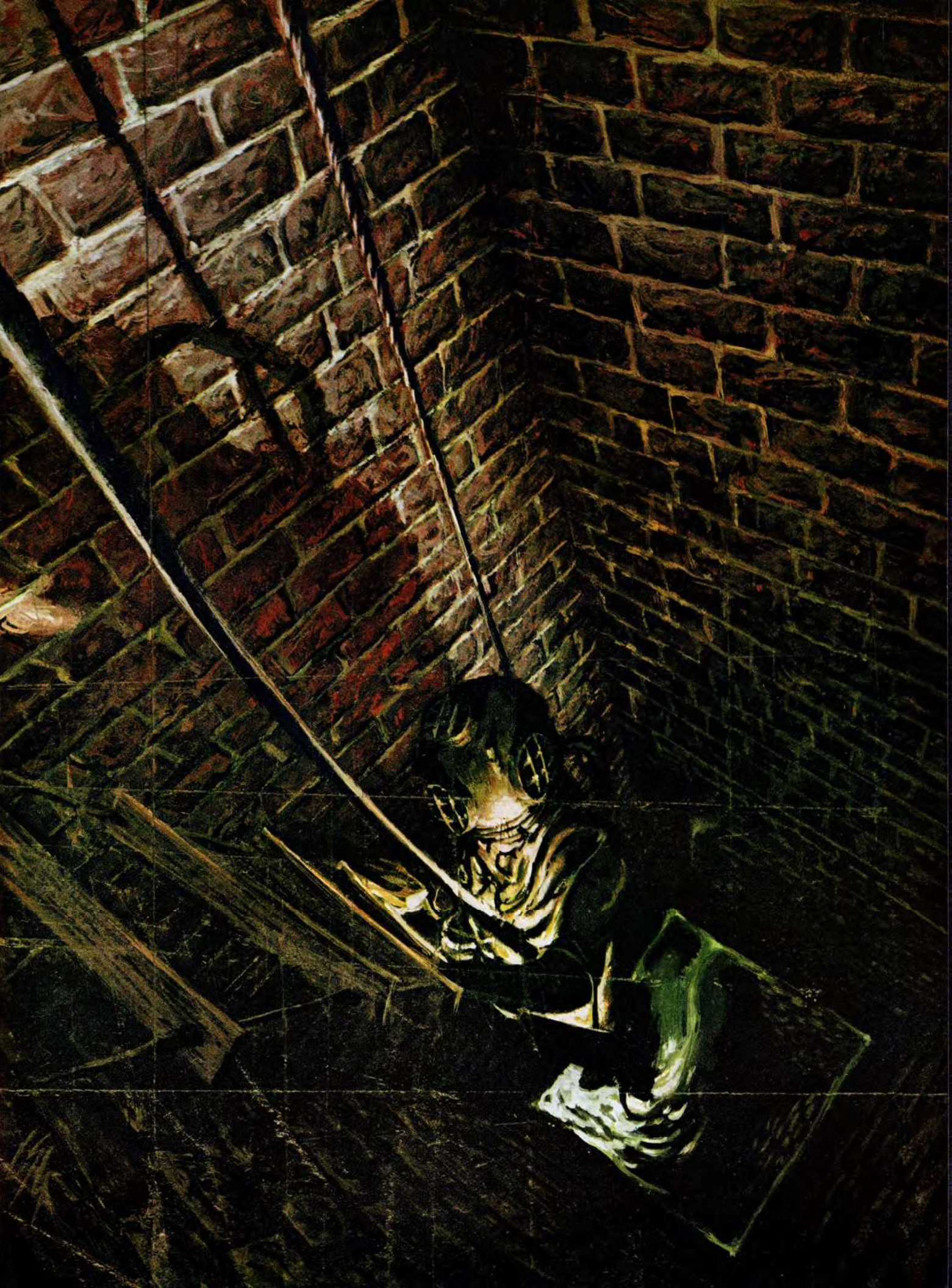
"They're wrong! This is where it is, and if you three can get it up, I'll split it 50-50. Rocky—my husband—figured there's $1,500,000 under that water. That's $250,000 for each of you. What do you say?"

Beth was about 50, a small, gray-haired, gutty woman who had been born in Mexico of an American father and a Mexican mother. Brought up in the States, she had come back to Mexico six years ago to reclaim her Mexican citizenship. Her title to the old ranch house and the 24 surrounding hectares—about 60 acres—was secure. As for her knowledge of gold, her husband had been a mining engineer, and Beth made quite a bit of money buying small quantities of gold from the surrounding Indians.

"Beth" isn't her real name, nor are "Earl" and "Perry" the real names of the other men with me. Earl was 66, and he had some $2 million in good investments that he had accumulated by not jumping to conclusions. Perry, about 40, was his assistant, doing the field work too strenuous for Earl. They had dabbled before in gold mines, and in copper and sulphur, too.

I have their permission to use the story only if I conceal their identities and the location of the old hacienda. "The gold is there, and I'll get it out some day," Beth says. "But I don't want a lot [*Continued on page* 97]

Jose climbed steadily down into the water, toward the ancient treasure.



Jungle Temple For V.I.P. Vipers

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY SID LATHAM

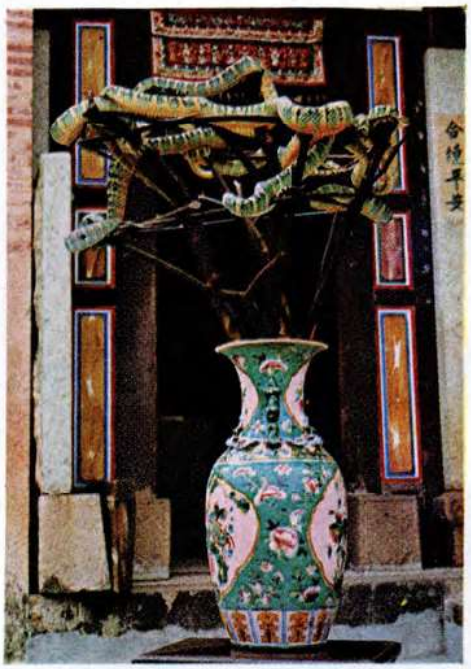
Penang, Malaysia

Every year thousands of snakes—as if summoned by some scaly telegraph—slither across this tropical Malaysian island to form what is probably the world's most unusual holy assemblage. The site of their venomous convocation is the temple of the Chinese god, Chor Soo Kong, whose disciples revere reptiles. The priests of the faith and numerous followers claim that the snakes have converged each Chinese New Year since 1850 to celebrate the founding of their serpentine sanctuary. Although no one has bothered to take an accurate fang count and some of the snakes slip away through the whispering jungle to less sacred locations, about 800 pit vipers, cobras, pythons and less lethal kin board at the temple year-round. The caretakers, who call their wards "divine ones," are required to pamper them like house guests, letting them freely scuttle around the temple grounds. But human pilgrims—visiting Penang for good luck—often step gingerly. The reptilian at-home feeling was born when a white cobra once peacefully confronted a down-and-out animist priest—not even striking at him. After fortune took a sharp swing for the better, the grateful priest came back to the exact spot of his encounter to raise this temple for his benefactor and heirs—who have lolled around their modern garden of Eden ever since.

PRODUCED BY LAWRENCE STELL

Vipers indolently drape themselves over the facade of their serpent shrine near the village of Sungei Kluang. Inside they drip from rafters or curl up in doorways.

Oriental vase sports a deadly canopy, showing how thoroughly the sanctified snake has forsaken his birthright of slinking along the ground.



Another viper nestles inscrutably in a blazing bush on the temple grounds. Thousands of worshiping pilgrims touch such snakes for luck.

A python submits to pretzel-bending inspection by sandaled believer. Not all pious human visitors get as familiar —some seem leery of coiled divinity.

Fragrant joss sticks give off a heady incense which seems to stupefy the snakes and partly explains why worshipers dare walk around.

Priest pries open lethal fangs of pit viper, which was basking in sun. Attendant claims that holy snakes have never bitten a friendly hand.

BY ROBERT DALEY

A. J. drives all kinds of cars in all kinds of races. Top left, pit stop at Sebring in a Corvette; right, on the Daytona track in a Scarab. Bottom, starting the Indianapolis 500 in an Offenhauser.

Fast and Furious Foyt

Plenty of experts will tell you that America's Number One athlete is not Mantle or Clay or Palmer, but a cocky, cussing auto racer who is aiming for his third Indy championship

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

■ A. J. Foyt never stops.

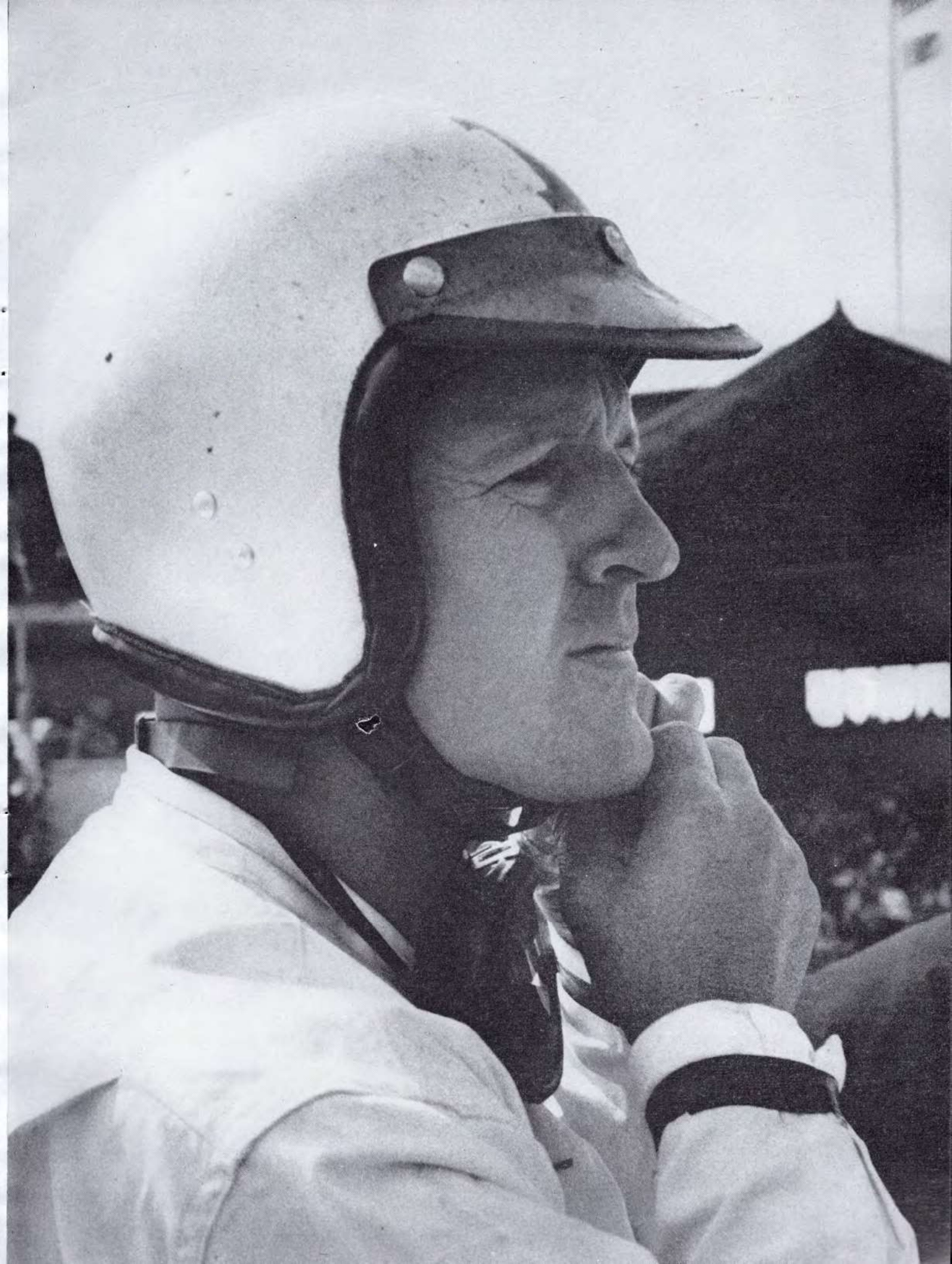
Observe Foyt at Sebring, Florida, in March, 1964. The Chevrolet Corvette which he had signed to drive, and upon which John Mecom, Jr., owner of the car, and General Motors had lavished many thousands of dollars, arrived late. Practice had already started and the car, unloaded, was found to be totally unready to race.

Never mind whose fault this was. Foyt was furious. When Foyt gets that mad, he cusses out everybody. "Nobody can get as mad as quickly as A. J.," says a man who knows him well. The air rang with Foyt's angry voice.

But in an instant he was not angry any more, merely busy. Seeing that curses would not repair the car, and that nobody there could fix it as fast and as well as he could, Foyt began to strip the machine down. He was under it, over it. He took it apart piece by piece and put it back together again right.

This took him three days and nights. He got three or four hours sleep a night maximum, and he never got to drive one practice lap.

At 10 Saturday morning, the starter's flag dropped. Foyt ran across the track and leaped into his car—which would not start. While 65 cars roared away, Foyt's sat there, starter grinding, Foyt cursing. Then the engine



It's no sport for sissies. Right: Foyt's wheel leaves ground as he moves to take lead in Milwaukee 100 last year. Facing page: A. J. manages to hold off challenger and win the race. Len Sutton finished second.

caught. A lap at Sebring is 5.2 miles, and before the first lap ended Foyt had caught and passed 51 cars.

He drove at this pitch until a wheel flew off the car. It was dusk by then. The machine went up on its nose and spun like a top in a shower of sparks. Then it came down with a tremendous crash. Springing out of the cockpit, Foyt raced across the circuit to his pits, running hard. He must have run two miles. Reaching the pits, he berated everyone in sight, and grabbed up a new wheel. For a moment it looked like he intended to brain a mechanic with it.

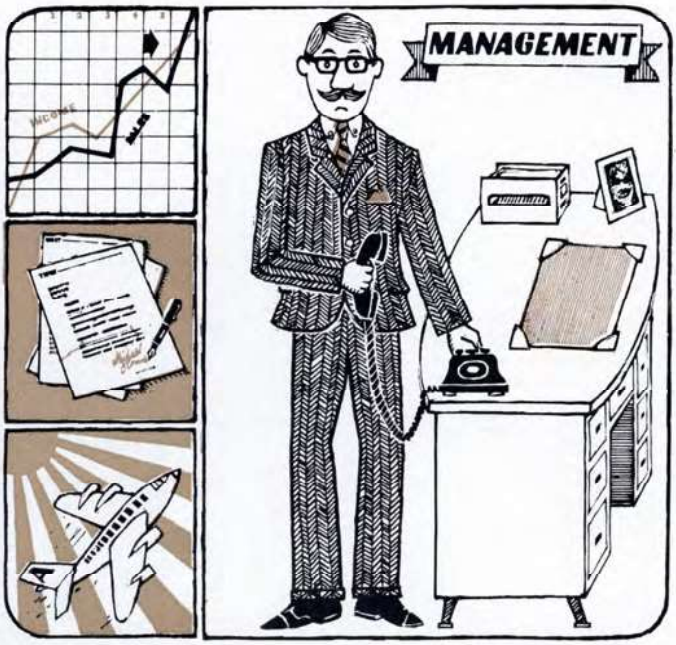
He went on to finish 23rd, but he did finish. This is important to Foyt, a man of towering pride and fierce love of driving race cars.

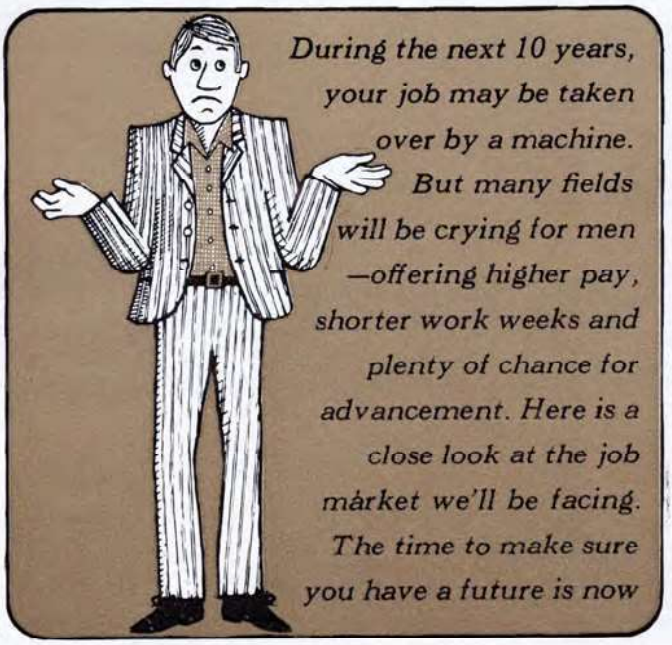
It was now 10 p.m. The race had lasted 12 hours, and had included the unscheduled two-mile run. Most normal men were exhausted, but not Foyt, who in addition to the race had scarcely slept the previous week. Foyt hopped into a makeshift shower at the track, soaped and rinsed himself and changed his clothes. Then he tossed his gear into a Lockheed Lodestar owned by Goodyear, one of his sponsors, and settled down for a 13-hour flight to Phoenix, Arizona, where he was to race the next morning. The Lodestar is one of the world's slowest airplanes and there was nothing to eat on board except a few candy bars. During the night Foyt munched on these, he chatted and, in all, he dozed for about four hours on a couch. Once he woke up and mumbled that his wife, whom he rarely sees, would meet him in Phoenix. This is a special treat for Foyt and he said he looked forward to seeing her—but not until after the race. There were two stops in the night, at Houston and El Paso. During one of them Foyt remarked that this wasn't so bad, he had got by on much less sleep than this at times.

The plane landed, the endless flight was over, and everyone aboard it was bleary- [*Continued on page* 68]

A TRUE SPECIAL REPORT

WHAT JOB FOR YOU IN 1975?





During the next 10 years, your job may be taken over by a machine. But many fields will be crying for men —offering higher pay, shorter work weeks and plenty of chance for advancement. Here is a close look at the job market we'll be facing. The time to make sure you have a future is now

BY JOSEPH P. BLANK

ILLUSTRATED BY VAN EERSEL/O'CONNELL

■ Picture this scene in 1975, just 10 years from now. It's Friday afternoon. You have finished transplanting some shrubbery around the house and you've rewarded yourself with a tall gin and tonic. At last, you reflect, you have time for all these chores. You work a four-day, 30-hour week. In fact, the children spend more time in school than you do on the job.

You start wondering about the three-weeks' vacation you've got coming in August. You already took half your six-weeks' annual vacation in January. Where to go now? Canada, to fish? Maybe.

You try to figure out what you can afford. You're making good money, but spending it good, too. What with prepaid medical care, education for the children and the multitude of monthly bills, large and small, very little goes into the bank. These expenses, plus the things you've bought for the house. You wanted the silent air-conditioning unit and the electroluminescent lights. Your wife wanted the thermoelectric refrigerator and the ultrasonic washing machine. And both of you wanted the new television set fitted with a device to run video tapes.

At that moment your next-door neighbor ambles across the lawn. He sprawls out on a lounge chair, blows air out of his lungs and says, "In this world of plenty, you think

they're ever gonna' find a way to make gardening easy?"

"Never."

"How's the job going?"

"Good. The company is sending me to Georgia Tech for a month. They've got a research team there with some new ideas for piping solar heat. Maybe we'll use it in that new office building we're putting up next year."

"Back to school, eh?"

"Yeah about once every two or three years now. How about you?"

"The company is retiring me next year."

"You don't look that old."

"I'm not. I'm 55. But the company wants to open up promotions for younger men. I've been asked to retire next spring on a full pension."

"What are you going to do?"

"Well, the company wants me to work a couple days a month on a consulting basis. And, you know, my hobby is making furniture. The owner of the new cabinetmaking shop down at the shopping center can't find skilled cabinetmakers, so he has asked me to come in with him. I think I'll do that, too."

You can be in this bright 1975 picture if . . . you have the right skill in the right job. During the next 10 years

practically all professions and occupations will be rocked by one great factor: change.

Change will be more drastic and dramatic than ever in history. This is the view shared by authorities in business, industry, education and government interviewed by me in this special survey for TRUE. What greatly worries many of these experts is the fact that comparatively few men—in both white-collar and blue-collar jobs—have heard the rumblings of this imminent upheaval. And this means a great number of men in a few years are suddenly going to ask themselves a question for which they prepared no answer: "Where is my next paycheck coming from?"

To have a job—the right job—in 1975, now is the time to understand this change and deal with it. If you're a liberal arts major in college, think about un-liberalizing yourself and concentrating on a specialty. If you're a 32-year-old accountant in a department store, look behind you; that shadow you see is a job-eating machine. Then look two floors up. Those are the executive offices, the best place for you to be. If you're a 45-year-old inspector in a radio manufacturing plant, heed that vague talk about automation. That's Big Brother. He's coming. Talk to your foreman and find out if the company is selecting men for a course in the operation of automated machinery.

The big, coming change will be caused by two unstoppable phenomena: a fast-growing labor force and the new labor-saving machines of automation. Last year the labor market increased by a million people. By 1970 the market will be expanding at the rate of 1.4 million a year.

Snuggled between these two fat statistics is another, mostly unknown, fact. During the last 10 years industries largely dependent on men have been shrinking. The squeeze has mostly caught the farmer, the miner and the man on the assembly line. In the future, say government manpower studies, it's going to cover more varieties of work and get worse.

The forces behind this trend are the new machines—automated equipment and computers. Most of us have the vague notion that this sophisticated hardware can do work better and more cheaply than men. What we don't realize is that the new machines are eliminating many thousands of jobs a week, even at this early point in the machine age, and will in the future affect the lives of many millions of men from aircraft assemblers and payroll clerks to stevedores and statisticians.

"The impact of these devices is profound," says educator Dr. Grant Venn, in his book: *Man, Education and Work*. "Automatic elevators have recently displaced 40,000 elevator operators in New York City alone. Ponderous mechanical cotton pickers have, in the last four years, reduced farm jobs in lush Tulare County, California, from 25,000 to 17,000. Thirty thousand packinghouse workers have been automated out of their jobs in the past few years. Enormous machines have helped to reduce employment in the coal fields from 415,000 in 1950 to 136,000 in 1962. . . ."

It isn't only the blue-collar workers that will be taking a beating from the machines. Job mortality will hit the office people, including the lower executive class. "These include bookkeepers, clerks, statisticians and accountants," says John I. Snyder, president and chairman of U.S. Industries, a manufacturer of automated equipment. "Even the ranks of what we know as 'middle management' are starting to be thinned out by computers which make minor decisions automatically."

In Pennsylvania, a thin, balding man in his late forties told me, "I was in charge of a section of clerks for this electrical company. Computers were brought in, and bang! Hundreds of people had to be shifted to other departments or go out to look for jobs. The machines did the paper work faster and with fewer errors than people. And me, I simply was no longer needed."

These facts portray the grim side of the job future. Technological advance, led by the new machines, has a very bright side, too. It creates jobs—good ones. It is on the verge of opening broad job opportunities in the fields of industrial atomic energy, a world satellite communications network, space exploration, oceanic exploration, food preservation, new metals, new fuels and within automation and control systems themselves.

By now, you may be wondering where these fast-moving trends put you. Generally, where you're going in a career will be determined by the extent of your skill. Listen to Prof. Charles C. Killingsworth of Michigan State University. "The fundamental effect of automation on the labor market," says this expert, "is to twist the pattern of demand—that is, it pushes *down* the demand for workers with *little* training while pushing *up* the demand for workers with *large* amounts of training."

Another pushing factor may influence your future. We now are the first nation in history to employ more white-collar than blue-collar workers, and this trend will increase as we move toward 1975. We'll need progressively fewer people to produce things, like carburetors and television sets. We'll need proportionately more people who deal with people—teachers, recreation directors, lawyers.

The best authority on what is going to happen to jobs by 1975 is the U.S. Department of Labor. Its Office of Manpower, Automation and Training has made this projection: "The fastest growing occupations during the next decade will be the professional and technical positions—especially engineers, scientists and technicians—and among the white-collar clerical and sales occupations. "The next best prospects, predicts the Office, are "wage and salary employment in service industries (mainly trade, finance, state and local government), which may increase by over 30 percent during this decade." The "service" jobs, of course, range from policemen in local government, to barbers, advertising copywriters and home appliance repairmen in private industry.

That's the broad picture. You can paint yourself with bright colors if you're an experienced professional or if you own a highly-developed skill. An unobtrusive pastel will suit the semiskilled man. Gray is for the unskilled laborer.

Now, to the future of specific professions and occupations. Top dog in all business and industries is the executive, the man who can handle men and business problems. There's a scarcity of executive talent now. And the shortage will increase as we move toward 1975.

The demand for hotshot executives has turned the business of executive recruiting into a profitable venture. It's not unusual for a company to pay a finder's fee of $15,000 for a good man. Says executive recruiter E. A. Butler: "There aren't enough quality executives to go around. Business and industry have tried to make up for the shortage by resorting to committees, and too many companies are top-heavy with committees.

"Business is a gamble, not a science. Committees would rather turn the responsibility for a gamble over to a talented man who can think independently, make a clear decision, act and understand the implications of his action. Such men are wanted all over the country. They can practically name their salaries."

But our modern, fast-moving technology has created the demand for a new type of [*Continued on page* 107]

BY ROBERT LISTON

Ex-photographer Comer (center) prodded by his friends, wound up with no sale . . . and no pictures.

A BOMB AMONG THEIR SOUVENIRS

BUT FOR A HAPPY FLOUNCE OF FATE, PHOTOS SOME BLITHE GI's SNAPPED OF THE FIRST TACTICAL ATOM BOMB WOULD HAVE EXPLODED ACROSS PAGE ONE OF A BALTIMORE PAPER

■ It was enough to make a Russian spy choke on his borsch and as far as the FBI, CIA, AEC and the entire star-filled Pentagon were concerned—well, they wish those GI's never had snapped souvenir photos of the A-bomb. So laugh a little about how many people saw the pictures, but don't breathe how close they came to being flashed across page one of a metropolitan newspaper.

It was the summer of 1945. Time hung heavy for the men of the 504th Bomber Group, 421st Bomber Squadron, based on a tiny speck of sand called Tinian Island in the Marianas. In fact, the war was a large bore, particularly for George Wallace Comer, Private First Class, truck driver. At best his contribution to the Pacific Theater was highly indirect, even if he did haul bombs from the ammunition dumps to the hangars.

Of course, one conversation spicer was some top secret bomb just flown in. The soldiers often rolled its unfamiliar name over their tongues: "A-bomb. Supposed to be a real blockbuster that might even win the war. At least, by God, we can hope it'll end the war—and we can head on back to the States."

Then, one of the guys had an idea. "Why not get a picture of it? What a souvenir for the ole family album. And I know a 2nd Louie who'll let us in."

Consequently a file of four—a sergeant from North Carolina, a corporal from Los Angeles, a Pfc from Texas and Comer—trundled over to lift the cover on the first tactical atomic bomb ever built. It was soon to be called the super, indefensible weapon, and America's number one military secret. The Russians would have moved heaven and earth to escort the GI jaunt and the Rosenbergs were to fry for prying back home.

The GI's shrugged. It might have been a new type latrine they were looking at. But out came the camera and click went the shutter. They shot the tail of the bomb, the nose of the bomb and, four times, a side of it. Three of the men posed while the fourth took the pictures. The sergeant had a friend develop and print the photos.

"Hey, they came out real sharp. Look at that silly grin on Comer's kisser, would you?"

Each man got a full set of prints and the sergeant kept the negatives.

The bomb was dropped. It worked quite successfully and did end the war. Soon the photographer-GI's flew home, still carrying what they considered great souvenirs.

Comer ended up working for a construction outfit in Bel Air, Maryland, about 15 miles north of Baltimore. There he became friends with another employee, Miles F. Daubenheyer, a former Naval ordnance officer. One day in the fall of 1946, Comer showed Daubenheyer the photos. He knew he shouldn't, but it isn't everybody who's carrying around pictures of our number one military secret in his wallet. However, his new friend had asked what he did in the war and Comer didn't want to appear to have been only an ordinary truck driver. And, after all, he'd already showed the pictures to his wife, mother, sisters, brothers-in-law, some GI who lived in East Baltimore, a guy who owns a tavern on the road from Bel Air to Baltimore—and Danny Kaye. Comer had met the song and dance man aboard the plane coming back from Guam and really impressed him with the pictures. Miles Daubenheyer was impressed, too.

A couple of weeks later, on October 9, 1946, Comer and Daubenheyer went to Baltimore to buy some war surplus material for their employer. Once again time hung heavy, so they went into a bar in the Lord Baltimore Hotel to float away the pressure. The beer was cold and foamy and the shots of whisky went down smoothly. With each swallow the late war became more glamorous, particularly after they started talking to an Army captain, James Barnes Rike, Jr. The captain had just re-upped and was refortifying, with liquid refreshment, his enthusiasm for military life before joining his outfit—a cook's school—at Fort Meade, Maryland.

Out came the photos. Daubenheyer looked at them again. Rike looked at them. A traveling oyster salesman looked at them. So did the bartender.

"Is that you in the pictures?" asked Rike.

"That sure is," Comer replied.

"How'd you get near it?"

"Oh, I had an in with the guards."

The pictures went back in the wallet and back out again. The foam ran thicker and thicker in the parade from bar to bar. The pictures became not only war souvenirs, but objects of great value. Somebody would pay a lot of money for them—a newspaper for instance.

Quickly a phone call was made to the Baltimore *News-Post*, and quickly the Army captain, ex-Navy officer, ex-GI and the oyster salesman trooped into the city room of the *News-Post*, armed with six pictures of the A-bomb and dreams of great wealth.

[*Continued on page* 56]

IT HAPPENED IN SPORTS

By Ron Smith

THE FIGHTER WHO KNOCKED HIMSELF OUT

The English have fought well along the streets, in the jungles, and on the beaches. But they have not fought very well inside American prize rings. Who cares how far British heavyweights would stretch if laid end to end? Most of them were.

One was Bruce Woodcock, a tall Yorkshire boy who knocked all the other English heavyweights kicking in the 1940s and emerged as champion of the British Empire. Then he sailed for America. He arrived dockside in New York in the spring of 1946. He said he wanted to fight Joe Louis.

"Woodcock," his manager, Tom Hurst, kept telling the reporters, "is from a long line of fighters. He's got the killer instinct." As it turned out, Woodcock was another in a long line of Laydown Limeys who came, saw, and were conquered. His most memorable hour was the night he helped push an adult Dead-End-Kid named Tami Mauriello into a shot at Louis's world championship. The way Woodcock did this was by knocking out a man of international reputation, namely, himself.

Woodcock's American debut was scheduled against Mauriello because, Hurst said, "We need a steppingstone to a fight with Louis. Mauriello is a great heavyweight." Mauriello was a great heavyweight in one respect. He talked like one. "I'll tear dat bum to pieces," he said.

The bout was held on May 17 at Madison Square Garden. For a while it looked as though England had exported the genuine article after all. Woodcock fought like a master and won the first four rounds. He might have won all 10 rounds, but he got himself knocked stiff in the fifth.

Midway through the round Mauriello telegraphed a thunderous right hand. Somehow, it found the right address. It sunk deep into Woodcock's belly, bringing a great bellow of air. Woodcock wasn't hurt so much as he was infuriated. It was then that he brought his great killer instinct to bear. He rushed madly toward Mauriello, head down and arms flailing. Mauriello braced himself.

Woodcock swung mightily, missed, lurched out of control, and flew at Mauriello in a high, graceful arc. He hit his head on Mauriello's head. The collision, like rams in a pasture, was spectacular. One press-row reporter said he heard, from Woodcock's direction, a distinct sound of shattering glass.

Mauriello, whose head was more durable, bounced off and staggered about. Woodcock was out on his feet. He just stood there like a man looking for a place to fall down.

Mauriello could have huffed and puffed and blown the Englishman over. To make certain, he sunk another right into Woodcock's stomach. The punch really wasn't needed. Woodcock gave one final shudder. Then he slid down slowly, like the *Lusitania* going under. The referee counted to 10.

When he was revived, Woodcock was loaded on a boat and shipped back to England, never to return. Mauriello started hollering for, and four months later he got, the title fight with Louis that the Englishman had wanted.

Mauriello was knocked out in the first round.

[*Continued from page* 55]

The foursome approached *News-Post* writer Basil Gordon. He listened. He looked. They were very clear pictures. And, since this was without doubt the A-bomb, it made a great deal of sense for the paper to shell out $7,000 for the pictures. He promptly sat down and typed out a voucher for that amount. Then in a lightning reversal, he told the foursome to go pull their hoax some place else and quit bothering him.

At that moment, since it was late in the afternoon, the editorial offices of the *News-Post* were almost deserted. But among those present was cub sports reporter Thomas Van Arden Dukehart. Though low on the newspaper power totem, he had been an Army major assigned to the staff of Gen. Charles L. Gerhardt on D-Day. After Dukehart took one look at the pictures—a new-fangled coffee urn for all he knew—he called the FBI.

"Stall them," an agent said.

Then began a B-picture scene, with Dukehart trying to keep Gordon from booting the "hoaxers" out of the office. Finally, Dukehart hit upon calling the managing editor at home to solicit his "approval" of the $7,000 voucher. Three of the men weaved back to the taps at the hotel, leaving Daubenheyer to negotiate. He was still there when FBI agents swooped in. They confiscated the pictures and they confiscated Daubenheyer. At the hotel they also arrested Comer and Rike.

Then, in a flurry of activity, the FBI rounded up the negatives and every print of the pictures in North Carolina, Texas and California. Forty-eight hours later, J. Edgar Hoover announced from Washington the arrests and the seizures and congratulated the *News-Post*. The Atomic Energy Commission had apoplexy. The Pentagon launched an inquiry to find out how the GI's were able to take the pictures in the first place. The *News-Post* had a journalistic picnic, running in full the statements of the now contrite trio.

It might have all ended there as a one-day wonder in the newspapers, except Uncle Sam decided to charge Comer, Rike and Daubenheyer with attempting to sell vital military information. It could mean a year in jail and, since they were now sober, the thought was unappealing.

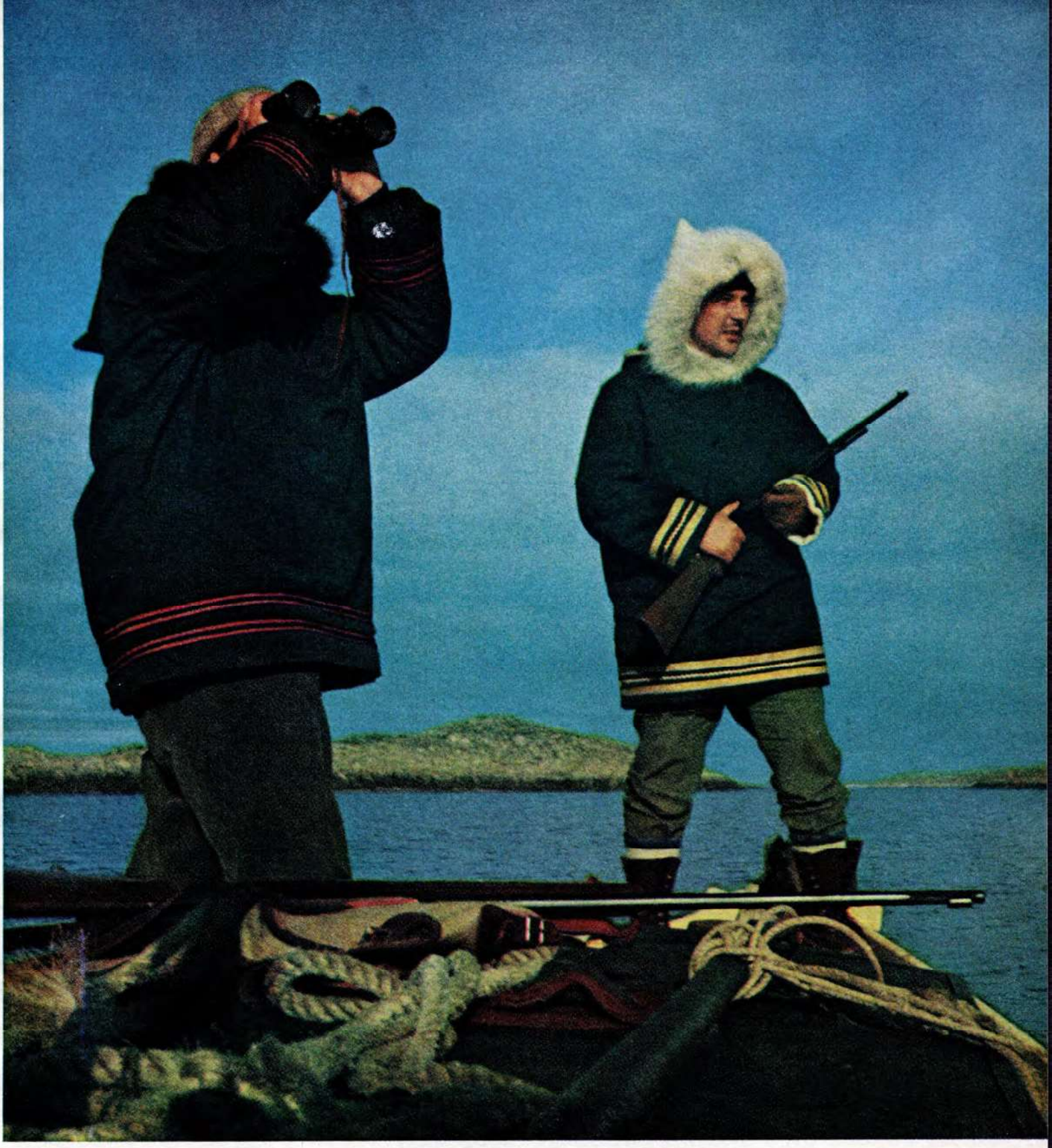
Attorneys were hired and the three men were arraigned before United States Commissioner James K. Cullen on October 23. FBI agents testified. *News-Post* reporters took the stand. Statements by Comer, Rike and Daubenheyer, describing how the pictures were taken and the attempt to get $7,000 for them, were read in court.

Commissioner Cullen listened. "Are these pictures of the A-bomb?" he asked. "It could be the Brooklyn Bridge, for all I know."

Government attorneys looked at FBI agents and FBI agents looked at the Atomic Energy people. Then they all looked at Cullen. Not one of them wanted to admit this was the A-bomb in the photographs, not with several hundred people having seen them.

"Case dismissed," said Cullen.

—Robert Liston



SEARCH FOR THE SILVER SEAL

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY SID LATHAM

Far up Hudson Bay the two men you see above are engaged in one of North America's most unusual hunts. They are scanning the cold waters for elusive Arctic seals—ringed, harbor and hair seals and the immature silver and common jar. Seal hunting from Cape Dorset on Baffin Island is conducted

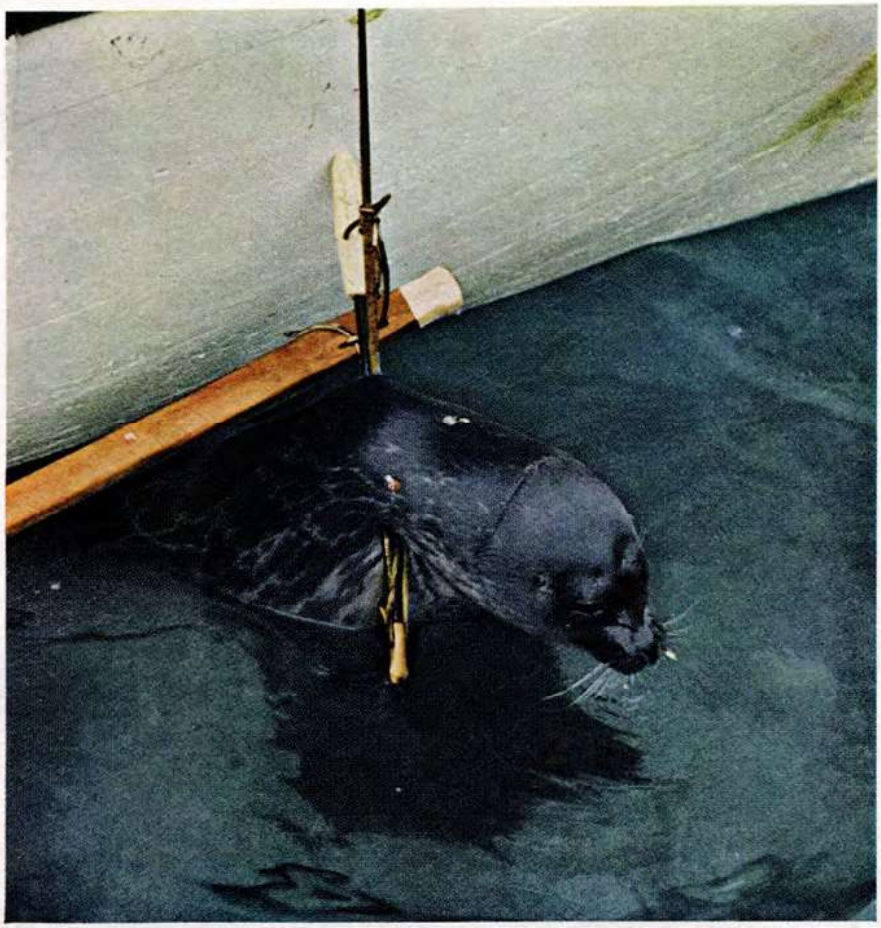
Seal is sighted in icy waters of Hudson Strait and chase begins with a lot of fast action.

by an Eskimo co-operative. Visiting hunters go out in the local Peterhead power boats, which are also rigged for sail, and cruise at dead slow until seals are sighted. The goal in this kind of hunting is not to shoot the quarry. The meat, skin and fur of a seal are too valuable to be lost by shooting the animal in the water where it will sink beyond recovery. Instead, the Eskimo technique is to speed up the boats

Eskimos in their powerful local boats cut seal off from open water.

Eskimo expert harpoons quarry in the cove after a lively chase.

Hunter fires around seal to herd it into cove. Animal tires when it can't surface.



when a seal is spotted. The hunters then spray .22 shots around the seal to keep it under water and tire it out. At the same time, the shots and the speeding boats try to head off the seal from a successful dash to open water. When the seal is cornered in a sheltered cove, it can be harpooned. The meat is turned over to the Eskimos for food but the hunters keep the skins as trophies of a unique hunt.—PAT GRAVES

Harpooned seal is hauled aboard boat. A bladder attached to line on harpoon head kept seal afloat.

STRANGE BUT TRUE

By George R. Martin

The Maypole which school children innocently entwine with colored ribbons in May Day pageantry has only within the past century become both American and respectable. Before then, it was an Old World relic of lusty adult paganism. Though scholars differ about the Maypole's source of origin—prehistoric India, Europe or Druidic Britain—many agree that it was originally a phallic symbol around which primitive folk ritually celebrated nature's springtime renewal of fertility. In European towns, a stripped tree-trunk Maypole often became a permanent fixture. Sometimes the pole pierced a hoop hung horizontally below its tip. Until recent times, a Scandinavian custom was to set a small Maypole at any season before a newly wed couple's cottage and leave it there until their first child was born. English lads and lassies were so Maypole-conscious and reveled so joyously each May Day that 17th century Puritans condemned the pole as a "stinking idol," and the Puritan revolutionists' Parliament of 1644 ordered all Maypoles cut down. In Ireland, one village paraded annually holding the Maypole erect with two paper spheres hung near its base; an aristocratic lady asked what they were for, and was told they represented the sun and moon. Puritan influence among English settlers prevented the Maypole from taking root in America. Then 19th-century educators conceived the idea that ribbon-dancing around Maypoles would make a pretty game for children. And so it does today, with the pole's original meaning forgotten. *By Thomas Marsh, Erie, Pa.*

Burial alive held no terror for the Nubians, a people of the upper Nile, who long ago walked in whole groups into large open graves and laid themselves down to be covered with earth. Their remains, brought to light by archeologists after nearly 4,000 years, tell a strange story. When a Nubian of princely rank died, a circular grave area some 100 or more feet across was enclosed with a mud-brick wall. The dead man was placed on a bed in the center, where he rested as if asleep. Leading to the pit was a broad trench, and here assembled those who were to accompany their master and protector into the Hereafter—his wives, councilors, servants and, sometimes, children. They lay down, and hundreds of workers filled trench and pit with earth, creating a great walled mound. Archeologists opening the largest graves have counted as many as 300 skeletons. Their postures—some with hands over faces, some lying in companionable embrace—show little struggle against the suffocation they endured. As the only people ever known to have practiced self-burial, devout Nubians may have found, oddly, a relatively merciful and easy death. *By Llewellyn T. Jones, Tulsa, Okla.*

The oldest creature alive has now reached an age approaching double that of the second oldest living creature. In 1777 the navigator Captain Cook, having aboard his ship some giant tortoises taken from the Galápagos Islands for a food supply, presented one to the King of Tonga, a tiny South Seas' kingdom. The tortoise, set free to roam the palace garden, became a royal pet. Under successive Tongan kings and queens, it has survived two brush fires, a shell fracture from a cart wheel, the loss of one eye from a horse's kick, and it still ambles about. Allowing conservatively an age of 10 years when Cook caught it, it is now 198 years old. The second oldest living creature belongs to another long-lived species: the human race. Just who the most elderly man may be—among the 3 billion people on earth—unfortunately can't be determined. But he is unlikely to get beyond 113 years, the longest human life-span ever authentically recorded, thus leaving the tortoise far in the lead in the race for longevity.

The oddest income tax ever collected was taken out of the hide of certain lazy Indians of South America 500 years ago. In the moneyless but prosperous Inca kingdom, a scaled tax table drew revenue in metals or produce from all subject tribes and clans according to their income—with one exception. The Uros produced nothing. Descendants of a very old race, they huddled on reed islands in high, bleak Lake Titicaca, dull, dirty and incurably indolent. But rather than exempt them from taxation, the Inca emperor Roca decided they did produce something after all. He commanded that each head-of-household should pay one reed-cane full of lice. It would give them something to do, and provide an incidental benefit in cleaning them up a little. This tribute lapsed when the Spaniards took over Peru. At present some 100 or fewer Uros survive among the Titicaca reeds, unwashed and still scratching—but paying no tax.

When it rains cats and dogs, Americans worry only about getting wet. But in the lower Congo, when it rains dogs (cats are not included) people cower in fear. They believe that Nzassi, their god of thunderstorms, is a reddish-black shaggy dog with curly tail. Local Africans will tell you that he jumps down from the sky in a streak of light, gives one short bark —*ta!*—and vanishes with a thunderclap. For a really severe storm, Nzassi deputizes 24 dogs in his own shape who fall with the rain. If you are caught away from shelter and try to run, they will give chase and surely get you. When some hapless person is found dead after a storm, usually lying near a shattered or smoldering tree, he obviously—in African belief—fell victim to Nzassi's rain dogs.

For acceptable Strange But True paragraphs, accurately and briefly written, TRUE will pay $25 each on publication. Readers must state their sources of information when sending contributions. None can be returned. Address George R. Martin, TRUE, 67 West 44th Street, New York, N. Y. 10036

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DESIGNED FOR DAD'S DAY

Whether he's a barrister, a band leader or just plain breadwinner, the time has come once again to honor "dear old Dad." From surfboards to gold watches, TRUE's annual gift selection is designed to please kings of the roost everywhere.

Gifts at page left begin with a genuine Japanese "happy" coat from Takashimaya, N.Y., $7. Second young Dad wears a plaid madras dinner jacket, $55, formal trousers, $15, and accessories all by After Six. In foreground, left to right: Crown Jewel bowling ball in green pearl, with Custom-Matic fit, $34.95, and Celebrity bowling bag, $10.95, are both by Brunswick. Scotch plaid grill, including carrying handle and removable legs, is by Hamilton Scotch, $17.95. Light colored Palamino boots with speedlaces and Miracle-Micro sole, $12.95, and dark leather-lined boots with lug soles, $24.95, are made by Cedar Crest. Deluxe game chest with front and side compartments containing roulette, backgammon, dice, playing cards, chess, checkers, Scrabble and other games, is by Hammacher Schlemmer, N.Y., $1,250. Collapsible silk top hat, cane and white gloves are by After Six, set about $30. Stabilized 66" target bow, with padded Vinyl case, bow sight, accessories, by Browning, $121.50.

Gifts shown below, left to right, starting from top: Instamatic 800 Camera by Kodak with automatic film advance, flash control, and electric-eye exposure, about $130. Kaywoodie pipe, lighter and pen combination, $24.95, tobacco, $1.25. Jewel box by Shields, $5. Desk lamp and cigarette box with rechargeable lighter by Gulton, $29.95. Miniature high-intensity lamp by Tensor, $19.95. DeGrazia-designed playing cards by Hallmark, $2.95. Five band, AM-FM shortwave portable transistor radio by Elgin, $100. Rollei/Honeywell 16 mm automatic vest pocket camera w/case, 2 filters and flash, $233. Ronson Varaflame all-purpose torch, $4.95. Mercedes-Benz model kit by Monogram Models, $2.95. Portable quartz crystal chronometer by Seiko Time Corp., $750. Grand Prix genuine diamond and onyx tie pin and cuff links, $30. Dante tie pin and cuff links, $10. R-8 transistor table model radio, $14.95, Mikimoto pearl tie pin, $60, and matching pearl cuff links, $33, all by Takashimaya. Argus 260 Automatic camera, uses preloaded film cartridges, has electric-eye exposure and automatic flash, w/case and green slide viewer, complete, about $70. Ray-Ban sunglasses: left is Olympian I, wrap-around style, $19.95; other is Sprint, with green lenses, $10.95, both w/cases, by Bausch & Lomb. Rolfs small billfold with pullout I.D. windows, $5, and large cowhide billfold, $7.50. 17-Jewel watches: flat with black straps is wrist alarm by Bulova, $59.95; with straps closed is Day and Date model by Vantage, $22.95; front is gold-plated Date-A-Day 20 Micron by Elgin, $59.95.

PRODUCED BY RON BUTLER, MEN'S WEAR EDITOR

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY BEN SOMOROFF

Shirts and ties have long been considered Dad's favorite gift on Father's Day. Here are some new and different ones, not to mention a few other highly unusual and vastly tempting items to make Pop pop with extra-special pride.
Page left hits the top with a polyester and fiberglass-coated surfboard by Con Surfboards, Santa Monica, Calif., $150. Large Kamato grill combines oven, habachi and barbecue, by Abercrombie & Fitch, $75. First Dad wears wool, mohair and Dacron polyester suit with flap pockets and twin vents, by Botany 500, $65. Second Dad wears a Skua beach jacket in terry cloth, $25, w/coordinated beach towel, $17.95, both by Robert Lewis WeatherWear. Other items, left to right: Italian imported blue cotton knit sweater, by Cavanagh's, N.Y., $40. Capri model 21″ portable TV set with all-channel reception, by Admiral, $179.88. Snoflake electric ice crusher, by Oster, about $25. Silhouette "Jet-pack," designed to fit under seat of any jet plane, by Samsonite, $25. Rods: top is 7′ two-piece fly rod, $40; bottom is 5′7″ spinning rod, $35, both are detachable and come in rust proof aluminum cases, by Browning. Work shoes in Mustang leather, with sweat-proof insole, by Red Wing, $14.95.

Shirts, shown with ties, left to right, top row: Truist tapered ls (long-sleeved) button-down, by Excello, $6.50; white stretch fabric ss (short-sleeved) button-down, by Manhattan, $5.95; Dectolene Regency ss wash and wear with tab collar, by Arrow, $8.95; Dacron polyester ss Vantric with wide collar, by Van Heusen, $5. Bottom row, with ties: Stripe It Rich all-cotton ls tapered, by Excello, $6.95; Cum Laude wide-striped ss button-down in Broxford cloth, by Arrow, $5; blue ss wash and wear with spread collar, by Van Heusen, $5. Top group without ties: striped ss with tab collar, by Manhattan, $5.95; multi-striped ls tapered all-cotton button-down, by Big 7, $5.95; wide-striped ls all cotton button-down by Lion of Troy, $5. Bottom group, without ties: Natural Line is red-checked button-down, by Creighton, $5.95; University Row striped ss tab collar in St. Ives Oxford, by Manhattan, $5; Decton olive and blue-striped ss button-down, by Arrow, $5; striped ss with wide collar, by Van Heusen, $5.95. Shirt with ascot in foreground is ss button-down in Batiste Oxford, by Creighton, $5.95. All silk ascot is by Cavanagh, N.Y., $5.50. Ties, top row, left to right: striped in imported fabric by Beau Brummel, $3.50; all silk, muted blue stripe by Resilio, $5; red and black silk paisley by Resilio, $3.50; silk broad stripe tie by Mr. John, $5. Bottom row: red-striped Tonga by Wembley, $2.50; solid brown in silk, by Mr. John, $5; blue and gold paisley print, by Beau Brummel, $2.50.

Coleman

TRUE's gallery of gifts for Father's Day continues. Here are items for fun and wear, plus ideas for the man who has everything. And don't forget the sweet smell of success. Manly scents are fast winning popularity as gift selections. Pewter peppermill, left page, by Hammacher Schlemmer, $300. George Dickel Tennessee sour mash in souvenir powder horn bottle, w/case, $15.95. Portable red leather-lined bar with wheel base, by Abercrombie & Fitch, $59.50. Dad at far left holds Raeford Duo Summer Wonder sports jacket (w/coordinated slacks) by Varsity-Town, $75; his cotton Shirt-jac by BVD is $4, and shaggy knit pullover by Mr. John is $22.50. Second man wears Ardsley jacket with flap pockets, gold buttons, by Linette, $50; patch madras walking shorts are by Jaymar-Ruby, $13. Foreground, from left, starts with mohair cardigan by Jerk Sock's JSI Sportswear, $14.95. Durango boots in tan leather, by Georgia Shoe, $19.95. Zebco's Red Head sleeping bag, shown rolled, by Brunswick, $49.95. Stacked bamboo hamper, by Takashimaya, $7.95. Crossman's .22 caliber pellet rifle, $29.95. AM-FM-AFC table model radio is by Motorola, $64.95. Portable toaster-griddle-broiler for camping, by Coleman, about $10.

Toiletries, left to right from top: Danté cologne, by Shields, $10. Max Factor cologne, $1.25. By George Men's Trio set, by Caryl Richards, $6.50. Aztec Picador set, $4.50. Seven Seas gift set, by Rayette, $3.50. Second row: Revlon's Top Brass cologne, $2.50. Fifth-size BRUT lotion in antique-green decanter, crested and capped in silver, by Fabergé, $20. Bar Set, three bars of Woodhue soap, shown in simulated leather gift box, by Fabergé, $5. Gift shaving Trio in red leather-like box, by Arden, $8.50. Bermuda Spyce gift set, in burlap-lined leather box, by Royall Lyme, Ltd., $12. Aphrodisia desk set, in black box, by Fabergé, $12. Jean Naté travel kit, complete, $5. Mr. John aftershave $5. Third row: Old Spice aerosol cologne, white bottle, by Shulton, about $1. Old Spice talc, aftershave, part of gift set, by Shulton, $5. Bain de Soleil "Fair and Tan," foam tanning lotion for sensitive skin, by Antoine, $2.50. Bain de Soleil, in tube, $2. Caryl Richards' Lyme, By George! aftershave, $2.50. For Men Only cologne, $6, and aftershave, $2.50, both by Helen Liebert. Lime Light aftershave and soap by Odell, $3. That Man aftershave, by Revlon, $4.50. Dana's Canoe, 16-oz. bottle, $14. Vétiver aftershave, by Carven, $3.50. Jet for Jentlemen aftershave, by Corday, $3.50. Vétiver de Carven Extrait Pour Monsieur, by Carven, w/suede case, 1-oz., $18. Ice Blue Aqua Velva, $1.25.

FAST AND FURIOUS FOYT

[*Continued from page* 51]

eyed except the cheerful Foyt. Foyt went to the Wigwam Country Club, ate breakfast, took another shower, went out to the track, and qualified his Indianapolis type roadster for the afternoon's final. Parnelli Jones qualified faster, but when the final started Jones had no chance at all. As the pace car rolled down past the grandstand, the starting line still some distance ahead, Foyt suddenly floored his accelerator, swerved in front of Jones, and the race was on. "He jumped me," screamed the agonized Jones afterward.

Maybe. Foyt never claimed to race like a choirboy. As his car screamed into the first turn, he seemed to be laughing. He had put one over on Jones and also on the officials who had no more expected Foyt to jump the gun than Jones had. The officials huddled, trying to decide whether or not to recall the race. But Foyt hadn't jumped by much. The officials haggled, the race went on. Foyt barrelled down the backstretch, Jones on his tail. Jones was so mad he could hardly see. Foyt came past the grandstand grinning, his speed about 170 mph. He was several car lengths ahead of Jones and gaining.

There was no recall. He had timed his spurt perfectly. He plunged into Turn 1 again, holding the car on the edge of control, off the turn onto the backstretch, then round and round and round for 100 miles. Soon he began to pick off the stragglers, lapping them whenever possible at the entrance to a corner, leaving them blocking the corner as Jones and the other challengers came up fast. It was the kind of very competitive, very fast and dangerous driving Foyt loves best and, doing it, he was thoroughly happy. He was in front, the crowd was cheering, his opponents were cursing, the power was all there under his foot, and for as long as his machine held up he knew no one could ever beat him.

When the 100-mile race ended Jones was wringing wet, but Foyt, despite practically no sleep for four days and nights, still had energy left. Later, he took his wife to a victory party thrown by Goodyear. "He's a human dynamo," said Tony Webner, Goodyear's general manager for racing. "I've never seen him tired. He's the greatest race driver in the world."

"The Greatest" Foyt might well be. At 29, he has won four United States Auto Club big car (Indianapolis-type) championships, and is odds on to win a fifth this year. He has won Indianapolis twice, in 1961 and 1964, and on Memorial Day he expects to win the biggest race of all for the third time.

Last year he turned the national big car championship into a farce by winning the first seven races in a row, including Indianapolis, and by year's end he had won 10 of 13 races, a record. In sports cars he has won at Nassau and Daytona. He also wins races for stock cars, midgets and sprint cars. He races 60 or more times a year, driving deeper into the corners than anyone else, whatever the car, whatever the race. "I don't like to lose," says Foyt. "I expect to win every race I enter."

But he won't slow down even when he is losing. At Trenton last fall his big, front-engined roadster was behaving like a wallowing pig. Jones had a nifty new, rear-engined Lotus, by far the best car that day, but for more than 50 laps I watched Foyt cling to Jones' tail, harrying him, trying to force him to make a mistake. None of the other roadsters was even close. Then there was a pileup at Turn 3. The slow-down lights came on, the pace car came back on the track, and the racers bunched up behind it, lapping slowly while waiting for the wreckage to be removed. At last the track was clear, the cars came past the grandstand behind the pace car—and again Foyt jumped the gun ever so slightly and sprinted out in front of Jones. Foyt's car was too slow to keep him there. He knew this, but he wouldn't admit it to Jones or himself. For several laps he held Jones off. When passed, he went back to harrying Jones from behind. He had Jones worried sick. When the race was over, all Jones could do was scream "he jumped me, he jumped me," even though Jones had won the race easily.

Later, calm at last, Jones told me: "Foyt is fantastic. He's fantastically strong. He's got fantastic reflexes. He never gets in trouble. He's thinking all the time. He's just fantastic."

"Foyt's got a tremendous lot of skill," says Dan Gurney, who has raced against Foyt at Indianapolis, and in sports cars and stock cars too. "Also, Foyt has driven an awful lot of miles. He drives much more than anybody else, and so it stands to reason he's usually sharper than most of the others."

Rodger Ward, an Indy winner who will be back this year, says: "Foyt is just a natural athlete and a natural racing driver. He's the man who goes south with the money."

In 1964 Foyt won $154,650 at Indianapolis, $5,375 at Phoenix, $8,000 at Trenton, $9,830 at Milwaukee, and so on. In all he won $243,555 in official U.S.A.C. prize money, plus about $50,000 in outside events, making him probably the highest paid racing driver of all time.

But money is not really important to Foyt. He knows it is there, and he is proud of having won it, but he doesn't spend it. He turns it over to his father-in-law, a doctor in Dallas who has important friends, and who invests it in oil and other products less fragile than racing cars traveling 150 or more miles per hour.

What counts with Foyt is not the money, but the racing itself. Once Chuck Barnes, his manager, came to Foyt's garage in Gasoline Alley, inside the Indianapolis circuit. Barnes had just lined up a personal appearance for Foyt in Minneapolis and was feeling elated.

"The fee is $1,500," said Barnes. "All you have to do is show up and say a few words. Isn't that terrific? Here's your plane ticket."

Foyt's face fell. He looked at the ground, he scuffed the floor with his shoe.

"Gee, Chuck," he said, "I shore do appreciate yore hard work on this but, well, I shore do wish you'd get one of the other boys instead. Because, well, I gotta work on my sprint car. There's a race Sunday at Terre Haute."

Barnes still cannot get over this reaction. "At Terre Haute, Foyt stood to win about $500," he said. "Sprint racing is the most dangerous of all racing, with the highest proportion of accidents and fatalities. Maybe he'd break down and win nothing. Maybe he'd crash. Maybe . . . who knows? Yet he turns down the easiest $1,500 anybody ever made because he wants to race a sprint car at Terre Haute."

The day after last year's Indianapolis race, Foyt was signed up for a sprint car race in New Bremen, Ohio. When he won at Indy, Barnes was able to get him more money to drive the pre-race pace car at the sprint track than he would have got for winning the sprint. But Foyt, waiting for the sprint to start, was miserable. Where he really wanted to be was in the sprint car, not the pace car.

TRUE

"Mrs. Masters—drinks like a fish."

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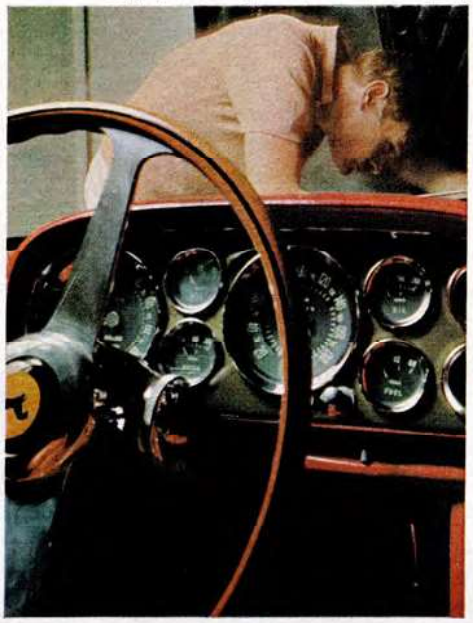

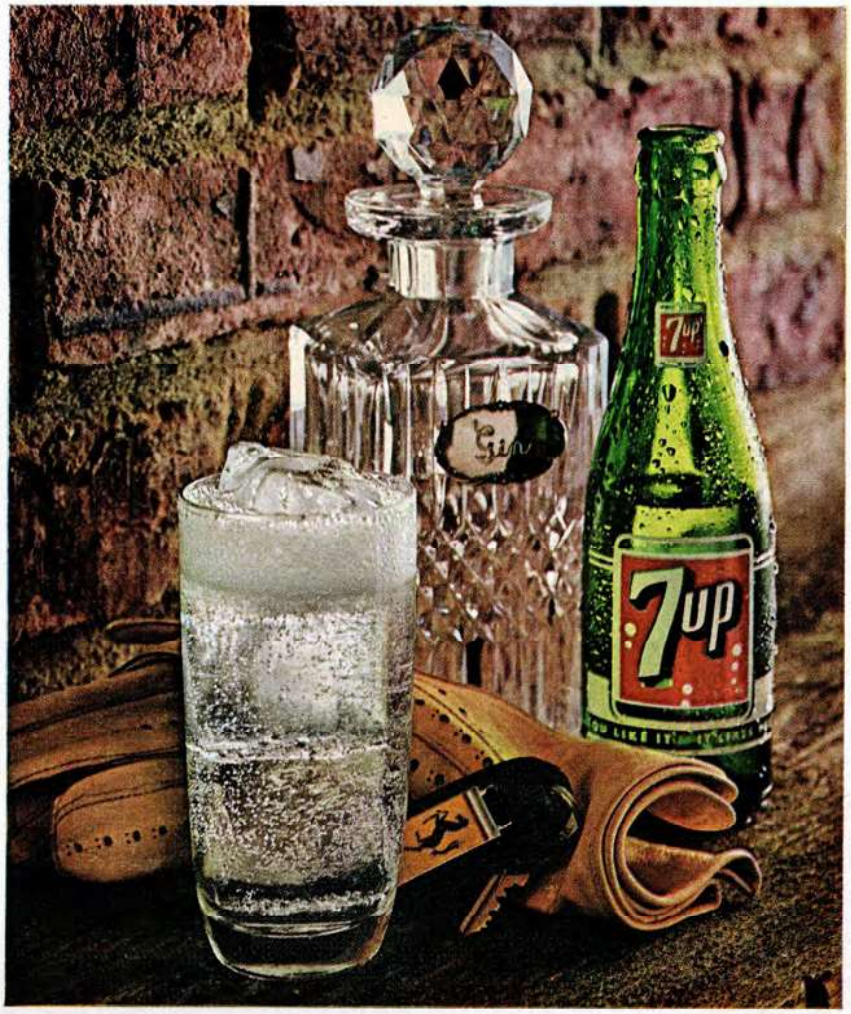

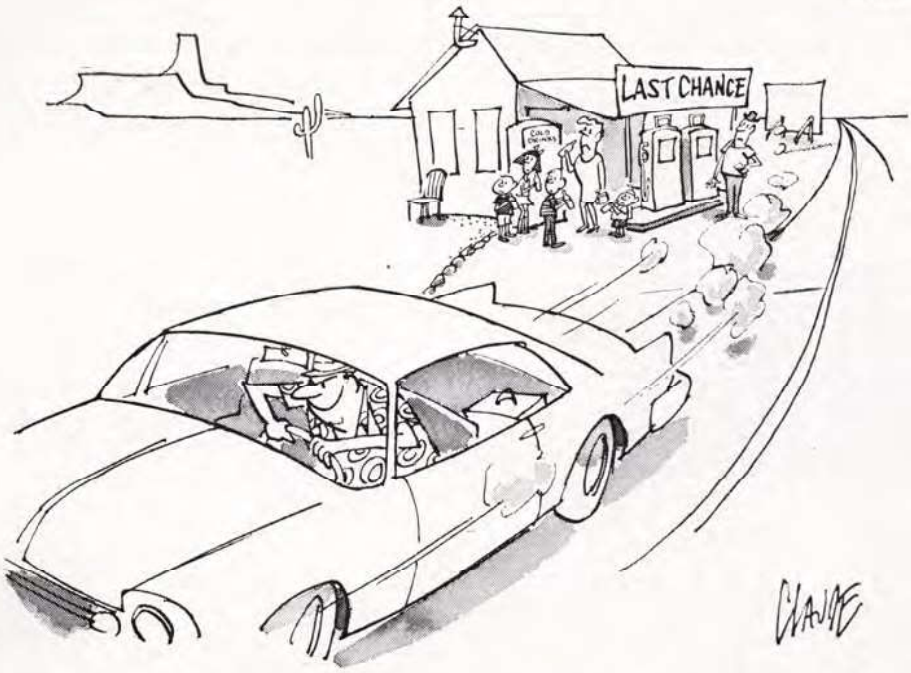

"I had promised Jud Larson that if I won at Indy, he could drive my sprinter the next day," says Foyt. "We were both there at the track and I helped prepare the car and I wanted to drive it. But Jud kept begging me to let him drive, and I had promised him, and, well, finally I let him drive it in the race. It hurt me more than anything, but I let him drive it."

Barnes says Foyt was so irritable before the race that "I was afraid right up to the last minute he was going to jump out of the pace car into the sprint car—and this is the day after he had won $150,000 at Indy." Finally the sprint race started, with Larson in Foyt's car. "I was never so glad to see a race start in my life," says Barnes.

Some drivers, Ward being one, make a fortune on the side in appearances and endorsements. But Foyt earns only about $20,000 a year extra, most of it against his will, because he manages to get out of most appearances and he tells most admen he doesn't have time to pose. Not that he is afraid of standing in front of a microphone. On the contrary, he enjoys it and he loves the spotlight. Once, after receiving the winner's trophy at Trenton, he grabbed the mike and delighted the crowd with a five-minute speech. He was witty, he was charming and he was even humble—humble Foyt normally is not. He remembered and mentioned every one of the sponsors of his car: Goodycar, Champion, Raybestos—there are about 20 of them. Then he thanked George Bignotti, his mechanic and also his pit crew, and the owners of his car. He named all these people, then thanked the crowd itself: "These folks out here today are a real fine bunch of racing fans." The applause was deafening.

But usually he will get out of appearances if he can, for he really is too busy. In addition to all the racing he does, he works endlessly on his cars. Around Gasoline Alley they say Foyt has the best prepared machine in every race and that in Bignotti he has the best mechanic in the business. They also say that the only mechanic better than Bignotti is A. J. Foyt himself.

He is busy racing, busy working on the machines, busy traveling and he is also busy testing. Last year he spent more than 50 days testing tires for Goodyear and Firestone. He might race in Milwaukee Saturday, in Trenton Sunday, and then test cars in Indianapolis or Phoenix all the following week. Testing tires is an endless, exhausting business, but Foyt loves it and he gives the companies which hire him much more than their money's worth.

When Foyt tests tires he starts at 9 a.m. and keeps going until 6. Normally after each 10 laps he gets out of the car and discusses the behavior of that particular set of tires with the company engineers. Then he gets back into the car and tries another set. Round and round he goes. He may do 200 laps in a day. He may do the equivalent of the 500-mile Indianapolis race. He drives very fast all this time and the dangerous monotony of it is brought home to him each time he passes the ambulance and the fire fighting trucks which are standing by. Foyt has exceeded 200 miles per hour while testing tires. He is much in demand as a tire tester because, as Webner of Goodyear puts it: "He is very eager at all times to give us maximum effort." Webner calls Foyt "our major testing device. He earns every cent we pay him. He works like hell."

Foyt is a bundle of energy, but has no nervous tics or gestures. His energy is all controlled. Before a race, wearing his white coveralls, perhaps with a red bandana around his neck, he makes last minute adjustments to his car or else peers down over his mechanics' shoulders while they do it. He carries a magnifying glass in his pocket and from time to time he will use it to inspect the welding around suspension joints. If another car, one he fears, is out on the track, he will take out a big stopwatch to time it. But all of this is done with no trace of nervousness. People come over to talk to him. Some he knows and some he never saw before. But his big grin flashes on, his hand comes out and he stops to chat. He is extremely cordial and he remembers names, ending interviews with: "Shore glad to have met you, Sam." Or Bill or Pete or whatever. If he should break down in the race, he doesn't mope about the pits, he walks down to the nearest turn, stands on a box or the bumper of a parked car and studies how rival drivers and machines come through that turn.

Foyt's love of racing started early. Anthony J. Foyt was born in Houston, son of a garage owner and campaigner of midget race cars who also used the initials, A. J. At 4 or 5, his father made him a miniature race car capable of 55 mph, a speed at which the tot tried to drive it down the street. Neighbors often called the police. When little A. J. heard the sirens coming, he would abandon his car, sprint home and dive under his bed. His mother would drag him out to be lectured by the cop. Sometimes he would cry and promise not to speed anymore, but this resolution never lasted long.

At 6 he coaxed his father into building him an even bigger machine, and his mother made him a red silk shirt and racing outfit to wear in it. The car was red and white. "I thought that car was the most beautiful thing there ever was," remembers Foyt.

A week after he got the car, he took it to the local track and challenged his favorite race driver, Doc Cossey, to a match race. The promoter liked the idea: a 6-year-old boy against the best driver in the area, and the race was staged one night before a packed house. The announcement blared out of the loud speakers: "One lap match race between Doc Cossey and A. J. Foyt." The crowd watched in delight as Foyt waited on the starting line, tiny, totally concentrated. Then the race started. A. J. sprinted round the track and Cossey pretended to be not quite able to catch him. Then came the announcement again: "The winner, A. J. Foyt."

After that, all Foyt ever wanted to be was a racing driver.

When he was 11, his parents went to Dallas for a race taking only one of the two family racing cars with them. A. J. watched them motor off and could not believe his luck. A real racing car had been left unattended in the garage. He got some pals to push-start him and then he sped round and round the yard, flattening shrubbery and some swings, digging great troughs in the lawn. "Everything was tore up," remembers his father. At last the car caught fire. A. J. got the fire out and ruefully pushed the scorched machine back into the garage.

He didn't sleep all night, waiting for his father to come home. It was nearly dawn when he heard his father drive up, heard the angry reaction, heard his father's heavy steps outside his own door. He lay there pretending to be asleep. He heard his mother plead: "Don't say anything to the boy now, when you're so mad." The door closed, his parents went to their own room. A. J. sighed with relief and, at last, slept.

In the morning, his father said to him,

Knowledgeable people buy Imperial.

They have a taste for Hiram Walker quality.

Whiskey by Hiram Walker

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"All right then, if you have to race, race."

A. J. Foyt quit school in the 11th grade: "You know how it is. I just couldn't wait any longer."

He worked in his father's garage, he tried the cars out sometimes, but he was 18 before he had his first full-scale race at Houston. The race was for midget cars—a midget car is much smaller than the Indy machines, the tracks are usually dirt, the atmosphere is hicktown country fair, and the races themselves are mad, dangerous scrambles. "I was so scared I didn't know which way to go, what to do," says Foyt. But he broke the track record that first time out and the third time he won the feature event on the card.

His nickname was "Fancypants" then for he dressed like a dude. But you didn't say it to his face unless you wanted a fistfight on your hands. Today Foyt still cares about his appearance—white coveralls and helmet, the red neckerchief sometimes. He stands 5 feet 11 and weighs 185. He is built like a football player and carries himself with the easy grace of one. He has big white teeth and his smile is truly gorgeous. He knows he is what the girls call a handsome hunk of man and makes the most of it. Girls go swoony when he notices them and he loves this. He drives bare-handed, meaning he has calloused palms and fingers, but he is almost always scrupulously clean. Like many athletes, he is forever taking showers.

Foyt married at 21 and now has three children. His family lives in a big modern house in Houston. This house sprawls over four building lots and is worth $100,000. There are a few trophies exposed inside, not many, for Foyt likes to keep his racing life and private life far apart. There is a swimming pool out back and three or four cars parked in the driveway: a Cadillac, a Thunderbird, a Pontiac station wagon. Foyt is such good publicity that any auto company will give or lend him any car he wants. All he has to do is agree to be seen driving their car.

At 23 Foyt had a car at Indianapolis and finished 16th. He was the youngest driver in the field that year and the next and the next.

By 1960 Foyt had a Bowes Seal Fast Special, one of the top cars, but could not win. He says he got so disgusted he told him wife he was going to quit racing. This may or may not be true. Foyt has a weakness for dramatic stories and this may be one of them. According to Foyt, his wife begged him to try one more race, and from then on he couldn't lose: "Suddenly me and that Bowes car became one helluva combination." That was his first national championship. The next year he won his first Indianapolis 500. He was leading with 16 laps to go when he had to make an emergency fuel stop. Eddie Sachs roared by into the lead. Obviously Foyt could not catch up. But Sachs had to stop for tires three laps from the end, and Foyt won the race, and about $120,000. Victory, says Foyt today, "sorta caught me off guard."

In 1964, when he won again, Jim Clark, Gurney, Jones, Bobby Marshman and Ward all had faster cars. But freak tire failure eliminated Clark and Gurney, Marshman ran over a rock which ruptured an oil line, Jones caught fire during a refueling stop, and Ward had a malfunctioning engine throughout. Foyt won very easily. There are people who can't beat Foyt ever who point to these two victories and say things like: "That sonofabitch is so lucky. Why, he's won five races this year he had no business winning."

If you are a friend, you can even say this to Foyt's face: you were lucky the other cars broke down. Then Foyt will grin and chortle: "Maybe so, but I was settin' there. I was settin' there." He is always either way out in front or else he is "settin' there" harrying the leaders, waiting for them to blow up.

Either way he wins, he banks the money, and some rivals can't stand him because he wins too much.

Foyt himself does not make it easier for them for he brags when he wins, blames others when he loses, and will never admit that victory was due to any factor other than his own genius for driving faster than the next guy. He does drive faster, make no mistake. Week after week he drives harder, takes more sustained risks, tears victory out of himself. But when the race is over Foyt is brash, not humble, loud, boisterous to the point of slapping losers on the back: "Ah shore won that l'il ol' race."

At Indianapolis in 1964 most of the top drivers switched to rear-engine cars. Foyt could not decide which way to go. He kept changing his mind and finally time ran out and he was stuck with the bulky old front-engined Offenhauser roadster. After he had won the race, he bragged that he had deliberately chosen the roadster. "I felt there had not been enough time to test and prepare the rear-engined cars. I was confident they would not finish the race and they didn't."

Very well and good, but it doesn't seem to check with the facts.

"That's Foyt with his hindsight 20-20 vision," says Gurney. "The crystal ball expert. That's why the crowd loves Foyt. He's never wrong. Well, let me tell you he was the most worried guy in the world before the race. He knew he had chosen the wrong car. He was crying the blues. 'My car's too slow,' he said. 'I don't have any chance at all. I don't know what I'm going to do. I think I'll just go out and get drunk.'" And Gurney adds, "And that's exactly what he did do."

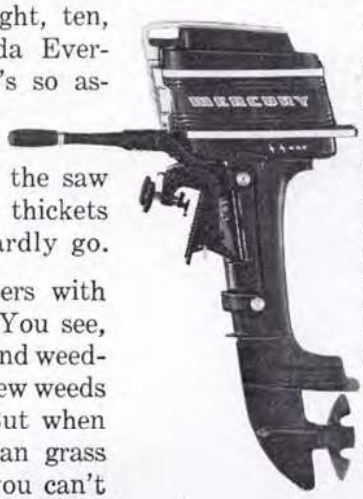
TRUE

"His check came back marked 'insufficient fun!'"

"My Merc pushes through where airboats hardly go"

"I don't think anybody has put his motor through as tough a grind as I have my Merc 60 in the past five years. You see, I'm an avid duck hunter, and every day, during season, I go eight, ten, twelve miles back into the Florida Everglades. It's not the distance that's so astounding, but the way I get there. Instead of following the canals, I go *across* country. I go right through the saw grass, willows, water lilies, logs and thickets . . . places where even airboats hardly go.

"Whenever I've taken other hunters with me, they can't believe their eyes. You see, when most people talk about weeds and weedless motors, they're talking about a few weeds that stick up about a foot high. But when I say weeds and saw grass, I mean grass four to six feet high and so thick you can't see a foot through it. As you go through, it closes up behind. If your motor ever stopped you could never row or push your boat through.



"During the summer I go back in the glades every weekend fishing for bass. In five years of year-round use my Merc has never been overhauled. You'll hardly believe it till you see it, but if anybody wants to write to me I'll be happy to tell them about it."

A. R. Kahlil, Amel's Sporting Goods
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Mercury . . . the weedless fishing motors . . . 3.9, 6, 9.8, 20, 35, 50, 65, 90 and 100 hp. Need we say more?

MERCURY

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Foyt's victory was marred by a crash on the second lap which eliminated half a dozen cars. Flames and smoke towered ten stories high, and drivers Sachs and Dave MacDonald burned to death. The race was delayed nearly two hours while the wreckage and bodies were removed. During this grisly interlude, Foyt stood by himself, staring at nothing. He says he took a drink of water but that he did not talk to a soul, not a word. Then the race was restarted.

Round and round the cars sped. Foyt concentrated on his driving; the tragedy belonged to Sachs and MacDonald, not A. J. Foyt, and now he had a race to win. "You can't let things bother you," he said later. "Of course I thought of the crash at first, going by where it happened. They had put down a powder to absorb all the spilled fuel, oil and fire fighting chemicals, and each time we would go through there, the dust would go up. So I found myself thinking about the crash those first couple of laps because of the dust. I knew both boys real well. But you can't think of too many things out there. After a while I forgot about it." There was no more dust, he was out in front, he began to feel happy: "I felt real happy with my car."

When the race ended, Foyt and his owners went around to see the owner of Sachs's car and spent a somber moment there. Then they went back to the celebration. Car racing is for the quick, not the dead. Foyt had had a steak for breakfast (steak and a glass of water, nothing else; the man eats steak almost exclusively) and now the celebration went on and on: interviews, handshakes, broadcasts. Foyt sipped champagne. He could not stop grinning. After midnight he finally broke away and grabbed some hamburgers at a White Castle joint. It was the only food he had had since breakfast. The man's physical stamina is as amazing as his ability to put everything aside except the winning of races.

Off the track, Foyt sees no need to hire people to do things for him; he prefers to do them himself. Thus he carries a thick address book around with him and is constantly on the telephone making reservations for this or that plane, this or that motel. When he has ordered a piece of equipment from some accessory firm he is on the phone day after day, hounding them to get the piece finished and out to him. "What flight will it be on?" he will demand finally. "Give me the flight number and I'll go out to the airport and get it myself."

Foyt keeps his crowded schedule in his head, is on the go all the time, yet never misses a race and rarely an appointment of any kind. A few people work for him, but often he does their jobs in addition to his own—everything from arranging shipment of his cars to sending out his own publicity pictures. For the most part he does his own business, reading the fine print of every contract, his mind darting ahead to questions his lawyers and accountants can't immediately answer.

Similarly, he is constantly shopping around for the latest gadget, the latest technological advance which he can screw onto his car to squeeze out an extra mile or two per hour. Sometimes he tells companies what he wants, and they invent it for him. Some of his opponents resent him for this. They say he wins races only because he's got a better, faster car. But Gurney says: "He's got a good system. When he finds something that's better, he's shrewd enough and ruthless enough to see that he gets it. He's got no loyalty at all. He'll drop any accessory company at a moment's notice, if another one comes along with something faster."

For instance, after racing on Firestone tires for years, Foyt went to Goodyear in 1963. He told Goodyear that Firestone wasn't giving him what he wanted, that he was completely disgusted with Firestone. Goodyear wasn't even making Indianapolis tires at the time, but at Foyt's insistance began to manufacture them. "We made the tires Foyt wanted," says Webner. Endlessly Foyt then tested the results and every time he tested the Goodyears he went faster than everyone else. He began to race on them, he won race after race, and after each victory he would praise the Goodyears and disparage the old Firestones. Foyt is very outspoken. He will say anything that comes to his head.

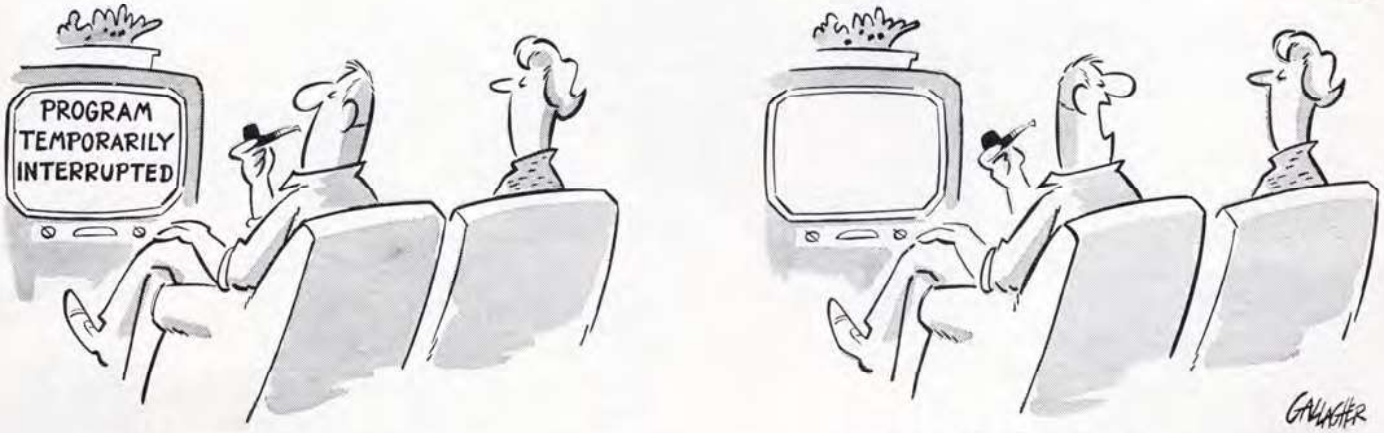
For nearly a year, Foyt boasted about his Goodyears. Then Firestone came up with a new tire for Parnelli Jones. On May 1, 1964, Jones was a hair faster than Foyt in trials at Indianapolis. Then Bobby Marshman on another set of Firestones went even faster. Foyt began to complain about his Goodyears. He was upset after each outing. He even began to complain that the Goodyears were hopping in the corners. Virtually on the eve of the Indianapolis race he dropped Goodyear, went back to Firestone. In conversation and interviews he blasted Goodyear. "A. J. is as tough on the person he's down on as he's up on the person he's up on," is the way one friend described it. Lindsey Hopkins, owner of the cars Foyt drove one year, said: "Foyt has a habit of badmouthing people. He badmouthed Firestone and then wanted to come back. He badmouthed Ford and now he wants back. He changes his mind constantly. He's fantastic, he's a magnificent driver, the best of our time, but he's an impossible man to deal with."

A long time observer of racing parodies Foyt's conversation immediately after some fantastic victory: "Ah-all shore had a hard time winnin' that l'il ol' race; ah-all had no power, no brakes and then all four wheels fell off; ah-all didn't know what to do, so I put the car on my shoulder and ran in with it."

Foyt's temper has been violent and he has had plenty of fights. Once he was fined $1000 for cussing out a promoter. He got in a fight with driver Johnny White after one race and got suspended from racing. "He's quick to punch people," says a man close to him. "He's big, and people are afraid of him and the fights don't last long. The funny thing is that he's not a good fighter." Foyt's language, when things go wrong, is explosive and often he says things that shouldn't be said. A wheel popped off Foyt's car when he was running third in the 1962 Indianapolis race. The car hurtled off the track into the infield; Foyt was not hurt. Sprinting back to his pit, he called mechanic Bignotti some terrible things and Bignotti angrily quit. Later Bignotti rejoined Foyt. Today Bignotti says: "A. J. is not, er, the easiest guy in the world to get along with."

In the world of the big, fast Indy cars, Foyt is the No. 1 star. In the hick towns where midgets and sprint cars are raced on dirt tracks for piddling purses, Foyt is a super star, and this in many ways is the world he loves above all others. He has tried sports car racing, and won three major sports car races in his first year at it. But he is not at home there.

TRUE



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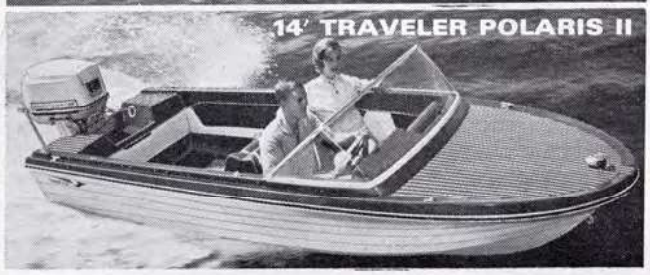

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GING THE BELL on Archive.org

"Could I swap her for a train set?"

Phil Hill, world road racing king in 1961, describes Foyt at Daytona early in 1964 trying to enter a special Ferrari coupe in a race for production cars. Says Hill: "He kept striding up and down in front of the pits with about 10 guys trailing after him. He had a paper in his hand which stated that his car met the qualifications for the race and he was trying to get all the other owners to sign it. My owner refused to sign. It was as if Foyt wanted to race a 6-liter car at Indy when the limit is 4.2. I mean who's kidding whom?" Foyt was barred from the race, which Hill won. After the race Foyt angrily blamed Hill for "doing a job on me."

Later in the year Foyt flew over to England for a sports car race. Meeting Hill in the pits, Foyt pretended not to know his name. Hill, amused by this, stood talking to Foyt. A girl came up and invited Hill to a party after the race. "Don't you think you should invite A. J. too?" asked Hill. The girl did so, and Foyt, who loves parties, loves to belong to the "in" group, immediately became cordial to Hill, and thanked him profusely for arranging the invitation.

In the race itself, Foyt's Scarab-Chevrolet was outclassed. "Everything was passing him," Gurney remembers. "Jaguars, MG's, everything. He was so mad. All he could do was try to set his tires on fire by spinning his wheels coming out of every corner. If he couldn't win, at least he wanted to put on a show. But he couldn't even do that. After a while, he drove into his pits and retired. You can't blame him for that. As USAC champion, he didn't want to be passed by all those small cars. But anyway, at least it's a chink in the story that the guy can do it in anything."

Lately Foyt has been saying that he intends to race less and less in sports cars because he is a pro and there is too little money in sports car racing. But this has nothing to do with it. Sports car racing has a foreign taste to him, it has a little too much sophistication, a little too much class. He doesn't feel at home. Once at Daytona last year, he won $12,100 in a stock car race, but he doesn't really feel at home in stock cars either. What he really likes best is the sprint car races in the hick towns, where there are lots of smashups, where cars go hurtling end over end through clouds of dust and a man can win a couple of hundred dollars a night, if he lives.

A sprint car is a thin, high-backed machine, bigger than a midget, smaller than an Indianapolis car. The driver sits high up to see out over the dust and thrown up stones. The tracks are usually half a mile around, dirt, and each night there are heats, semi-finals, and finals. The final dash may be 30 laps, 15 miles, at an average speed of 100 mph or better. There is no time for slick driving in sprint racing. You bore through the pack, you take risks, or the race is over and you have lost. It is deadly dangerous. Barnes has quoted the insurance statistics to Foyt, urging him to quit racing his beloved sprinter. "A.J., I can get you a ride in a stock car every night that there is a sprint race on. You'll make much more money at much less risk."

To which Foyt replied: "But I love to drive my sprinter, Chuck. I can't give it up. I love it."

Foyt drives his Indy car for owners Bill Ansted and Shirley Murphy. He drives stock cars belonging to Dodge (after dropping Ford at the drop of a horsepower) and sports cars belonging to Houston oil millionaire Mecom. But the midgets and sprinters belong to A. J. Foyt. This is part of the reason Foyt loves them so much: he doesn't have to share the glory (or the money) with anyone.

Foyt is no brooder. He has been in some crashes, but has never been seriously hurt. In his first Indianapolis race, Pat O'Connor was killed on the first lap. Says Foyt: "All of a sudden cars were going in all directions. It was one terrible mess, and it shook me up quite a bit." The following year, one car bounced off the wall and another spun trying to avoid it. Foyt suddenly found the spinning car right in front of him. "I just gritted my teeth and said to myself, 'Here we go again.' It was awful close. The car missed me by about four feet—and we were doing 160 miles an hour."

Most of his crashes have been in midget and sprint car races. Once at Langhorne on dirt, a stone flew up, pierced his goggles and hit him in the eye. Blood filled his goggles, nearly blinding him. He couldn't see, he was terribly worried about what had happened to his eye, but he kept forging ahead, faster and faster, for 30 more laps. Officials and pit men were trying to wave him off the track, but he ignored all signals, holding his foot down. At last he had to make a pit stop. He was dragged from the car, thrown into an ambulance and rushed to the hospital —where he spent the next five days.

His worst crash to date occurred at Riverside, Calif., last Jan. 17. He was driving a Ford in a stock car race, and was running fourth late in the race when he lost his brakes. He was barrelling down the long straight, his speed up around 170. The turn rushed at him, he stabbed at the brakes and the pedal went into the floor. There were two other cars ahead of him, both braking hard for the turn, and in the instant left to him, Foyt had to decide whether to ram them, or drive his machine straight off the road. He opted for the latter, the nose of his Ford dug into the soft earth, and the car began to flip end over end over end.

Foyt was securely belted in and the roof had been reinforced. But the crash fractured the ninth dorsal vertebra high up in his back and the brake pedal plowed through his shoe and heel and broke the heel bone. Parnelli Jones, one of the first to get to Foyt, thought Foyt had a broken neck and he was rushed to the Riverside Community Hospital where he stayed a week before being flown to a hospital in Houston where he stayed two weeks more.

He was black and blue all over and the pain was considerable, but he figures he got off lightly—if the fracture had been a bit worse he could have been paralyzed or dead. As it was, he missed a race or two. During his recuperation he worked on details connected with selecting a Ford-powered, rear-engine car for Indianapolis. He also was often bored, and

champed about the races he was obliged to miss. He wanted to get back into some race cars at once. On March 28 he finally made it back to the wars. He drove in the race at Phoenix but failed to finish due to mechanical difficulties.

Foyt lives dangerously. In 1964 alone, six of Foyt's rivals died, three of them burning to death. Foyt knows this, but refuses to consider it. The brash confidence of the man goes very deep. "I don't think about death," he says. "I'm young yet, I'm still on top."

And so he races on, week after week, year after year. He drives twice as many races as his rivals, and perhaps 10 times as many high speed laps testing and in practice. He races twice a week or more when he can, then sprints for airplanes. He moves from one hick town to another, loving the cheers of his adoring fans, loving the noise of the engines and the smell of scorched rubber and Castrol. Sometimes he gets lonely and remembers to call his wife, but not often. The racing

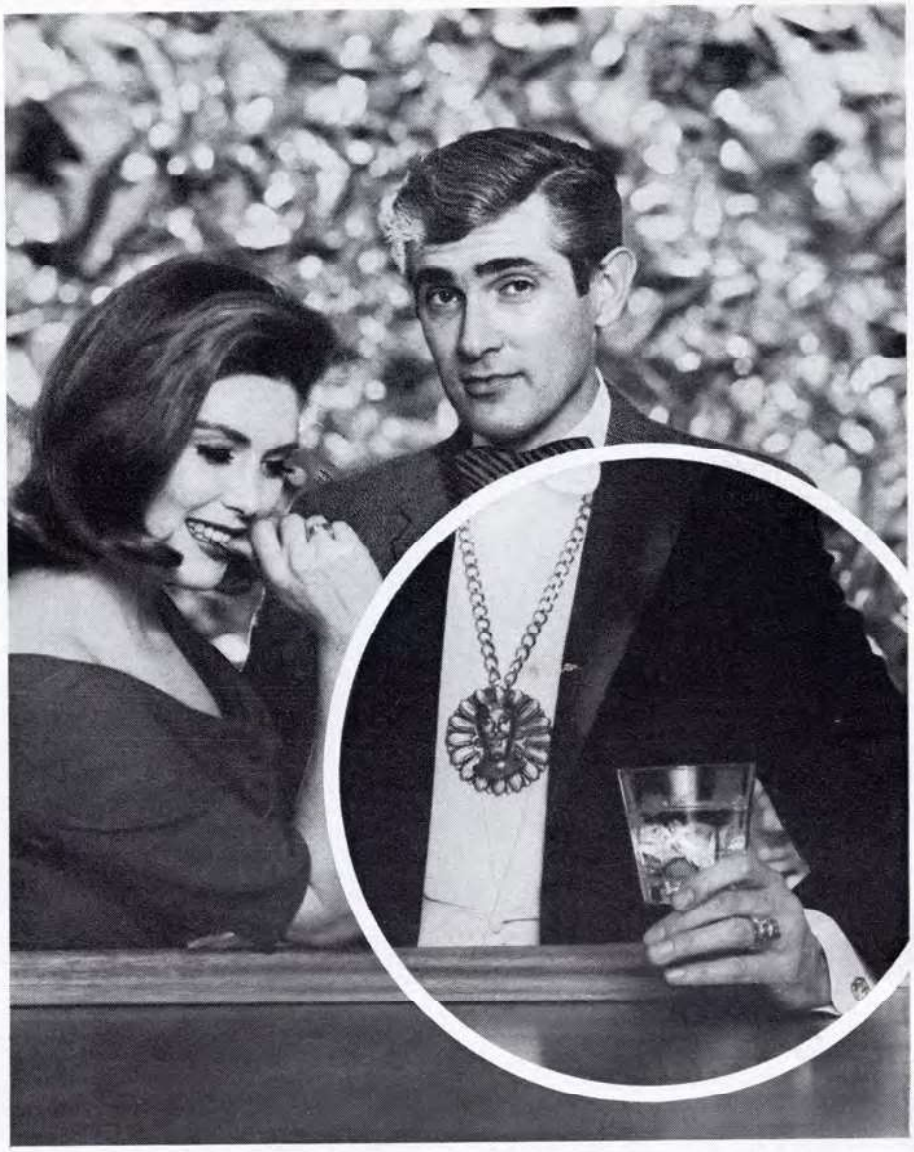
Foyt drove rear-engine car at Phoenix in first race after his January smashup.

is enough. Plainly he would pay to race if he had to. Once he did have to. His malfunctioning car failed to qualify for a midget race at Terre Haute, a race worth $600 to the winner. Foyt couldn't stand not being in the race. He hunted down the guy who had qualified 24th and last, and paid him $100 for his spot. Then he won the race. Having won, he couldn't stop laughing. "Ah figured it was a pretty good ol' gamble," he bragged. The losers could have killed him for it.

But his love of racing is not feigned. It is absolutely genuine and even confirmed Foyt-haters respect it. "You have to love this business, to get into it at all," Foyt told me. "And once you're in it you love it so much you fight like hell to stay in it. I've neglected everything for it, my education, my wife, my kids, my home. That's bad in one way, but it's the reason I'm on top, too."

Foyt pauses, then says feelingly: "I love racing. It's the only thing I've ever studied, the only thing I've ever really understood."

—Robert Daley



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AMERICA'S GREATEST HORSE THIEF

[*Continued from page 29*]

as a good judge of horseflesh, and he found it galling that he'd never hit on a way to make much more than a living out of horses. A man ought to be able to make it big, he reasoned, yet he'd been flat broke when he embarked on his wandering journey into Texas.

His scheme for getting rich off wild Texas horses met with derision when he got back to Kentucky with tales of what he'd seen.

"Forget it," said the friends he approached for backing. They didn't doubt his word that the horses were there. But, they argued, what he was proposing to do was *steal* Spanish horses, horses which were in hostile territory almost a thousand miles from the American settlements. The Spanish had warned that any American caught in their lands west of the Mississippi would forfeit his life.

And then there were the Indians—Comanches, Kiowas, and God knows how many other bloodthirsty tribes out there. They were living under treaty with the Spanish, but were sure to consider Americans fair game. And could Nolan get the horses, even if he reached them? What did he know about capturing horses? And, even if he did get a herd together, how could he possibly hope to drive it back across all those miles, unseen by either Indian or Spanish foe?

The arguments failed to convince Nolan. If nobody would back him, he'd go it alone. At least he'd bring back enough horses to prove that it could be done. He told no one of the wild plan taking shape in his mind, not even Indian friends he sought out in Tennessee. They told him all they knew of the fierce Comanches of the Texas plains—of their horsemanship, their fighting abilities, their customs. In New Orleans, to which he made a flatboat journey, Nolan pumped information out of Spanish officials who had been in Texas. He even learned a few words of Comanche from a Spanish trader who had dealt with them.

With little more than this information, two Kentucky rifles, and a goodly supply of powder and shot, Nolan headed west from Natchez, Mississippi. He had more than 400 miles to go. Somewhere short of his destination, he set up a camp. His first action there was to hunt down a wild steer. Cutting its hide into a long strip, he made a bag of it, then stuffed it with stones. Closing it with rawhide drawstrings, he laid it on a level stretch of ground.

His left arm thrust through a loop of rawhide around his horse's neck, he raced toward the bag. Swinging down, he seized it with his right hand. The wrench tore him from his horse. On the next try he did better, managing to lift the bag and ease himself astride again, slinging the bag across the horse's back.

Again and again he repeated the strange maneuver, 10 times the first day, 20 the next, adding more rocks from time to time. When, at the end of 10 days, he was lifting more than 200 pounds, he felt that he was ready.

A band of Comanches, camped west of where the city of Dallas now stands, looked with growing puzzlement at the lone rider approaching. Though he was a white man, it was plain that he was no Spaniard. Swinging at his side were two long rifles of a kind no brave had ever seen before. They had heard rumors of Americans, far to the east. Could this strange giant of a man be an American?

Nolan had counted on this curiosity to get him safely into camp. Now he saw that a few of the younger braves were giving him hostile attention, fingering their knives. Ignoring them, Nolan addressed the man he spotted as the chief. In a mixture of Spanish, Comanche, and sign language, he conveyed the idea that he wanted to join the tribe and learn its ways. He would be a warrior valuable for them to have, he explained. A demonstration of his prowess with his Kentucky rifles was impressive, but not enough. A young brave snarled a challenge.

"See if he can do what a Comanche *boy* can do—lift a fallen comrade from the field of battle!"

This was the test Nolan had prepared himself to face. For it he had spent those muscle-searing days of practice with the rock-filled bag. He had known that Comanche boys from the age of 10 on practiced daily, charging across the plains, swinging down to pick up one of their number. He looked over the ring of braves, then pointed at the heaviest one. He'd weigh close to 200. Might as well make it good.

Silence fell as the stocky brave walked to an open space and stretched out on the ground. Nolan let out a wild Comanche yell and charged. He brought the horse to a shuddering stop, and in the same instant his arm was under the Indian. Seconds later, Nolan's horse was pounding ahead again, Nolan securely astride, holding the other man in front of him.

To the watching Indians, it seemed a sheer wonder. A white man performing a feat that any of them would have sworn only a Comanche, lifetime trained, could do. It wasn't long before Nolan was adopted as a full-fledged member of the tribe.

From the Indians, Nolan learned fast the lore of catching horses. They drove them into brush pens, ambushed them around water holes, rode them down in wild chases across the plains. An expert at breaking horses himself, Nolan studied the Indian method of binding a horse's nostrils and almost choking him to death so that the fight went out of him. It was brutal and swift, but Nolan observed that it often broke a horse's spirit. He argued hotly with the braves that horses thus tamed could not deliver the speed of which they would otherwise be capable. Though he didn't know it then, this was

TRUE

"The rest of the day off? What for?"

an observation that was going to lead to a spectacular climax in the wild career of Philip Nolan.

Nolan also learned the Indian short-cut to acquiring horses. You simply stole them. As many horses were added to their herds in this manner, considered honorable and manly, as by harder methods. The raid that gave Nolan the greatest satisfaction was one made on the Spanish Presidio of San Antonio de Bexar, from which they drove away a hundred horses.

One way and another, Nolan personally acquired a respectable herd of more than 50 horses, it being the tribal custom that each man held ownership of whatever animals he stole or captured. *Chemkacho,* the Good White Man, as he was called, had it made in other ways, too. As an honored member of the tribe, he was given three wives (some records say four). He had a charming arrangement for enjoying connubial bliss. The three women slept in a separate tent. From Nolan's tent strands of rawhide ran to end up under the pillow of each of his women. When Nolan wanted service of any kind all he had to do was give a tug on the appropriate rawhide.

Still, after nearly two years with the tribe, Nolan was getting restless. When a renegade half-French, half-Indian trader named Etienne Trudeau showed up one day, he and Nolan hit it off immediately. Trudeau, a wiry, black-haired little man who knew horses, offered to help Nolan drive his herd to the American settlements.

Some of the younger hot bloods of the tribe who had always resented Nolan did not look with favor on the idea of letting him go with his horses, but Nolan gave the chief a gift of one of his Kentucky rifles and three of his best horses, and departed with official blessings. It seemed a wild hope that two men could drive that many horses across the hazard-filled territory they must cross. Nolan never talked much about how they did it, with a loss of only two horses, but the fact is that one day in 1793, the citizens of Frankfort, Kentucky, were greeted by a shout.

"Horses from Texas!"

Riding up the muddy street came a procession of horses driven by Trudeau and Nolan. On Nolan's face, burned dark by the wind and sun, there was a wide grin of triumph. No longer could anyone scoff at his dream of wild horses from Texas.

Word of Nolan's success spread through the American settlements and he had more than enough buyers for the prime horseflesh he had so amazingly brought back. Word also reached the Spanish, who muttered dark threats about what they'd do to Nolan if they ever caught him in their territory again.

It seemed as if Spanish New Orleans was about the last place that would be healthy for Nolan, but that was where he appeared one day with a flatboat load of horses. With a jaunty air of self-assurance, he approached no less a personage than the Baron de Carondolet, governor of Louisiana. Nolan had decided on a long shot gamble, based on his knowledge that horses were in short supply in New Orelans and that Carondolet was a horse-loving man.

Carondolet looked over the 10 horses Nolan had picked as the best of the lot he'd brought back.

"Your American horses are splendid!" he said, a covetous look on his face. That was quite an admission for a Spaniard.

Nolan took a deep breath and made his gambler's play.

"These, Your Excellency, are *Spanish* horses."

He was risking his neck, Nolan knew, but he also knew in an instant that he had sized up the Spaniard correctly. The baron laughed. This Nolan was as bold and brash as he'd been depicted. The governor had known all along where the horses had come from—but this open admission by Nolan delighted him.

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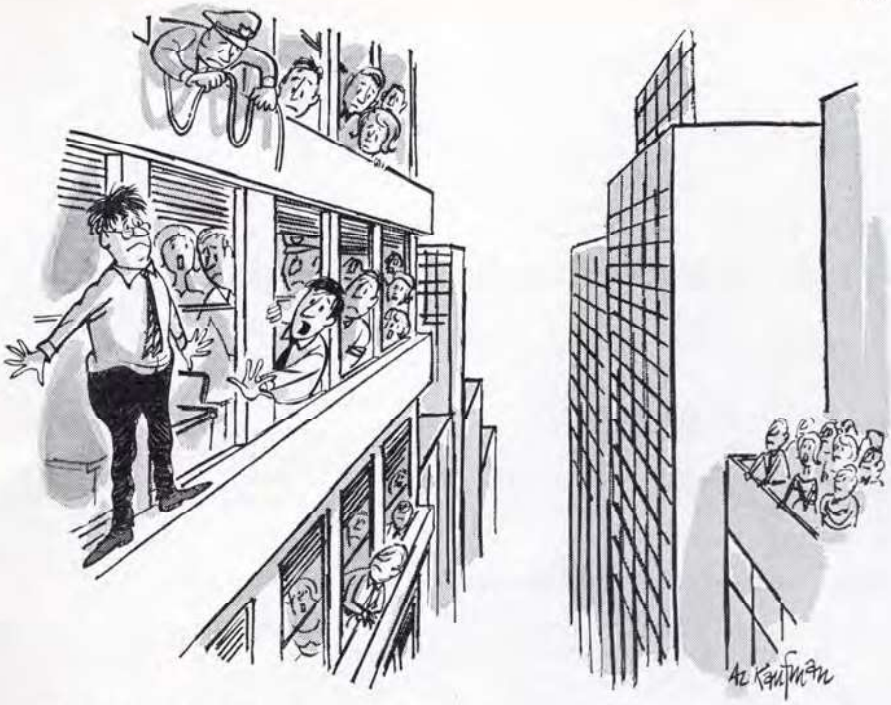

"Fred, Fred, have a heart! You'll louse up the whole vacation schedule!"

"You could get more?"

"Many more, Your Excellency. But I would need a passport. And a *good* price for any horses I brought you."

The deal they hammered out gave Nolan a document that he believed would give him some protection from Spanish intervention in Texas and a guaranteed market at far above going prices in the much more distant American settlements. If he could get 300 hundred of the prime horses he was sure he could capture, he'd collect better than $75,000 in Spanish gold from Carondolet.

It wasn't much of an expedition Nolan put together. Just five hard-bitten characters, including Trudeau, the wiry trader, and Joe, a big Negro reputed to be as strong as Nolan himself. Good men with rifle and knife, and all of them horse hungry and money hungry. None of them had ever had a real chunk of money in his pockets, and the prospect of a thousand Spanish dubloons each, if they came back with the number of horses Nolan had sworn they'd catch, was a powerful lure.

With the official document from Carondolet, Nolan and his men pushed off from Natchez openly, though Spanish officials glowered at them. They made good time getting into Texas. A band of Osages, who watched them silently from a distance, was the only sign of Indian menace.

Nolan didn't know how narrowly he escaped another danger. Two days after he had passed north of the Spanish fort at Nacogdoches, a lathered rider arrived there and handed the commandante a message from the governor of Texas, Juan Manuel de Salcedo. It seems that the governor had challenged the right of Carondolet to permit an American to come into Texas. As far as Salcedo was concerned, Nolan was an invader and should be arrested and brought to San Antonio for trial.

The commandante hurried north with a force of 50 men, thinking to intercept Nolan, but found no trace of him. He swore that if Nolan had actually entered the territory, and was planning to steal Spanish horses, one thing was certain—he'd never get out alive.

Happily unaware of these developments, Nolan and his men had set up a camp on a nameless tributary of the river known as the arm of God, the *Brazo de Dios*. A valley with steeply sloping sides made a perfect natural pen when the men built a barrier of brush across it. Soon, their gruelling months of work began to pay off in the form of a growing herd of horses. With the summer over and the sharpness of fall in the air, Nolan took count. Four hundred horses. One of them a big red horse that Nolan regarded as the greatest prize of the hunt. The moment he'd spotted the roan stallion racing around its large harem of mares, he'd known that here was a horse of singular speed and power. Nolan had spent long hours "walking him down," keeping him on the move until he dropped from exhaustion. Broken this way a horse was thoroughly tamed for his master's use, yet lost none of its spirit.

In mid-October, when they pulled out, they had reason to congratulate themselves. They had more horses than they'd hoped for. There had been no attacks by hostile Indians or Spanish soldiery. Nolan had scouted daily for Indian sign and never in all the months had seen any. Only half a day from camp, however, they saw smoke spiraling skywards. Though he could not read the message, Nolan could gauge its ominous import. They had been watched by Indians, maybe all along, who had waited for them to leave the easily defended valley. Now the watchers were summoning reinforcements.

There was nothing to do but keep going. If they tried to go back to the valley, they'd be cut off. Nolan drove his men and horses hard until they came to a stream where heavy brush provided a sort of wall. With hastily cut branches, the men made a rough corral, with the trees along the stream forming one side. Behind fortifications of piles of gear, a few sizeable cottonwood logs and more brush, they prepared to wait it out.

At dawn the attack came with a savage burst of sound. There were at least a hundred of them—Kiowas, Nolan could tell.

"Hold your fire," he shouted above the drum of approaching hooves and fierce cries.

Nolan's own rifle bucked against his shoulder, and at the signal bright flame leaped from the rifles of the other four. Kiowas were going off their horses, but others were coming. Arrows whined past the defenders. One of Nolan's men went down. The men snatched up their second rifles, fired again. Suddenly the attackers wheeled, going back out of range.

Too late Nolan knew the reason. A new horde of attackers was splashing across the river, bursting through the brush. The frontal attack had been only a feint. Most of the Indians were coming in from behind. Now they were among the screaming, frenzied horses. In seconds the herd was in motion, surging forward, dividing to go around the camp, flowing past. Nolan and his men kept firing at the Indians riding behind the stampeding herd, but Nolan knew it was a useless gesture. His horses were gone. He could only stand helplessly and watch the Indians drive them away. That was what the Kiowas had come for—and their strategy had been successful.

After the thunder of hooves and the triumphant yells of the Indians died away, the men stood in the shambles of their hastily constructed camp and stared at each other. They had met disaster. Joe was dead. Trudeau was badly wounded, an arrow through his shoulder. The herd was gone. At least no arrows had touched the horses tethered near the camp; each man still had his personal mount.

Nolan thought how it would be to ride back to the settlement in defeat, but his thoughts quickly turned in the other direction again—westward. There were still plenty of horses out there. Maybe they could have a go at it again. The men would have none of such a scheme. They'd been shorthanded before and now big Joe was dead and Trudeau in no shape to hunt horses. And even if they did break their necks to get another herd together wouldn't some bunch of damn redskins just be waiting again?

Even as he argued, Nolan knew that they were right. He shouldn't have tried it the way he had. But was there any other way? Was there anything he could do now, without the others, with just his rifles and his roan? The roan! He walked away from the men and stood staring thoughtfully, and with growing excitement, at the great red horse. Yes, there *was* a way!

The men shook their heads in disbelief when he told them what he was going to do, but he would not listen to their pleas that he not try it. Nolan's promise

to give each of them a share of any horses he succeeded in returning with brought grins to their faces. It was like Nolan to make such an offer, but none of them figured he'd ever see any horses. And none of them, as they watched Nolan ride away to the west, felt they'd ever be likely to see him again either. When they told their story in the American settlement, it was generally agreed that Nolan might have the luck of the Irish, all right, but that he was sure crowding it this time.

A few days after Nolan parted company with his men he once again startled a band of Comanches by riding boldly into their encampment and making a remarkable proposal.

"I come to bring you many horses!" was the ear-catching announcement he made to the sullen braves.

A roar of laughter ran through the camp. The Comanches could appreciate a joke, and this certainly was one. A white man—even an obviously tough and skillful rider like this one—telling them, the Comanches, that he would get them horses!

But as Nolan presented his scheme, the laughter died. What this strange white man was saying made uncommon sense to Indians a later historian described as "exceedingly proficient in promoting horse races to their advantage." He would win them horses, Nolan explained, by racing the roan in the spring rendezvous with other Comanche bands. They need only tell it about that the horse belonged to, and had been trained by, a white man. This would excite the contempt of the other Indians and they would gladly place large bets of horses on their own racers against the horse of the white man. Of course, the stallion would be ridden by an Indian lighter in weight than Nolan.

After some demonstrations of what the roan could do, and some further pep talks by Nolan, the Indians proclaimed they'd go along with this white man's plan. He had spoken truly. It promised to bring them many horses.

Every man played his part to perfection when they rode into the big encampment the following spring. Quickly they spread the word that Nolan, the American, was present, and that he had a horse he claimed could beat Comanche horses. Cunningly some of the conspirators added to the come-on by letting on that they didn't think the roan could run all that well. The white man, they averred, had bewitched the other tribesmen.

Many bets were placed that first night, although Nolan's fellow tribesmen seemed reluctant to place very large wagers. No one staked more than 10 horses on the first race with the big red. This race was run over a course determined by the distance traveled by an arrow, where a stake was set up. The horses were to run to the stake, wheel around it and come back to the starting point.

The crowd cheered wildly as the horses took off, but fell silent when the roan made it first to the stake. Was there something special about the white man's horse after all? But no . . . he couldn't seem to make the turn around the lance as tightly as the others. This was what they had

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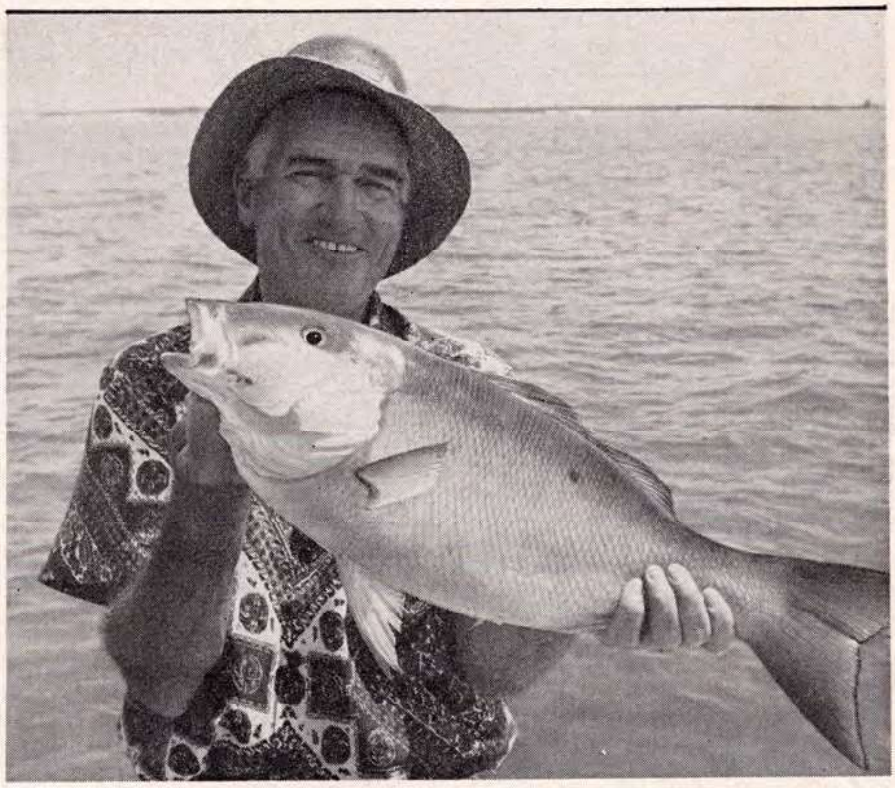

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predicted. And now he was losing ground. At the finish he came in a good 3 lengths behind the winner.

The Indians in Nolan's band kept up the act by looking crestfallen. They ended by announcing that they still had confidence in their white protégé and his horse—so much that in the next day's big race they'd wager three times as many horses, at three to one. There were plenty of takers. Confidently, the Indians who had wagered so much on the ability of their horses to beat this white man's entry gathered to watch the races next day. They taunted Nolan's backers. What would they do after they lost all their horses?

The race began. This time, Long Arrow, the rider, wasted no time dissembling. He gave the roan free rein. A strained silence fell over the crowd as the roan, well in the lead already, swung easily around the pole that had seemed to give him such difficulty the day before. Desperately the other racers lashed their mounts, but the red horse came across the finish line 2 lengths ahead of the runner up.

In the next day's races, excitement ran higher. Though Nolan's victory was resounding, there was no shortage of betters at the new odds of two to one. A lot of Indians put it down to a freak that this white man's horse had done so well. It surely couldn't repeat its performance.

But, amazingly, the great red horse did—not only that day, but the next. Nolan's belief that Indian horse-breaking methods cut their speed had been proved. The 30 tribesmen had won more than 600 horses, an unprecedented number for a band so small. By an agreement made before the races, one hundred of them belonged to Nolan.

As jubilant winners crowded around him that night, Nolan knew that it was time to put the second stage of his bold plan into operation. In his deep voice, which always impressed the Indians, he announced that he had a proposal to make to his brothers, brave men and warriors, great horsemen all. Had not he made it possible for them to win many horses? Was it not true that no other band on the plains owned so many? Each time he asked a question his listeners grunted assent.

Now Nolan would offer them another prize, something that would make them the supreme warrors of the plains. He had already given the chief a knife of great sharpness. Would each man like such a knife of his own? He had shown them the magic of his Kentucky rifle, the gun that made a joke of Spanish muskets. He had proved its power to knock the feathers off an arrow at a hundred paces. He had taught the chief and his son to fire it. Would each man like to have a Kentucky rifle of his own?

The Indians listened eagerly as he went on to tell them how all this could come about. He, Nolan, desired to return to the land of his people. There he had many rifles, and could get even more in exchange for horses. Since each Comanche now had so many horses perhaps they would like to swap a few. For each ten horses Nolan would give one rifle and one knife. Of course, the men would have to ride with him, to help deliver the herd to the west bank of the big river far to the east, but for such accomplished horsemen this would not be a difficult task.

The Spanish? Yes, he knew the Comanches had a treaty with them, but he had a piece of writing from the king of the Spaniards which gave him the right to drive horses out of Texas.

With a flourish Nolan pulled out the document from Carondolet and passed it to the chief, who examined it gravely, nodding as though he could read the writing above the wax seal. That cinched things for Nolan, and the Indians agreed to his terms. What Nolan did not know was that at the races there was a renegade Indian on the Spanish payroll. He had ridden swiftly to the Spanish garrison at Goliad. From there a rider was dispatched to tell the commandante at Nacogdoches that before long Nolan was going to be riding by with a lot of Comanche horses.

Nolan's band had come 300 miles, to the Nueces River, when they walked into the trap. Waiting for them as they forded the stream was the entire Nacogdoches garrison of 100 men, muskets ready. Nolan's Comanche companions sat their horses and stared solemnly at Nolan. Now he would show the Spanish the paper from the king. Nolan dismounted and boldly confronted the commandante. What was the meaning of this hostile interception?

The officer looked surprised. "You ask that, Senor Nolan, when you are stealing his Majesty's horses?"

"Not stealing them, Your Honor. Taking them to the governor of Louisiana," Nolan said, producing the document.

The Spanish officer looked at it casually.

"Obviously a forgery," he said, calmly tearing it to bits.

Angrily Nolan leaped forward, but a half dozen soldiers grabbed and held him. The commandante turned to the Comanches. If any of the horses in the herd were theirs, he said, he would pay for them. He would give each of them a paper entitling them to trade goods at San Antonio.

In Comanche Nolan roared out a warning. The papers were worthless. They had seen what the Spaniard had just done with Nolan's document. Would they forget the rifles and knives he had promised them?

His words were cut off as the butt of a musket sent him reeling.

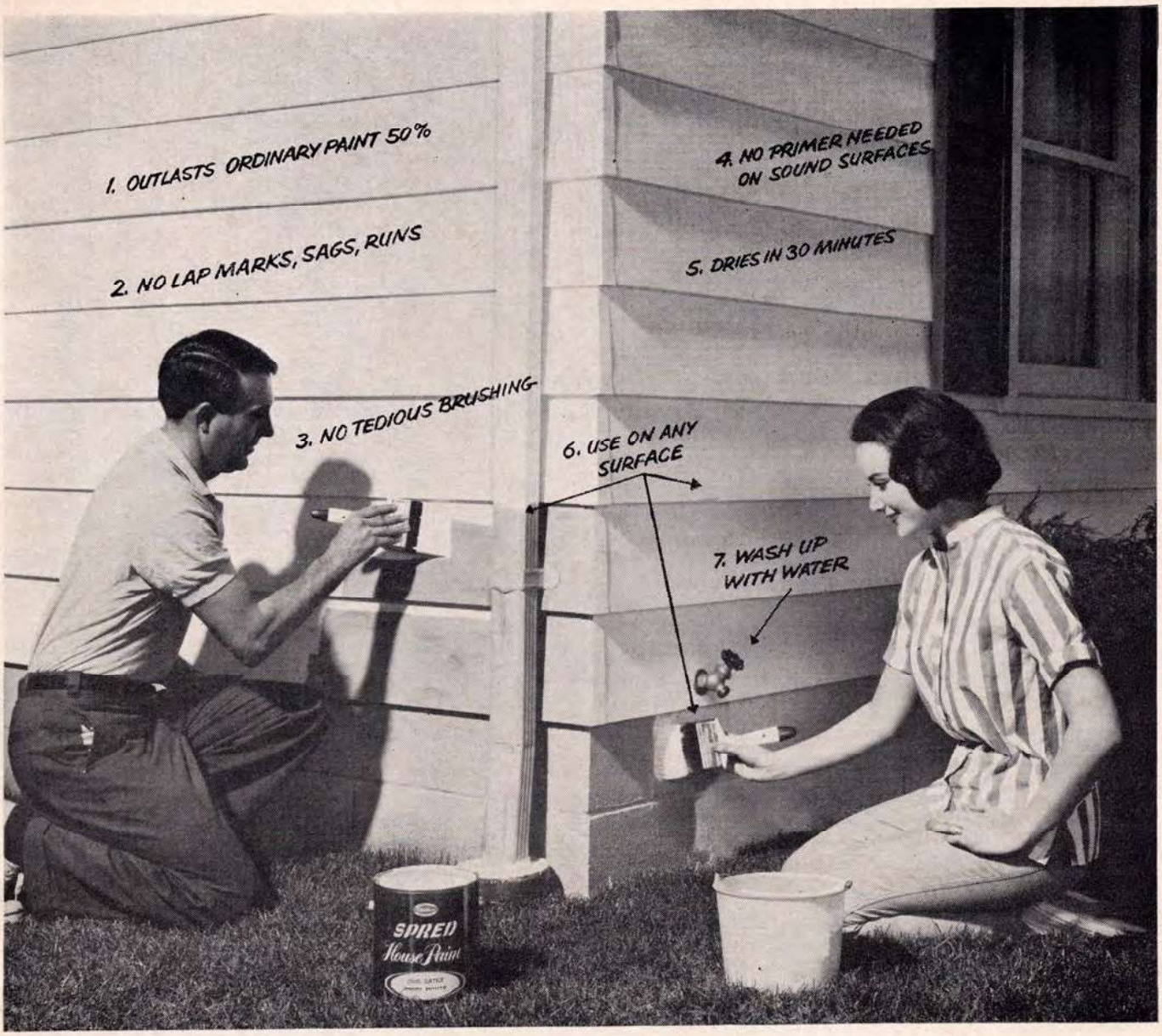
The commandante's face was a furious shade of red. "Give him some exercise!"

A soldier knotted Nolan's wrists together in front of him and tossed the other end of the rope up to a mounted man. The rider's horse shot forward, jerking Nolan from his feet, dragging him across the stony ground. He tried desperately to get to his feet, made it to his knees, then went down again. In minutes, has face was a battered pulp and his body a mass of bloody bruises showing through the torn buckskins.

He fought to stay conscious, knowing that this was an attempt to humiliate him before the Indians. He was still defiant when at last the commandante gave the order to hoist him to a horse. The Comanches, watching impassively, had made no move to help him, but Nolan knew there was nothing they could have done, outnumbered as they were, five to one.

TRUE

"I don't believe in wife beating."



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"Guess what, Pop! Patty Sue was right in the middle of her number at the school musical and her G-string broke!"

When the Spanish made camp later, and Nolan was dumped rudely on the ground, the soldier who tied his hands behind his back did not knot the rope as carefully as he might have. It didn't look as if this battered hulk of a man would be in any shape to try escaping. He was wrong. Cruel a beating as he had taken, strength born of fury blazed through Nolan. All night he worked at his bonds, and, sometime before dawn, he slipped a bloodied wrist free of the rope.

He had seen where they'd tethered the roan, with the horses of the officers, and crawled toward him, freezing to the ground as a sentry passed nearby. It took him an agonizingly long time to reach the horses, and when he did, the roan, sensing his presence, stirred and whinnied. The other horses began to move about restlessly.

The sentry moved closer to investigate, but the night was dark, and Nolan leaned close to the roan, quieting him while he loosened the tether. The soldier paced on. Carefully Nolan eased himself up, flattening himself on the roan's back. He had no need of saddle or bridle, and his own rope halter was still attached to the horse. Nolan dug in his heels and the roan shot away. There was a shout, and a shot blazed in the darkness. It came nowhere near him. He was free!

By all the rules of common sense, Nolan should have turned eastward, heading for American territory. Instead he rode back the way they had come, driving his horse at a pounding pace long after he felt sure that the Spanish were not pursuing him. When he caught up with the Comanches, they looked with awe and perhaps some shame at the bloodied horseman. Nolan told them he had no hard feelings over their having left him, but that there was something they could do now to prove that they were men—and Comanches. They could still get the rifles waiting in Natchez. How? By joining him in a real Comanche enterprise—stealing the horses back. A gleam came to the eyes of the Indians. Nolan thought not as a white man but truly as a Comanche.

So as the Spanish moved slowly toward Nacogdoches, shadowy forms flitted behind them. Luck favored Nolan's venture. Before they reached the town, a storm came up. The herd was already made restless by the thunder and lightning so any commotion caused when Nolan and his men moved among them went unnoticed by the Spanish soldiers.

When the raiders let loose wild yells, the pawing and pacing became an explosion of action. The stampeding horses smashed through the barrier of tethered Spanish mounts. Shouts and a scattering of shots from the Spanish soldiery who tumbled out of their tents only speeded the mad flight of the horses. Nolan rode among them recklessly, his voice raised in a cry of exultation. He had his horses back, and he felt the certainty of winning that comes at times to gambling men.

The Spanish, their horses swept along and dispersed by the stampede, were unable to give chase. With few losses, the Comanches rounded up the herd and continued the drive toward Natchez. Nolan himself went on ahead, riding boldly into the town, which, though Spanish held, was out of the jurisdiction of the Texas authorities.

After a rousing celebration by his American friends to mark his amazing reappearance when he'd long been given up for dead, he rounded up a band of men and headed back to the rendezvous where the Comanches were waiting with the horses. The rifles and knives were dispensed with due ceremony, and Nolan spent a couple of days carrying out another promise he had made—teaching each brave how to handle his new firearm.

In a series of speeches the Comanches indicated their gratitude and allowed that Nolan would be welcome to return to their land anytime to get more horses.

A grin flashed across Nolan's face. "I'll be back," he said, repeating the vow he had made to himself so long ago on his first ride into Texas.

Nolan's horses became the foundation of an equine empire, as Nolan had believed they would. Some of them, including the roan, raced on tracks in Tennessee, Kentucky and Virginia, winning Nolan fat purses and dramatically proving his contention that mustangs would make great race horses. When the U. S. officially took over Natchez from Spain in 1798, Nolan struck a new bonanza in the form of a contract to supply horses and mules to the U.S. Army. On plantations and in rough frontier villages, "Nolan's horses" brought better than market prices.

Meanwhile, Nolan's knowledge of the lands west of the Mississippi became legendary. When Thomas Jefferson eyed the vast region that afterward became the Louisiana Purchase, the man he turned to for information was Philip Nolan. Jefferson had a secret fund, set aside for espionage purposes, from which it is believed he paid Nolan certain sums for missions into Spanish lands.

"I'll be back," Nolan had told the Comanches. And he did go back, many times. And each time, with the help of his Indian friends, he returned with more horses—over a thousand of them in one spectacular drive.

Eventually Nolan married the daughter of a Natchez plantation owner and tried his hand at being a country gentleman. But he was no man to settle down. The thrill of outwitting the Spanish, the lure of Texas and the excitement of the horse hunt had too strong a pull. In 1801 he organized another expedition and headed west again, shrugging off warnings that Spanish tempers had reached the boiling point.

Spies watched his every move, and when he set up a stockade and began the hunt, Spanish troops closed in. This time they brought cannon with them, and, from a distance safely belond the range of Kentucky rifles, proceeded to bombard the embattled horse hunters. One of their shots was lucky. For them, that is, not for Nolan. It struck him full in the chest. His men, seeing their leader fallen, waved a white flag and surrendered.

So Philip Nolan died, hunting horses in forbidden country. His ultimate defeat took nothing away from the glory of his fame as the king of pioneer horse hunters. To Stephen Austin, Sam Houston, Jim Bowie and other adventurous Americans who later came to this far country, his name was a legend, although later he was almost forgotten in the march of history.

On today's map of Texas there is a marker to this man of daring, a stream that flows into the Brazos. It is called the Nolan River, in honor of the first American into Texas. **—Norman Carlisle**

MAN TO MAN
ANSWERS

Why do some sounds carry so much farther than others? With this question Gordon Harris, of Asheville, North Carolina, sounds off on a real scientific puzzler. He tells us about the time he was out on a search party for some lost hunters in the Great Smokies. After being found, the lost men claimed that they had kept firing their guns in the distress signal pattern. Searchers half a mile away hadn't heard the shots—yet people five miles away, on the other side of a mountain, heard them plainly.

And while he's at it, Gordon asks us another. What's the greatest distance sound ever carried?

There have been times when the odd shenanigans of sound have startled even the scientists. It's not a simple matter of decibels and distance. On a small scale many woodsmen have had experiences like that of the North Carolina search party. On a big scale, history records a lot of cases like the Nevada nuclear blasts of the late 50's. Some were heard (and broke windows) in Las Vegas, 65 miles away, while people just a few miles away didn't hear a thing. One of those blasts was audible in Albuquerque, 640 miles away, the sound rolling in 48 minutes after the explosion. Going back farther, the guns fired at Queen Victoria's funeral were not heard right outside London, but were heard in Scotland.

What's behind this wacky hop, skip, and jump bit? The fact is that the way sound waves travel is affected by wind, air density and various atmospheric layers. What probably happened in the case of the shots heard on the far side of the mountain was that the wind, which bends sound waves in the direction in which it's blowing, carried them up, over and down the other side of the mountain. The sound waves may also have been helped along by a zone of warmer air, in which sound travels more easily.

Wind played a part in carrying the sounds of the Nevada nuclear blasts and the cannon in London. However, a second factor entered in—the sound bouncing off atmospheric layers. Physicists figure that the sound waves from the nuclear blasts hit the ozonosphere, about 20 miles up. Bouncing off this electrified layer, they were projected earthward, where they hit the hard surface of the earth and again bounced skyward.

In the case of the explosion heard in Las Vegas, the sound waves hit the ground, scientists determined afterwards, at 22, 33, 44, 55, and 66 miles from the blast. Listeners at these points heard the sound; those in between didn't.

The same wind-plus-atmospheric bounce worked in the case of the all time record-breaking journey for sound. That was when the Indonesian volcano of Krakatoa blew its top in 1883. Sound from this tremendous blast hit the Ionosphere E layer, about 60 miles up, and bounced up and down repeatedly, finally making itself heard as far off as Australia and the Philippines, 3,000 miles away!

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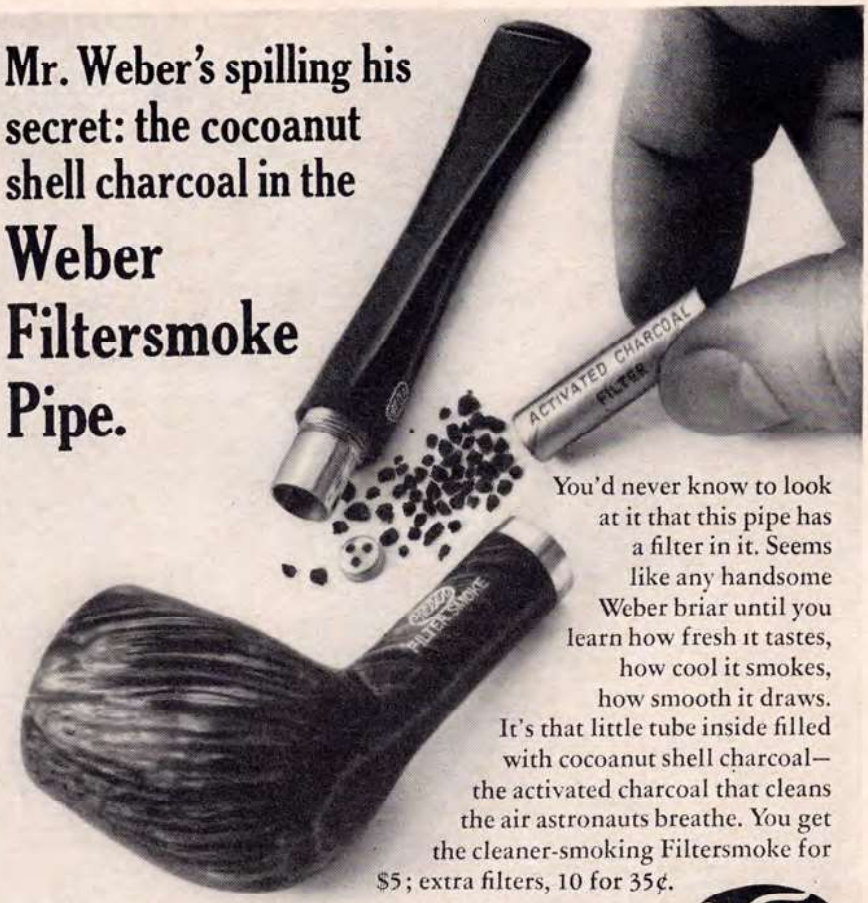

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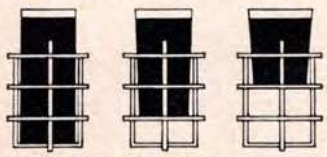

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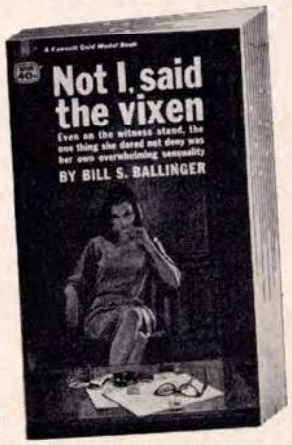

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Q: Are color television picture tubes round or square? ***R. L. Robertson, Wichita, Kans.***

A: Although many current TV programs may critically be considered square, most of the present color tubes are round. But there is a trend toward flatter, more rectangular-shaped tubes because they require less cabinet space.

Q: What causes the bubbles in a bottle of champagne? ***Roger J. McKee, Michigan City, Ind.***

A: Carbonic gas. Champagne begins as a white wine, usually several months old, especially blended for fragrance and tartness. Champagne yeast and sugar are added. The yeast begins fermentation, at which point the wine is placed in bottles and corked. The fermentation creates natural carbonic gas, which accounts for the bubbles. It charges the wine with as much as 100 pounds of pressure per square inch, which is why champagne requires such heavy bottles and thick, wired-on-corks. Workers in champagne cellars sometimes wear masks as protection in case the pressure during fermentation should cause a bottle to explode. It should be noted that romantics the world over, however, are more concerned with what the bubbles may cause rather than what causes the bubbles.

Q: Does sawdust have any practical use? ***Eileen Klaiber, Spencer, Ind.***

A: Yes. It is used for fuel, litters, packing, food preservation, compost, stucco and plaster, gypsum compositions, building boards, explosives, linoleum and plastics, moulding compounds, plastic wood, absorbents or abrasives, soil conditioners, mulches and, of course, on floors from butcher shops to taverns.

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RICH AND RED . . . AND VERY, VERY DEAD

[*Continued from page 33*]

bell-bottomed trousers, nobody cared, but the sight of foreigners in elegant suits and dresses, with beautiful shoes, made them ashamed. They wanted to belong. But they were separated from the visitors by everything the Soviet state could devise. They were discouraged from fraternizing. The newspaper campaign against the horrors of life in the capitalist countries was intensified. And all the time a man's suit, of reject quality by American standards, cost $160 at the great GUM department store on Red Square, and inferior shoes were sold for $40.

The Soviet system is fundamentally anti-money. It does not like or understand money. Factories produce, food is raised, sputniks are shot into the air without any real conception of profit and loss and budgeting costs, as we know these terms. This distrust can be felt in the currency itself, which seems psychologically designed for people not to notice it. Money in most countries *feels* good. Dollars feel good. Pound notes feel good. The aristocratically designed bills of France are a joy to look at. So are Swiss francs and the gorgeous 10,000-lire bills of Italy. Rubles don't feel like money at all. They are little more than half the size of dollar bills, of indeterminate paper which offers no sense of security to the touch. They seem to disappear into wallets as though embarrassed to be seen. They are illustrated with pictures of Lenin and sheaves of wheat and resemble, at best, play money for some Soviet version of *Monopoly*.

Somewhere the barriers between the Russians, longing to join the human race to which their country conferred such glory in its 19th-century literature, and the sophisticated tourists of the 20th century had to be penetrated; somewhere the barriers formed by the régime's opposition, by Soviet trading practices which barred private commerce, by the funny-money which was all the Russians could offer, must be shoved aside. Yan Rokotov was just the man to do this impossible job. He grabbed his opportunity.

The trial record says he started as a one-man operator, then hired henchmen, thus forming a gang, which became a syndicate that at its height spread through nearly all the republics of the Soviet Union. My informant was more explicit. Rokotov's runners waited all day outside the big Intourist hotels—the National, the Sovietskaya, the Metropole, the Peking. They pestered tourists for their clothes. They were indifferent to size, age or origin.

If the visitors showed no interest in rubles, Rokotov arranged to pay them in portable antiques, like ikons, and genuinely old ornamented jewel boxes which, in good quality, are almost unobtainable in the stores. These he bought personally, usually in rural districts where old people still had a few possessions from before the Revolution. Or else he paid the tourists in Russian stamp collections or caviar or vodka. Khrushchev had tried to cut down on Russian drunkenness by arbitrarily increasing the price of vodka 400 percent. Rokotov could get it for you wholesale.

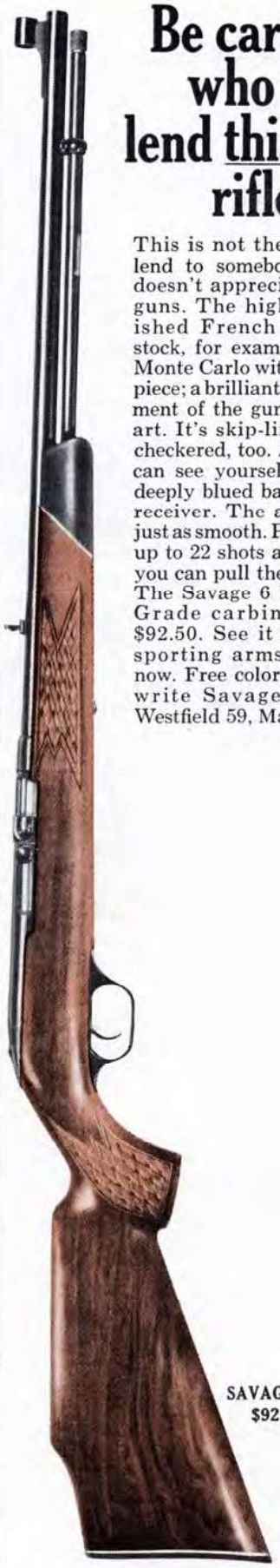
On one of my trips to Moscow a pretty girl I met asked me whether I knew any women in the American, British or French embassies from whom she could buy dresses. "I don't mind how much I pay," she said wistfully, and the memory of her words always makes me sad because she was a nice girl, and I could not help. She would willingly have given $200 in rubles for a simple dress from Macy's or Gimbel's. I wondered at the time how a Russian secretary earning perhaps $125 a month could afford such a huge sum. Rokotov knew, and I learned the pattern. The girl lived either with her parents and grandparents in a tiny flat, or in a dormitory with other girls. Her meals at an office cafeteria would cost her only a few kopeks. Nothing in the stores was worth buying. Her money piled up, and there was literally not a thing to spend it on.

These—the longers for a little luxury, the ones who had given up hope for all but shelter and a bit of food—these were the principal fish Rokotov was after. But there was no market he was not prepared to penetrate. This was the period of great Russian economic expansion abroad. Russian businessmen were traveling to Asia, Africa, Latin America. They gnashed their teeth over the inadequate foreign currency the State allowed them. Rokotov could help them out. What did they want? Dollars? West German marks? He had them all. To tourists from abroad his men were able to offer rubles at a rate far better than the artificial one imposed by the Intourist banks.

And yet other fish nibbled at Rokotov's hook. There exists in Moscow a leisured society which the Soviet Union, in its ideological blinders, refuses to acknowledge, but which can be seen any day sitting and chatting for hours on end in the smart restaurants and coffeehouses of the city—cafés like the new, attractive Ailit, or the sportier café of the Hotel Unost, near Dynamo Stadium. What these elegant, rather effete people do in such a harsh, demanding society it is sometimes difficult to say. The young men have their hair greased down like silent movie stars, wear handkerchiefs tucked into their sleeves, and smoke Western cigarettes. The girls are pretty, and their hair styles are only a year or two out of date by our standards.

Some of this group are people of artistic achievement, writers or cinema workers with plenty of time on their hands. Others are parasites, sons and daughters of generals or judges, often speaking in a nasal drawl and pretending to be Americans. This odd little in-group has no intention of mortifying its pride with Moscow-manufactured goods. Its members want smart suits, Italian shoes. They take no interest in the anonymous hordes of Muscovites outside, or the grandmothers sweeping the snow off the sidewalks. They are quite easy to meet casually, and in my various visits to Moscow I have struck up several acquaintanceships with them. The young men almost invariably showed me the

Be careful who you lend this 22 rifle to.



This is not the gun to lend to somebody who doesn't appreciate fine guns. The highly polished French walnut stock, for example, is a Monte Carlo with cheekpiece; a brilliant achievement of the gunmaker's art. It's skip-line hand checkered, too. And you can see yourself in the deeply blued barrel and receiver. The action is just as smooth. Pours out up to 22 shots as fast as you can pull the trigger. The Savage 6 Premier Grade carbine costs $92.50. See it at your sporting arms dealer now. Free color catalog, write Savage Arms, Westfield 59, Mass.

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labels on their suits, curious to know more of their origins. I have seen "Simpson's of Piccadilly," "Rogers Peet, New York," more often some name unknown to me from Saint Louis, Missouri, Dusseldorf, Zurich. I have seen button-down-collar shirts unmistakably from the cutting rooms of the brothers Brooks, sometimes frayed, but jealously preserved. Always the question was put to me with brows anxiously furrowed:

"Smart? Elegant? Chic?"

And I have replied with due solemnity, "*Very* smart. *Very* chic. *Very* elegant." They sighed with relief.

Rokotov supplied girls. The sex problem, in Moscow, is a very difficult one indeed for tourists. At every hotel a formidable lady sits at a desk on each floor just outside the elevators. She issues the room keys for her floor, keeps a sharp lookout for any hanky-panky, and does a bit of spying on the side. But there seemed to be no limit to Rokotov's inventiveness. If a tourist wanted a girl, he supplied the girl. I was told he disguised her in thick glasses and a clerical pinafore, pulled her hair back in a bun, and equipped her with stenographic pad and pencil which she carried very ostentatiously past the dragon at the desk. Once in the hotel room she let her hair down.

In his first year of operation Rokotov grossed half a million dollars. The diversity of his network through the length and breadth of the country was breathtaking. On his payroll were the pilots and pretty stewardesses of Aeroflot, the Russian airline, the stern Intourist women whose job it is to help foreign tourists, Russian businessmen traveling abroad, interpreters and guides, and Soviet Army officers on leave from garrisons in Eastern Europe. And always he was contacting tourists and still more tourists.

The *Stilyagi*, the rebellious teen-agers of the Soviet Union, predated Rokotov, of course. Beat kids, teddy boys, *blousons noirs, Halbstarke* emerged in every country just after the war. Moscow is a city of unbreachable anonymity where nobody knows anybody. And yet Rokotov was certainly known to hundreds of people in the Soviet netherworld between legality and crime, and he certainly became something of a style setter to the beat kids of the city. His influence spread to thousands of youngsters who had never heard of him. He began the fad, according to my Moscow friend, of going hatless through the winter—an affectation which later became almost synonymous with juvenile delinquency. He introduced a taste for narrow cuffless trousers and shoes with pointed toes.

For more basic amusement he kept a stunning mistress, Nadezhda Edlits, who had the pure, slant-eyed Slavic beauty one has come to associate with Soviet ballerinas. Nadezhda was warmed with mink in several shades. She had a husband, but Rokotov made sure his claws were sheathed by giving him a job in the organization.

Not the least of King Rokotov's genius was the way he managed to *enjoy* the fortune he made. The Soviet Union is the most tightly controlled society in the world. It directs a man to where he must live, how many square feet of space he is allowed to occupy, where he is permitted to take a vacation. Because of the paucity of things to buy, the Muscovite, even when he rises high in the arts or the professions, lives modestly because he has no alternative. The slightest evidence of conspicuous spending, especially by a man like Rokotov who had no apparent job, would be observed instantly by the police and investigated closely.

Such a man would not be allowed to move to an apartment in a smart area like, say, Gorky Street, or Lenin Prospect, without official permission, which he would never receive. The waiting list for a car is a matter of years, and even then questions would be asked why he wanted it and how he came to have the money to pay for it. Lavish eating and drinking in the better restaurants, like the Aragvy, the Ararat and the Budapest would not attract attention at first. Having so little else to spend money on, the Muscovite eats well, but to be seen too often would arouse suspicion. Vacations at Sochi or Yalta on the Black Sea are usually limited to special groups chosen by factories or trade unions. For a shiftless Russian to turn up with his girl friend would be highly unusual.

Rokotov had the answer to every problem, I was told. He had his men wait in the drawing office of the State lottery. He would discover the name and address of the holder of the winning ticket before it was officially announced, and hurry to the winner's home. If the ticket was worth $30,000, Rokotov offered him $60,000 and got it. Now he had a legal excuse for free spending. He would approach a man who had strained his way through the waiting list for a new car, and buy it at double the price. His holidays in Sochi were covered by the lottery ticket, and so were his restaurant checks at the Aragvy. The more prosperous he became, the luckier he was on the lottery.

There remained the problem of an apartment. Being the son of working-class parents and describing himself only as a clerk, he was entitled to little more than the corner of a crowded room. He needed an entrée into the society of those Muscovites entitled to "privileged accommodation."

So he appointed as his chief lieutenant one Vladislav Faibishenko, a 25-year-old playboy around Moscow. Faibishenko was one of the elegant café habitués, happy to sit for hours over coffee and chocolate éclairs, doing nothing but talk. His parents were described in the court testimony as "well-to-do." They had a large apartment and a *dacha*, a country house. Their darling son persuaded them to spend most of their time in the fresh

air of the country. Rokotov and Nadezhda moved in.

His setup was now complete. He laughingly christened his organization the "League of Lucky Gentlemen." He was ready to enjoy *la dolce vita* Moscow style, and he proved that it existed. He never rose before 3 in the afternoon. He and Nadezhda had the latest American jazz records and the disks of the Broadway musicals. Their green Volga car, the least dreary of the Russian automobiles, made its nightly pilgrimage up and down Gorky Street. Except that Rokotov did not call Moscow's principal avenue Gorky Street. He called it "Broadvay," a habit that has stuck among young Muscovites to this day.

He made his office in expensive restaurants and hotel lobbies. He would sit at a table with Nadezhda and his cronies, enjoying the many pleasures of the Russian cuisine—caviar, crabmeat, chicken *à la* Kiev, which carries a layer of hot melted butter under the crust and explodes when bitten into, usually over the tie. Agents reported to Rokotov frequently as he ate, some having flown in from distant parts of the country. Flying in the Soviet Union is an act which takes more than money. It involves red tape, waiting lists, permits, bureaucratic curiosity. For a Rokotov agent, everybody standing in the way of a flight had to be fixed—and Rokotov did the fixing. Innocent-appearing telegrams, which were really coded messages, were delivered to him. He might get up as many as a score of times in the course of an evening to make telephone calls. All his business was done on pay phones.

After dinner everyone customarily repaired to the Faibishenko apartment for wild orgies. Russian girls are starved for sex, among other things. There is simply nowhere to make love. Most of their boy friends live in cramped apartments with parents and grandparents. They have no cars. They would be arrested if they tried to book into hotels. Many girls hang around the expensive international hotels hoping to join the company of foreign journalists, resident businessmen, and diplomats, because these are entitled to privileged accommodation. But this is dangerous on both sides, because the apartment buildings in which the foreigners live are segregated, for their kind only, and are kept under day-and-night watch by policemen stationed in sentry boxes by the entrances. A girl can make a visit once or twice, but then it becomes increasingly risky.

I've known several bachelor correspondents who were slung out of the Soviet Union for their relationships with Russian girls. The consequences to the girls for such shenanigans are far worse. They can be summarily deported from Moscow for five to ten years. To Moscow girls the thought of leaving the cosmopolitanism of the capital for the wilderness of Siberia or the Virgin Lands is too horrible to contemplate. For their sins they risk this fate—but they risk it in fear. When Rokotov was arranging matters, however, the worry disappeared. No one watched Rokotov. The watchers were in his pay.

So girls arrived at the King's proxy apartment in swarms—pretty girls, the kind that are not supposed to exist in Moscow but do. Some of the parties that took place had an almost Dostoevskian grandeur about them. One story I was told concerned a girl in the Rokotov set who had ambitions to be a ballet dancer —as what Russian girl doesn't? During the course of a party, while Soviet champagne and vodka flowed, she went into Rokotov's bedroom, rifled his drawers, bags, and clothes, and removed the sum of $20,000 in rubles. Returning to the roisterers, she ignored the necking couples and disengaged one of Rokotov's social friends, the kind he cultivated for knowing the right people in Moscow.

She explained to this man her plan, what he could do for her, and the deal she was prepared to offer. The next day they approached a member of the directorate of the Bolshoi Theater, and money changed hands. After a perfunctory test, the girl joined the ensemble of the Bolshoi ballet.

That story wasn't typical, of course, but it was indicative of Rokotov's secret impact on Moscow youth. The reverberations of the image he set up even had a backlash among the youngsters and teachers of Komsomol, the Communist youth organization. Its members are the good young Communists who believe what they are told, who will inform a stranger fresh from London—this happened to me —that conditions in Britain's capital are terrible, that food is rationed, the people are poor, and beggars roam the alleys. They don't drink, and they take part loyally in anti-God campaigns. In the developing Rokotov era Stalin had been dead only a few years. When the Komsomol leaders, young men and girls in their late teens and mid-20's, learned of Khrushchev's denunciation of Stalin in 1956, they reacted with a horror that can scarcely be exaggerated. They dutifully denounced "the cult of personality," but in their hearts they pined for the old Stalin blinders. They hated the new freedom, tiny as it is by our standards, which Khrushchev was forcing on them, because it compelled them to think.

The *Stilyagi,* drawing their inspiration from what I might coin as Rokotovism, offered them the chance they sought for vengeance against the new order. Cases were reported where the Komsomols seized these kids and symbolically slit the seams of their narrow trousers. There were rape and incest symbols, too. Girls were grabbed and the lipstick wiped off their lips. Old-line fathers scrubbed the faces of their daughters.

But they were fighting a losing battle. Young Muscovites liked the image of life as they saw it through the pages of *Paris-Match, The New Yorker* and *L'Europeo,* and they wanted more of it.

The sweet life of Yan Rokotov continued for nearly four and a half years, during which he grossed several million dollars. Although he never ceased to live dangerously, he was so successful that he graduated to belief in the rule of lucre followed by the American robber barons

of three generations ago: money can buy anything.

It is a precept that tends to be fatal, as history shows. In Rokotov's case, trouble approached from an unexpected quarter. Comrade Edlits, Nadezhda's husband, had been bought long before. Now discontent with the pay off set in; he wanted more. Rokotov, irritated, told the man to get lost, and Edlits did—right into the headquarters of the Moscow militia. The time was February, 1961.

Rokotov should have bewared the Ides of March. On that first day of the fatal month, as his green Volga rolled down Gorky Street, he did not know it would be for the last time with him at the wheel. Dapper though his clothes were, he needed a haircut—as usual. At the National Hotel, taking out his leather case, he glanced at his Swiss watch as though he had an appointment, and entered the warmth of the lobby. And then, when the three plainclothesmen surrounded him and said, "Y. M. Rokotov?" the reign of the King was over. The luck of the League of Lucky Gentlemen had run out.

The police took the keys of his apartment and raided it. More than a million dollars were found in a dozen currencies. Nadezhda's home was raided next, and another huge cache was discovered—over $700,000.

The inevitable trial took place behind closed doors a few months later, in July. It was, I have learned, an embracing affair. Rokotov, Faibishenko, Nadezhda and Nadezhda's husband, with five others, were the principal defendants. The Western press was barred, which meant that only such details as suited the régime would be published. In *Pravda* and *Izvestia* the story was given an unprecedented spread.

These papers played it as a morality tale. They described Rokotov and his minions wallowing in a sink of filth and degradation, mouths drooling over disgusting orgies while vodka flowed like a wild river and jazz records throbbed. They compared the scene to the serene dedicated lives of Soviet youth singing patriotic songs, too happy serving the State to waste thoughts on silly stuff like money and sex. It is not inconceivable, however, that some readers of these accounts in far-off Krasnoyarsk, Magnitogorsk and Chelyabinsk may have had a fleeting wish that some of the filth and degradation had rubbed off on them.

The trial was conducted in good old time-dishonored Communist tradition. Everybody pleaded guilty, naturally, and expressed remorse. Rokotov, if *Pravda* is to be believed (which, of course, it isn't), declared, "I have thought my life over. It was an ugly life, useless to myself and to everyone else. I have never had any peace of mind. I always had to go on making money. I am very sorry about this, and I rely on the humanity of our People's Courts."

It was a dubious humanity to rely on, to say the least. Rokotov was sentenced to 20 years in prison; Faibishenko and Nadezhda drew 15 years each. Nadezhda's husband was freed without sentence, presumably because he turned state's evidence.

A week or two after the trial, however, the Supreme Court of the Soviet Union introduced capital punishment by decree. Although Rokotov and his gang had already been sentenced and begun serving their terms, it seemed a good idea to the public prosecutor to try the decree out on them, just to see how it worked. He appealed the prison sentences, asking for the death penalty instead. The court agreed, and on July 27 Rokotov and Faibishenko went before a firing squad.

Thus the Soviet Union deprived itself of the services of a man who might have enriched a society not so enmeshed as it is in a 19th-century ethic, which experience has shown simply does not work. In the final accounting, Rokotov's enterprise contributed several millions of dollars in desperately needed hard currency to the Soviet economy. If he had not been found out, he would have contributed more.

The savage sentences imposed on Rokotov and Faibishenko were presumably intended as a warning to other naughty young Russians who might get the idea that it would be nice to make money instead of staying at the factory lathe. I wondered, when I read the news reports, whether the warning would be properly effective. I was not in Moscow at the time of the Rokotov revelations, and when I did arrive, some months later, it was with a question. I left the Metropole Hotel, on a fine, cold day, for a stroll through Sverdlovsk Square. I was in overcoat and scarf, bareheaded. A gaunt young man detached himself from the great, gray moving mass of humanity.

"Sir!" he said softly, walking by my side. "American? *Français? Deutsch?* Do you have anything to sell? Shoes? Suits? Are you with your wife? Nylons? Dresses? Anything? *Anything?*"

I laughed. My question was answered.

Since the end of Rokotov, the Soviet newspapers have periodically burst out into ever more angry exposés. There have been outraged stories of a Moscow syndicate which used mental patients in a therapy ward to make knitted goods for the black market, of a clandestine lipstick factory which grossed the staggering sum of a million dollars, of a team of wool thieves which commuted back and forth between Moscow and Vladivostok—about as far in the Soviet Union as one can travel. As recently as last August the authorities made public the almost unbelievable story of a 73-year-old Odessa man who had been conducting a flourishing trade in gems, gold and currency without detection ever since the Bolshevik Revolution in 1917. One diamond found in his home was worth nearly $100,000; other stones he had hidden in the stove, tin cans, and even in the graves of his mother and his wife.

All this, of course, concerns only material things. As for matters of the flesh, on April 6, 1963, the New York *Herald Tribune* ran a headline, MOSCOW: THE SHAME OF A CITY, over a dispatch from its correspondent there. The story described how two young men, both of "well-to-do" families and one the son of a prominent woman medical specialist, had raped or seduced 36 girls, 11 of them teen-agers, and later blackmailed them into more sex by showing them compromising photographs of themselves. The two men were sentenced to death, of course, but it takes a lot of killing, as the Communists may some day learn, to change man's basic drives.

Human nature is stronger than Communist doctrine, silk feels better against the skin than sackcloth. The spirit of Rokotov lives on. The King is dead. Long live the Kings. —**Geoffrey Bocca**

TRUE

"There doesn't seem to be any psychological factor involved—you're just a lousy driver."

DANGER: THE ANTIVIVISECTIONISTS RISE AGAIN

[*Continued from page* 38]

cure for cancer would have to stop work. Research on heart disease, arthritis, gastric ulcers, the common cold and a host of other problems that plague humanity would slow down or grind to a halt. Thousands would suffer and die who might otherwise be saved. The U.S. man-in-space program, already behind schedule, would be all but paralyzed.

I want to tell you about the neo-AV's, what they want and how they hope to get it. But first let me tell you about myself. Regular readers of TRUE will recognize me as a conservationist and a friend of all animals. I've studied animals of all kinds, kept them as pets, nursed them when they were sick, done my best to protect them from wanton or pointless killing. I've even befriended creatures nobody else likes—skunks, snakes, tarantulas. I hate to see any creature suffer or die. But I keep this all in its proper perspective. I don't like to see human beings suffer or die either. And if a doctor tells me he can learn something about cancer by working with dogs or rabbits or mice, I'll help him get all the animals he wants.

But the AV's will stand in his way. To keep him from doing what he needs to do they'll use all the weapons they can grab: distortion of the truth, hysteria, wild accusations. They'll call him a sadist. They'll stop at nothing to keep him and his desperately needed animals apart.

Take a typical case. In September, 1962, a Congressional subcommittee held hearings on HR1937 and HR3556, two nearly identical neo-AV bills that would weigh down experimenters on animals with restrictions and immobilize them in a fantastic tangle of red tape. Of the neo-AV's who appeared as witnesses, more than a dozen referred to a single "instrument of animal torture," as one of them called it. This was the so-called "Blalock Press," a device rigged up by the late Dr. Alfred Blalock of Johns Hopkins Hospital in the course of studying wound shock. The press produces shock symptoms in dogs by squeezing the muscles in their hind legs.

The neo-AV's at the hearings made much of the Blalock Press. They showed pictures of it. They asked the subcommittee chairman, Rep. Kenneth Roberts of Alabama, how he'd like to have *his* legs put in it. They wept and bellowed. And they carefully ignored three monumentally important points:

Point one: the dogs were anesthetized before being put in the press. So it's highly imaginative to say they were "tortured." Nor did the press "crush" their legs, as the neo-AV's dramatically put it. In Doctor Blalock's experiments, and in similar shock studies by Dr. Walter Root and Dr. Magnus Gregersen of Columbia University, the injury was carefully limited to a bruising of the muscles. No bones were broken. "The injury was not severe enough to break the skin," report Doctors Root and Gregersen.

Point two: contrary to the impression conveyed by the neo-AV's, the Blalock Press is not used every day in labs all over the country to torture thousands of animals. It was part of an emergency program during World War II and has, in fact, hardly been used since. Among those at the 1962 hearings was Dr. Carl Pfeiffer, former president of the American Society for Pharmacological and Experimental Therapeutics, who listened morosely to all the Blalock Press horror tales told by neo-AV's. He looked at pictures of the device flashed by a neo-AV named Fred Myers, former executive director of the Humane Society of the United States. Then Doctor Pfeiffer got up to speak. Said he drily: "I have just seen for the first time in my life what the previous speaker called 'a common piece of laboratory equipment.' "

Point three—and most important: the studies of Doctors Blalock, Root and Gregersen have saved tens of thousands of human lives. In World War I, shock was probably the biggest cause of death in the front lines. Nobody knew what shock really was or how to treat it. Doctors could only describe the symptoms: a man with an otherwise non-fatal injury would turn pale and clammy; his blood pressure would drop alarmingly; his pulse rate would rise; he would lapse into a deepening stupor and finally, inexplicably, die. The dog studies enabled doctors to explore the body mechanism that causes this strange condition. Essentially, they found, what happens is that blood is lost from the circulation, apparently draining out of the veins and arteries to flood the tissues of the injured area. The indicated treatment: a massive and immediate blood transfusion.

In World War I, before this discovery was made, combat death rates were staggeringly high. Of all wounded U.S. soldiers who lived to reach medical aid, 8.3 percent died—predominantly of infections and shock. In World War II, doctors knew more about shock and also about infections (also a result of animal research). Despite the development of new weapons with greater kill power, only 4.4 percent of the U.S. wounded died in that war. And in the Korean War the figure was down to about 2 percent.

To gain this huge boon for humanity not more than 500 dogs went through leg-bruising experiments. Yet the Blalock Press has become a major item of neo-AV propaganda—a device with its limited degree of use grossly exaggerated and its immensely important medical results minimized or ignored.

This is the neo-AV way. We'll look at some more neo-AV propaganda later, but first let's look at the neo-AV's themselves. Who are they? What motivates them to press this weird, sentimental and frightening crusade?

The word "vivisection," strictly defined, means "to cut up alive." Some AV's do define it that strictly, but most use the word freely to mean all forms of scientific experimentation with animals—even experiments in which the animals may simply be used to test a theory about diet or a vitamin pill and may live no differently from ordinary pets. Antivivisectionists have talked themselves into the generalization that all scientific labs are evil places populated by nasty people who, at

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best, don't care about the suffering of animals and, at worst, enjoy it.

The AV's are not swayed by the argument that animal experimentation saves human lives and prevents human suffering. Tetanus (lockjaw) was 95 percent fatal during World War I, but there were only five American deaths from it in World War II—a result of research work with animals. Early this century 30,000 Americans a year died from diphtheria, but today the rate is a bare 150—thanks to lab animals. Smallpox vaccine was developed through research on calves, rabbits, guinea pigs and mice. Insulin was developed through work with dogs and rabbits. Penicillin was tested on rabbits and mice. But none of this interests the AV's. Present these arguments to them and they'll always say, flatly; "Yes, but all these benefits could have been developed *without* using animals." They don't know just how, but they're sure scientists could have figured out ways if they'd tried.

What it really boils down to is a philosophical question: are human beings more important than animals? The AV's obviously don't think so. In 1949 Senator Margaret Chase Smith sent a questionnaire to several AV societies. She asked, among other things, "Are dogs or children more important?" Of the people who answered, 67 percent said, "Equally important." Asked, "Would you permit the vivisection of a dog to save the life of a child?" four-fifths of the AV's said, "No."

This is a pretty weird philosophy. To test your own essential reaction to it, imagine a highway situation. You're rolling along at 50 mph. You round a bend and see a boy standing at the side of the road, trying to call back his dog who has wandered onto the highway. You can't stop in time. Do you keep going and hit the dog? Or swerve and hit the boy?

As much as a man might love dogs, he'd have to be out of his mind to vote against the boy in this grim election. Yet this in essence is the way most AV's vote. They don't think human life is valuable enough to warrant animal experimentation—even where there is a clear numerical advantage as in the case of the wound shock studies, where a few hundred dogs saved tens of thousands of men.

The majority of AV society members are women, often widowed or divorced, often with money and time on their hands. They're sentimental about animals. They're likely to project their own emotions into pets they keep and to assume those pets have human motivations. A sportsman may love his hunting dog, but he doesn't bathe the dog every day, perfume him, feed him *petits fours* or put a raincoat on him in stormy weather. He knows the dog doesn't mind smelling like a dog, doesn't mind rough weather and likes horsemeat. He also knows, when he stops to think about it, that what would be unpleasant for him might not trouble the dog at all. He doesn't assume that all animals in all scientific laboratories are unhappy.

A Connecticut lady member of the National Anti-Vivisection Society, to illustrate the point, got up before a women's club last year and bemoaned the fate of some rabbits at Yale University. The rabbits were being used in a series of dietary studies. They were being fed various foods and, when they reached old age, cut open under anesthesia for observation of certain internal organs. "How would you like it," wept the lady AV, "kept in a pen, waiting for the knife?"

Well, this was pretty silly. Obviously a human being wouldn't like it. The human would know what was coming and would of course be under the stress of fear. Moreover a human being, having a large and active brain, couldn't take the restricted life of a pen. None of this is true of rabbits. The evidence is that the Yale rabbits were quite content. But the Connecticut lady assumed they were human and was sure they were miserable.

There was another odd twist to this same lady's thought processes—a twist that ought to be mentioned here since it is prevalent among other lady AV's. All the while she was weeping for the poor laboratory animals, there lay draped over her chair a mink coat. She didn't want to see animals used in scientific research that could benefit humanity, but it was quite all right with her if half a hundred minks died to adorn her rather unornamental body.

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Women such as this belong to and pour money into the hundred-odd anti-vivisection societies that lurk about the U.S. Among the more prominent are the National Anti-Vivisection Society, the National Catholic Society for Animal Welfare (which has no official connection with the Catholic church), and the Humane Society of the United States. Such fanatic groups aren't to be confused—but often try to be—with cool-headed, sensible outfits like the American Humane Association and the ASPCA which have nothing against vivisection and are in business only to protect animals from wanton cruelty, neglect and needless suffering.

The AV societies in some cases are run by men and women just like the rank-and-file membership—people whose thinking is rendered foggy by an overdose of sentimentality. But in other cases the neo-AV leaders are people who have seen that an emotion-charged crusade such as this, heavily populated by women with too much money, is a fine field in which to pick up some income. For example, take Clarence E. Richard, managing director of the National Anti-Vivisection Society.

Richard was a theatrical publicity man back in 1929 when he chanced to learn that a wealthy old lady named Mrs. Jeanie McCredie Matile was trying to push an AV bill through the Illinois legislature. He went to see her, said he thought he could get the bill passed and allowed it might cost $3,000. Mrs. Matile promptly wrote him a check. From that moment on, Richard became deeply interested in the AV movement.

He started the NAVS, rounded up new contributing members, and by 1954 had voted himself a salary of $18,000 a year plus $14,000 traveling expenses, bought a Cadillac and moved into Chicago's swank Lake Shore Club. He was doing fine until 1955 when John S. Gutknecht, Illinois State Attorney, had him arrested and his books seized. Said Gutknecht bluntly: "This is a one-man organization —Richard." Richard had been keeping a secret bank account in the name of NAVS and over the years he had used it to deposit checks made to the society. This account wasn't listed in the society's audit books. Richard had been drawing money out of it for his own private use. At the trial, the balance in this secret account was computed at $19,398.74.

Richard pleaded guilty. He explained he'd had heavy medical expenses. He'd undergone an operation for collapse of one of his lungs. And the glorious paradox behind it all was that this operation had been made possible only by research work on dogs. When somebody at the trial asked him how an ardent antivivisectionist such as he could in conscience submit to this operation, Richard had a simple answer. Said he: "I wanted to live."

Richard was sentenced to five years in the clink, but the sentence was suspended on condition that he pay back $6,000 of NAVS' money. He still holds his lucrative job as managing director of the society. And in the leadership of the neo-AV movement there are other men and women with similar past histories.

It would be over-optimistic to expect strict honesty out of the movement in any case. There is too much emotion drifting around. When the arguments for a cause arise from any basis but cool logic, there is bound to be a good deal of exaggeration and even outright lying.

For example, back in 1949 a socially prominent Baltimore lady named Mary Shearer started a campaign to keep dogs from being shipped to research labs in the city. To push the campaign, local AV groups took radio time and broadcast a speech by one Dr. E. M. Perdue, "director of Johnson's Pathological Laboratory, largest cancer research laboratory in America." Doctor Perdue went through all the usual AV arguments to the effect that it isn't really necessary to use animals in scientific research. Coming from such a big man of science, the arguments sounded convincing to radio listeners. What most of them didn't know was that Doctor Perdue had received his doctorate from an obscure institution called the Eclectic Medical University, none of whose graduates had ever been licensed to practice medicine, and had once been banned from the mails for selling a fake venereal disease cure. "Johnson's Pathological Laboratory" was, in fact, a mail-order house.

For other examples, glance through a

few neo-AV statements about specific animal experiments. Most AV societies publish newsletters, magazines, pamphlets and other propaganda material in which they round up horror tales from the laboratories. These horror tales are usually gleaned from scientific journals, and the facts are distorted to improve the horror.

For instance, the Humane Society of the United States (HSUS) published a booklet called "Proof of Cruelty in Laboratories." One horror story said: "University of Mississippi experimenters immersed 30 rats in nearly boiling water, then divided the animals into three groups, of which one group received no anesthesia or treatment." This was gleaned from a scientist's paper in a 1959 issue of *Surgical Forum,* a respected medical journal. The real facts of the case are, first, that all the rats were anesthetized with ether before the experiment. Second, they weren't "immersed," but were only scalded on a 1½-centimeter spot on the back. Third, the experiment produced useful knowledge about the use of a drug called heparin in treating burns.

In another case the well-known writer and critic Cleveland Amory, an ardent neo-AV and one of the directors of HSUS, reported in a national magazine that dogs had been deliberately starved to death by scientists at Creighton University in Nebraska. To get the facts straight I went to Dr. Richard L. Egan, dean of the Creighton medical school. He told me the experiment in question was designed to learn about changes in the body when certain diets are given after a period of fasting. "The dogs were always fed after a period of fasting," said Doctor Egan, "for this was the *whole purpose* of the experiment. You may quote me as saying no dogs were starved to death."

The neo-AV's don't limit their propaganda to macabre descriptions of gore and death. One of their favorite complaints is that laboratory animals are ill-housed and poorly cared for while awaiting or recovering from experimentation. Mrs. Christine Stevens, president of the Animal Welfare Institute, gave a typical neo-AV picture of laboratory life at the 1962 Congressional hearings. "Our inspections reveal great cruelty, callousness and neglect in laboratory after laboratory throughout our nation," she said. She went on to tell about animals wallowing in their own filth in cages too small to let them stand up, animals with open sores that hadn't been treated, dogs cowering and whimpering, weak from disease and lack of exercise.

The truth of the matter is that lab animals live no worse and no better as a group than pets or animals in zoos. If you wanted to make a case against the keeping of pets, you could find people who mistreat their house animals. If you were anti-zoo, you could round up stories of neglect. There are bad apples in every barrel. But there's no evidence to support the neo-AV view that lab scientists have some kind of built-in professional characteristic that makes them meaner to animals than anybody else.

"In the first place," says a spokesman for the National Institutes of Health at Bethesda, Maryland, "you've got to realize that many of the larger animals we get —dogs, cats—are former pets whose owners have abandoned them. A dog may lose an eye, for instance. His owner doesn't want him any more because he's ugly. He gets turned over to the ASPCA or a dog catcher finds him skulking around the city streets. Eventually we get him. By this time he may be in pretty sorry shape. Then along comes an AV. 'Oh, look at that poor old dog,' says the AV. 'He only has one eye. Oh, you brutes.' Actually, we're nursing the dog back to health."

And in the second place, as a National Institutes of Health pamphlet points out: "Healthy, happy, well-nourished animals are needed for research. They must be free of disease or the studies involving them may be of no value." In other words, good care of lab animals is not only a matter of being humane but also one of scientific necessity.

For example, take a tour through the medical research lab at the University of Illinois. This building houses most of the animals used in research by the university's various colleges. I've seen hospitals where human patients lived less well. The entire building is air-conditioned and humidity controlled. In addition to scientists who come in to work with the animals, the building has a permanent staff of 25, including a veterinarian, nurse and trained animal caretakers. Cages are cleaned every day and animals such as pigs and goats get fresh straw bedding three times a week. The operating rooms and surgical scrub-up rooms are kept meticulously clean and sterile. Doctors performing operations wear rubber gloves, face masks and sterile gowns—and, in fact, observe all the rules of surgery that would apply to a human patient.

Nor is this an isolated case of good animal care. Scientists themselves have formed self-policing organizations to make sure the standards of lab animal care stay high. There's the Animal Care Panel, for instance, whose membership includes research directors, doctors, veterinarians, animal dealers and feed and cage suppliers. In many institutions there's an Animal House Committee that supervises laboratory animal care. I talked to Dr. I. S. Ravdin, former chairman of the Animal House Committee and now vice-president for medical affairs of the University of Pennsylvania.

"Our members made it a policy to allow any accredited person to inspect any laboratory at a moment's notice," he told me. "The ASPCA inspects laboratories regularly." So do AV's. Doctor Ravdin told of a visit by Mrs. Christine Stevens

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of the Animal Welfare Institute. "I showed her around the lab myself. She talked to two veterinarians and found they were using a handbook on animal care she'd written herself. She was very favorably impressed, had no criticisms and left congratulating us. Shortly afterwards she issued a public statement denouncing the laboratory and claiming we were badly mistreating the animals."

Mrs. Stevens is in favor of the bills that have been floating around Congress aimed at restricting lab use of animals. Paradoxically, other neo-AV's are against these same bills because the bills don't go far enough. "Vivisection is a wrong and a crime in itself," says Owen B. Hunt, president of the American Anti-Vivisection Society. He wants a law passed that would ban outright all animal experimentation. He fears some of the current bills would hurt his cause by giving vivisection some kind of legal recognition.

Actually he needn't worry. The bills would almost have the effect of a ban. Take S533, for example, introduced in the last Congress by Senators Joseph Clark of Pennsylvania, Maurine Neuberger of Oregon and Stephen Young of Ohio. "Be it enacted," says the bill, ". . . that living vertebrate animals shall be used only when no other feasible and satisfactory methods can be used. . ." It would be almost impossible for a scientist to prove that "other feasible and satisfactory methods" don't exist in each particular case. S533 also requires so much extra and useless record keeping, form filling and report submitting that scientists using animals would be hopelessly swamped with paperwork.

"Actually, much of the neo-AV push is a big noise about nothing," says Ralph Rohweder, executive secretary of the National Society for Medical Research, an outfit set up by doctors largely to combat the AV propaganda. "About 90 percent of research animals don't undergo any surgical procedure at all, but are only used to test diets or drugs. All the same, a bill such as HR1937, if passed into law, could do a huge amount of damage to scientific work in America."

He cites the case of Great Britain, which since 1876 has had laws somewhat like S533. The great Canadian researcher Dr. Frederick Banting, discoverer of insulin as a treatment for diabetes, could not have obtained dogs for his experiments in Great Britain as he did from the municipal dog pound in Toronto, Ontario.

Lord Adrian, Nobel Laureate in medicine and Master of Trinity College at Cambridge, England, wrote a letter in 1961 to a colleague at the University of Minnesota, Dr. Maurice Visscher.

"We have certainly been a good deal behind other countries in work on the central nervous system in the past 30 years," the noted British scientist wrote. He explained that the British AV law forbids researchers to use stray dogs or cats from public pounds, so scientists have to rely on an expensive and often cumbersome system under which animals are supplied by specially licensed dealers. And he complained about the requirement—echoed in HR1937 and HR3556—that a scientist get a government okay each time he starts any new project involving animals. "I feel that state regulation . . . has made us rather unenterprising," he said. "When there is some doubt whether a particular kind of research or class of experiment needs special certificates, etc., my own tendency has been to give up the idea and stick to what I know to be allowable."

The neo-AV's have tried to manufacture an argument that medical research in England is actually as advanced and imaginative as anywhere else which it clearly is not, as most British doctors sadly admit. For instance, a recent AV publication states: "While American experimenters were working with animals to develop the blue-baby operation (an operation for cyanosis, a common birth defect in which the blood doesn't get enough oxygen from the lungs), a Doctor Brock in England almost simultaneously worked out another technique by non-vivisectional means. His technique is simpler and of more lasting value."

This sounds convincing until you go to the trouble of checking the facts. Then, like most AV arguments, it turns out to be pure hogwash. I went to see one of the American pioneers of the blue-baby operation, Dr. Helen Taussig of Johns Hopkins Hospital. Doctor Taussig has been a favorite target of neo-AV's, who have harried her not only with public sneers at her blue-baby work but also with personal insults and smear tactics of the worst kind. She is a pleasant middle-aged woman with an ordinary, straightforward fondness for animals. She has a cat and three dogs of her own.

"Doctor Brock never thought it possible to operate on any blue children until Doctor Blalock and I performed our operation," she told me. (This is the same Doctor Blalock who invented the notorious "Press.") "When Doctor Blalock first went over to England to meet Doctor Brock, Doctor Brock knew nothing about cardiac surgery of cyanotic children. It was only as a result of our work that he decided to experiment."

It is true that Doctor Brock developed a different operating technique after studying the American doctors' method. But the British method could be used only on older children. And now the British method has been almost abandoned, while Doctors Taussig's and Blalock's operation is in use all over the world.

The neo-AV's will continue to tell such distorted stories in support of their sentimental, harebrained philosophy. In fact the indications are that neo-AV propaganda will grow steadily more intense over the coming years. You'll hear it on radio and TV. You'll read more pro-AV articles in national publications like Cleveland Amory's recent bleat in the *Saturday Evening Post*. (The *Post* editors later published an editorial in which they said that, while they respected Amory's right to use their pages as a rostrum, they couldn't agree with what he'd said. But

"Those of you who intend to join us in the business world would do well to remember one important fact; you are no longer bound by the honor system."

the damage had been done. The propaganda had been spread.) The neo-AV's are growing more powerful, more wealthy, more successful in working their way before TV cameras and up to microphones and onto the printed page.

And they're growing more competent, more smoothly professional as lobbyists in Washington. That is the focal point of their current attack and that is where we'll have to defeat them. Grab a piece of paper right now, write to your congressman and tell him why you think he ought to slap down any neo-AV bill that drifts past him. Maybe you aren't the letter-writing kind, but look at it this way: that letter could save your life.

For some day, some year, if the rest of us sit around and do nothing, one of those neo-AV bills could pass into law. Maybe it will be one of the milder bills. Maybe it will be a severely restrictive one or even an outright ban on animal experimentation. Either way, medical research will be hurt. Progress will slow down or, in some areas, stop entirely.

You can't tell what may lie in your medical future. Destiny may have you scheduled for a rendezvous with a certain doctor, a man who right now is studying a certain disease or a certain type of injury. He may be hot on the trail of something useful—a new drug, a new operation. Will he be ready when you need him?

All this is speculation, of course. But it's no more speculative than the thinking behind your purchase of life insurance or hospital insurance. We all face disease and accident. And there's one element of this speculation that can be stated as positive fact. This hypothetical doctor of yours, the man who is developing a cure that you may one day need: he won't be ready if he's forced to stop work.

—Daniel P. Mannix

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[*Continued from page* 44]

of screwballs bothering me about it."

I had been living in Mazatlán, which is along the lower east coast of the Gulf of California, while working on a book. Earl and Perry I had met at a café where we all ate breakfast during the sweltering months of the tropical summer, then at its worst. They brought me up to see the historic old hacienda, and not until we got there, and Beth suddenly made up her mind to take us in as partners, had they known about the treasure.

It would be up to Earl to finance the operation—if there was an operation. "A million and a half!" Earl said slowly. "I know where we can get a pump, no questions asked. We can haul it up in the Jeep, after dark. The three of us can handle it."

"Rocky kept a one-inch stream of water going for two days and nights," Beth warned. "He never lowered that water level by a hair's breadth."

Perry shook his head. "I know the pump Earl means, and it throws a hell of a lot more than a one-inch stream," he said. "I'd like to see an independent scintillator report first. Not that I don't believe you, but. . . ."

"Rocky used a $1,500 instrument," Beth pointed out. "If you can make a liar out of it, be my guest."

"I can borrow a scintillator, and I think I can run it well enough for this," I said.

Two weeks earlier, a Mexican friend had asked me to assemble a scintillator he had just bought. I had never heard the word used before, and I knew so little about electronics that it was all I could do to tune a push-button radio. "But the instructions are in English," said my friend, "and you can read them. That's more than I can do."

Somewhat to my own amazement, I had got the device assembled. Putting on the earphones, I snapped the switch and began walking through my friend's yard. I found I could locate water lines instantly, and when he buried some Mexican coins for a test, I found them, too. We had spent most of the day burying bits of iron, copper, aluminum, gold and silver, learning to locate and identify them with the device.

"Bring it up," Beth invited me. "Just make sure you don't arouse anybody's suspicion. The servants know the old story about the gold, and they've been spooky since Rocky's death."

"So are you," said Earl. "Calm down."

"You bet I am. Look—let me show you something."

She eased us out of the room, closed the door and locked the padlock. Leading the way, she brought us through the big, sprawling, U-shaped building that, 200 years ago, had been a distinguished social center for the Spanish aristocrats, a working ranch house, and a blockhouse that could be defended against Indians as well as the eternal revolutionaries. The front of the house, which was the base of the U, contained what had been the formal drawing room and a smaller family sitting room. Beth stopped in the paved part of the patio, just outside the old drawing room.

"Here's where I took a shot at the thief who tried to steal Rocky's scintillator," she said. "I found his blood right here. And there on the wall—those smudges are powder-smoke marks, almost a hundred years old. When the family was driven out, the servants stayed behind. That's where the revolutionaries crucified a father, mother and three children, trying to make them tell where the gold was hidden. When they couldn't—or wouldn't—the rebels covered them with gunpowder and touched a match to them."

We had coffee with Beth and talked over the proposition. The hacienda lies some 1,000 miles southeast of Los Angeles, near the border of the Mexican states of Sinaloa and Durango. At 3,100 feet it's above the jungle, but still well below the cool highlands. The house and the surrounding village lie on a shelf along a steep mountainside. The place is best reached from Mazatlán, but it's no joyride. A good pickup truck can get

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almost there in half a day, but you still have four hours left by muleback or an hour and a half by Jeep.

Listening to the flocks of parakeets that went shrieking through the tree tops, it was easy to believe that any minute a gang of raiders could burst out of the timber, as they had a century ago. Everybody around here had gold then, because it was gold country. It still is. Standard equipment on every rancho, in the old days, had been a hiding place where the family treasure could be quickly concealed. Even the church had a secret tunnel for hiding its sacramental vessels.

"All right, we'll tackle it," Earl decided. "We'll be back in a day or two, and we'll bring both the pump and the scintillator."

We were in Mazatlán by nightfall. Earl rented a compact, high-delivery 4-inch pump run by a diesel engine, and 200 feet of noncollapsible hose to serve as intake and outfall. My Mexican friend was delighted to lend me his scintillator. We returned to the hacienda three days later, keeping the pump under wraps.

Beth gave our borrowed scintillator an amused smile as she led us in, swinging her key ring. This was a toy, she said, compared to the one her husband had used.

The room with the hole in the floor was the last one in the left wing of the building. We went through the family sitting room, then through a room that was a sort of men's den in the old days. Behind it had been the office of the ranch. The kitchen, dining room and bedrooms were all in the other wing of the U.

Every room had its separate patio door, *except* the one behind the office—the one with the hole in the floor. "This is where they used to store guns, tools, saddles and harness," Beth said, as she unlocked the room. "There was a bathroom here with a concrete floor when I bought the place. Rocky was practicing with the new scintillator and traced out the steel reinforcing rods in the concrete."

"How did he locate the gold?" Earl asked.

"He picked up a strange squeal at the same time. It sounded like gold, but the interference from the stronger signal of the steel rods made it impossible to get a good analysis." The tears came suddenly to her eyes. "I wish he had never found it! He'd still be here if he hadn't."

Rocky had known the treasure legend. He chalked off a square made by the signal of intersecting reinforcing rods, and chiseled out a hole exactly one meter (3.28 feet) across. He began digging. Twenty inches down he uncovered a curious, dome-shaped structure of brick masonry. More digging revealed that it stood about 30 inches high, covering a square opening. The bricks had been kiln-fired, and by their shape and size appeared to date back to long before the French occupation of Mexico in the 1860's.

Rocky managed to remove the dome without losing any of the bricks into the opening, although in his growing excitement he almost fell in himself. As the light struck down, for the first time in—how long?—and he saw the water, it seemed apparent that he had uncovered a well. Its shape immediately intrigued him. Why square?

But he forgot this minor puzzle when he turned the scintillator on over the hole. The telltale "gold squeal" came in strong and clear. He rigged a tripod and tackle and lowered himself into the hole, carrying the scintillator and a sounding line. His line hit bottom just where ours had found it—10 feet below the surface of the water, 30 below the concrete floor.

When, just above the water, he turned the instrument on again, he knew there was no mistake. Given the distance from the scintillator and the strength of the signal, you can compute—roughly, anyway—the mass of the metal reflecting the electronic signal.

Rocky's computations showed that there was over 2,700 pounds of gold there on the bottom—a million and a half dollars, and only 10 feet away!

During the next few months he spent every cent they had on pumps, but made no headway against the water. He flew to Los Angeles to hire divers, but when they heard it was a *square* well, they refused to have anything to do with it. "Too risky," each said. "On a round well, the external pressures of the soil force the brick closer together. The keystone effect, it's called. A square one can cave any second—and if this one is that old, it's overdue."

Rocky bought diving equipment and, despite a heart defect, resolved to go down himself. But he was a nervous wreck by then, and he talked so incoherently to the Mexican customs officials at Nogales that they refused to let him bring the diving suit into the country. He came home defeated, to find that Beth had had to shoot it out with someone trying to steal their scintillator.

She had heard a noise in the old drawing room. She snatched up a flashlight and a double-barreled .410 shotgun, but the moment she opened the door someone took a shot at her with a pistol. The bullet missed by a foot. She dropped to her knee and let go with one barrel of the .410.

Four more shots were fired at her, one of them burning the sleeve of her flannel pajamas, but she got off the other barrel of the .410 as the thief headed for the patio. While she was reloading, she heard him scrambling up a tree and over the rear wall. The scintillator lay in the patio where he had dropped it. There were a few sprinkles of blood, so she knew she had at least stung him with the little shotgun.

Rocky collapsed and took to his bed when he heard of his wife's ordeal. But a week or so later she came home to find him dressed and feeling better. "I think if I took a little walk to work up an appetite, I'd feel a hundred percent again," he said.

Those were the last words she ever heard him speak. He went through the patio to the back gate, heading toward the mountains and away from the village. No trace of him has been found since. It was not until the day after his disappearance that Beth found the scintillator was missing, too.

No one saw him take it, but this does not mean he did not. Was he killed for it? Was it stolen later, after his disappearance? Were the two connected? Or did Rocky simply wander away, weak and irrational, to die of hunger, exposure or snake bite? And if he did not take the scintillator, who did, and when?

Earl broke the spell of the story. "Where's the tripod Rocky used?" he asked. "Let's lower Reese and the scintillator into the well, and see what reading he gets."

I looked down into the hole. The water suddenly looked a thousand feet away. "It's getting pretty dark," I said.

"You couldn't tell much about it in this light."

"It'll be just as dark down there tomorrow morning," Earl pointed out, "and you're the only one who can run that thing."

There was no way out. The tripod Rocky had used was made of peeled poles. They were aged ebony, heavy as iron, but no more than two inches in diameter. Rocky's tackle consisted of frayed one-inch rope and ancient wooden blocks turning on bronze spindles. I suppose it was as safe as Earl said it was, but to me the whole outfit looked like a museum piece.

Perry tied a bowline loop in the end of the line. I put both feet in it, and then he lashed a smaller line around my waist to the heavier line of the tackle. He suspended the flashlight from my neck with a cord. I clutched the scintillator in my left arm, letting the receiver box rest on my toes. When I had put on the headset, they swung me out over the old square well.

Down I went, the hardwood pulleys squealing on their worn shafts. At first I kept the flashlight playing on the walls of the well, but that was nervous work. The mossy old bricks were about 9 inches long, and the mortar between them was crumbling away. There was not a bulge in them anywhere, yet the deeper I was lowered, turning with the rope as it stretched, the more intensely I could sense the accumulated pressures of a century behind those grim walls.

"I'm there. Steady away!" I called, when my feet were within a foot of the water level.

I leaned back as far as my line would let me, turned on my flashlight, and snapped the scintillator switch. Right then I would have bet you any amount of money that I was the biggest fool ever to go on such an idiotic errand. I forgot what little I knew about running the scintillator. Earl, leaning over the hole, kept yelling instructions. His voice boomed and echoed down the well, setting up vibrations I was sure would send the brick walls roaring down on me.

The one danger we had all forgotten —foul air, or "mine-damp," at the bottom of the well—was not there, and the venerable bricks remained in place. Suddenly into my ears came a strong, high-pitched squeal. I had barely turned the switch on, and it was the lowest power range. Yet the signal was so loud it was deafening!

The scintillator had two power ranges. When I turned the "high" on, I thought the noise would knock the earphones off my head.

"Getting anything?" Earl shouted.

"Yes, but it's so strong it runs clear off the dial," I said. "I have no idea how to analyze it. At the minimum power range, the indicator goes clear over onto the pin at the top."

Perry leaned over the hole, too. "Cut out one of the batteries. Just yank the blue wire loose," he called. "See if you get anything that way."

I did as he suggested, and the squeal modulated to where I could memorize readings on both high and low range. I called to them to haul me up. The blocks began complaining again, and again I twisted on the end of the line, looking all four brick walls in the eye and hoping they'd stay put until I got out.

Nothing has ever looked better to me than the solid concrete I stepped onto at the top. "It's within the wave length of gold, all right," I said. "I know that much, but that's all. If it's gold, it's a lot more than this outfit was designed to analyze, and it's a lot closer."

"I've still got the instruction book for the one Rocky used," said Beth. "It's full of tables. Maybe you can figure out something with it."

She brought the book. I looked through it, but it meant nothing to me. Earl, however, is a mathematical wizard. He found a way to correlate the calibrations of the two instruments. He trusted his own figures, and they came uncannily close to the computations Rocky had made, using the more complex scintillator.

Thirty feet below us, with only 10 feet of water covering it, lay $1,500,000—2,700 pounds of gold!

When it was dark we lugged the pump in and started it. It threw a four-inch stream halfway across the patio, quickly flooding it. We had to shut down and dig ditches to drain the outfall into the cobblestone street, where it ran down to the creek that bisected the town.

It was midnight before we were rigged to run steadily. Beth went to bed, but the three of us only napped on sacks in the old hacienda office, with the diesel throbbing away. At daylight we measured the water level again.

It had fallen six inches, but we had shut down the pump to measure. And even as we stood there, it rose to the old level.

All four of us, I think, got our first feeling of defeat then, yet we did not give up. We ran the pump for 50 hours continuously. Meanwhile, the edge of a tropical hurricane hit the coast, and we got its backlash in the form of a six-hour rainstorm. Earl said it rained three inches an hour, and as an old hand in the tropics, he ought to know. Anyway, when we finally shut the pump down, we found that the water level in the well had *risen* almost a foot.

"This is not the way," Earl declared. "We've got to think of something else."

For a month and a half we shopped for pumps. One big enough to do the job was simply not available in Mexico —at least not without inspiring embarrassing questions—and as for importing one, it was impossible under Mexican customs laws. We inspected grapples, and when we could find none that looked promising, Earl paid an engineer $200 to design one. It cost another $90 to build, and $50 to rig it with quarter-inch steel cables. It worked fine when we tested it in the bay at Mazatlán but in the well it brought up nothing.

Then Perry flew to La Paz to fish, and there met a young diver who impressed him deeply. Perry did not tell him enough to give away the secret of the treasure, but the diver said he would try almost anything if there was money in it. Perry came back and discussed with the rest of us the idea of using the man.

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Beth was reluctant to take anyone else in, but she did consent to having the diver brought to Mazatlán, for a face-to-face talk.

She was convinced the moment she met the diver, who to me was the most incredible part of the whole weird treasure hunt. José was only 23, yet he had five children. He was small, wiry and boyish-looking, despite the big bartender's mustache he wore. He kept his head shaved clean. And except that he favored the beatnik jive lingo, he spoke pretty good English.

"I tell you about divers," he said. "Us cats don't live too long anyhow. Like you go down there, and like something happens, and like wow, you catch the Queen of Spades! But in 10 feet of water, I go down with only a clothespin over my nose, see what I mean? My share of three-quarters of a million, like that's real bread, man!"

We loaded his gear, which Perry said dated back at least to World War I, into the Jeep, and covered it with a tarp. When we got to the hacienda, Beth gave all the servants the rest of the day off. Again we worked all night, by the glare of José's two gasoline lanterns. He rigged his own equipment, taking his time and now and then stopping to stare thoughtfully down into the well.

I don't think he liked that *square* well either, now that he had seen it, but he lowered his flexible ladder into it anyway. It was made of hardwood rungs, woven by his own hands through nylon ropes. He secured it to the wall and went down the first time without his helmet, wearing just swimming shorts and carrying a flashlight.

He said nothing when he came up, but I had been down there myself, and I knew how he felt about those old bricks. Nevertheless, he had Perry hoist the old helmet on over his head and stand by to tend his air hoses, which were brand-new. I think he suspected what he was going to find, since when he went down he took our sounding line with him, as well as his underwater lamp.

We leaned over the hole to watch. He climbed steadily down the swaying ladder and into the water, carrying the lamp hooked over his left forearm. The water closed over his head, but we could still see the glow of the lamp. Behind us the gasoline lanterns hissed loudly, and Beth smoked one cigarette after another.

"Twenty-six minutes," Perry murmured, as José's helmet suddenly emerged from the water.

Perry hauled strongly on the helmet line, helping José up. The diver was panting hard by the time he reached the top. He sat down on the edge of the hole, his feet dangling, and let Perry and me lift off the helmet.

"It ain't so good, like," he said.

Beth's face became livid. "I don't believe you!" she cried, pushing Earl aside to confront José across the hole in the concrete. "There's gold down there—I know it! You're lying! You just want a bigger share, that's all, or you think you'll come back and get all of it."

"Oh, the gold is probably there," José agreed, "but it's a long way down. What you thought was the bottom of the well was a wooden platform. Like it's probably ebony, to last so long, and used to be like six inches thick. But most of it has rotted through. That's what your line sat on—a couple of timbers, or what's left of them. I ran out 220 feet of line before I hit bottom."

The four of us just stared at him, none of us understanding. "A platform?" Beth repeated. "Why would there be a platform there, in a well?"

"Like to catch the treasure when they had to hide it," José said. "Even the servants could help do that, and who would know it didn't go clear to the bottom? How many had to know about the platform? Probably only the father and son, and their father and grandfather and great-grandfather before them.

"You know what I think? I think the gold laid there on the platform until the timbers rotted, and then it fell. Now it's in 230 feet of water, and probably 10 feet of muck. There's no diver in the world would go down into that. If he did, he'd never come out, like."

All of Beth's fatigue caught up with her at once. She sat down, covered her face with her hands, and tried not to cry. "A million and a half," she sobbed. "One million, five hundred thousand bucks, and I can lean over and spit on it but I can't get at it!"

Earl got out his pencil and scribbled some figures on the concrete floor.

"Only it's not just a million and a half, Beth," he said. "The farther away the gold is, the greater the mass must be to produce the same strength of signal. What we thought was under 10 feet of water is under 230. Let's see what that comes to . . . . Beth, there's 15,000 pounds of gold down there—more than eight and a half million dollars!"

We brought José back to Mazatlán. Earl, Perry and I returned to the hacienda several times, and did some thinking. Then Earl laid it on the line. He would have had to finance any further attempt to raise the treasure, and he refused to spend another dime on it. He told us why.

"The secret of this thing has been staring us in the face from the beginning. Rocky noticed it, too, but he was just like us. He was burning with gold fever, and he wouldn't have recognized the truth if it had hit him in the face with its bushy tail."

"What truth?" Perry and I demanded.

TRUE

"No Doz?

"Why a *square* well?" Earl went on. "Even the ancient Egyptians knew the keystone principle. What fool would dig a square well anywhere—and why dig one that deep, where your water level is usually no more than 40 or 50 feet down?

"That never was a well! That's a hardrock mine shaft, that's what it is! Look, if there wasn't hardrock behind those bricks, they would have caved in a century ago. What we found was a gold mine. The reason the scintillator came on so strong is that there's gold all through the quartz behind the bricks."

"I don't get it," I said.

"Look—in those days, hiding your mine was as important as finding it in the first place," Earl explained patiently. "A hundred years ago, the Indians around here were practically slaves of the old Spanish families. Probably this family found the mine first, and built the house over it to hide it. Not many Indian laborers could work in that shaft at a time, and these were probably privileged individuals, the pick of the tribes.

"The treasure was 'lost' about 1868, we're told, but remember—the hacienda is 200 years old. It wouldn't be any problem to drive a shaft that deep in a century, and labor was free, keep in mind. I don't think there's more than a little streaky gold in that rock. You try mining it at the cost of labor today.

"Also, what about the water? Some of the world's best gold mines have been given up because they flooded. I think this one flooded *after* the family was driven out in 1868. And you talk about treasure—10,000 dollars' worth of gold was a fortune in those days. To give you an idea of values, most of this land was sold for about 20 cents per hectare, in this century. That's 8 cents an acre."

He shrugged. "We had our fun and a run for our money. Now let's write it off, because all you've got is a mine of low-grade ore, flooded by water."

And so we walked away. But Perry and I went back several times, once carrying a surveyor's transit. Perry worked out the elevations. He thinks a shaft could be bored from the bank of the creek that runs through the village, to drain the old mine. We both believe that Earl is right about the shaft's being a mine. It was a mine when it was dug, and became a well only after ground water on a fairly high level burst through and flooded it.

According to Perry's calculations, a drainage shaft would have to be driven some 350 feet, most of it probably through hard rock, with a rise in elevation of 25 feet. He estimates that such a shaft would cost at least $40,000—more if we ran into bad luck and more water. If Earl is right and we hit only marginal ore, it would be money thrown away.

Moreover, the tough Mexican laws make it almost impossible for aliens to mine. All mineral rights belong to the government, and a man willing to risk the front-end investment could never become more than a permittee, dangling on the end of a percentage with the threat of expropriation always hanging over his head.

And yet. . . .

On our last trip up to the old hacienda, Perry and I spent a day and a half hiking around the 60 acres that Beth owns. Not far from the house we came upon the ruins of what appear to have been six circular structures. The smallest was 38 feet in diameter and must have been at least that high. The largest was 45 feet across.

The ancient bricks had all been hauled away, to be put to other uses, but we could still trace the foundations. We dug down into all of them, and found ashes and charcoal only a foot below the surface. These deposits were no less than five feet deep in the larger ruins, which apparently had been built at a later date, and up to seven feet deep in the smaller, older ones.

"Charcoal kilns!" Perry exclaimed. "They could turn out a ton of charcoal a day here, if they had to. It would take a hundred woodcutters and a hundred ox teams to keep these ovens supplied. The farther they had to go for timber, the more help it would take.

"What did they need with so much charcoal, if they weren't smelting gold—lots of gold? Let's look for their smelters and their slag pile."

We never found the slag pile, but we think we know what became of it. There were indications that a fairly deep canyon once lay north of the house. It's no more than a gully now, but in it we found more old brick shards and more charcoal and ashes.

Standing there on the slope above the hacienda, we could visualize the scene a hundred years ago. Timber easily replenishes itself in the tropics in a hundred years, yet there was not a single hardwood tree within miles—and this is hardwood country. What an empire it had been, before the faster-growing softwood trees took root among the stumps, after the family had been driven away.

The early owners had no idea how many thousands of hectares of land they held, or how many horses, oxen and range cattle ran on it. Nor did they care—not while they had the mine. Governments rose and fell, but until 1868 this family empire stood firmly, rooted in gold. I think the old lady who brought her daughters back in 1875, and who did not die until 1904, knew more about the family than any of us could deduce from later evidence. I think she was right in betting everything—land and all—on the gold her husband and son had hidden only too successfully.

The scintillators were right, too. I'm convinced that the gold is there—15,000 pounds of it, $8,500,000 worth—if only you can get it out. —John Reese

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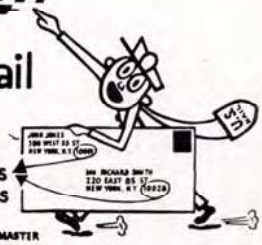

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THE MOST UNFORGETTABLE SONOFABITCH I EVER KNEW

[*Continued from page* 35]

war. He told me once that a Yankee bullet had shaved off his mustache clean as a whistle, and that he had a hell of a time growing another one through the scar tissue. He also told me that the Confederate food was so bad that for days he hung around a well the Yankees used, hoping to get captured. Eventually a Yankee patrol captured Grandpa; he surrendered without firing a shot—and enjoyed his first full meal in two years.

When Grandpa retired, he devoted himself to whisky and the fiddle. He made the fiddle himself and taught himself to play it. The reason Grandpa fancied the fiddle was that a man could play it sitting down, and by switching his pipe to the outboard corner of his mouth, he could smoke and play at the same time. He could play *Pop, Goes the Weasel* and *Ol' Zip Coon* prettier than anybody I ever heard.

Grandpa chewed tobacco while he smoked, and although he spat accurately when sober, along about suppertime he was apt to fire high or wide. This tendency bleached a white furrow in his red beard, and decorated the vicinity of the fireplace in a manner that suggested modern painting.

Grandpa's room always smelled different from the rest of the house. It smelled like fat pine and tobacco juice and pipe smoke and whisky and dirty old man. If I was a good boy and brought him up an armful of kindling—his back had a tendency to devil him—he would go to the closet and take a little nip and then he would sit down and play *Listen to the Mockingbird,* patting his foot in time to the wheezy melody. Then he would tell me about the war. Grandpa was the only Confederate veteran I ever met who did not live in a state of permanent indignation. He had a sneaking admiration for the Yankees. They were realists, and Grandpa, first and foremost, front and center, was a realist.

Hanson Kelly Ruark was a peculiar kind of cusser. He had a way of corrupting his adjectives so that they conformed to propriety without sacrificing vehemence. He said "dod-rot" and "dod-limb" more powerfully than another man could rip off a good goddam. Only once that I know of did he lapse, and that was because he was annoyed with his wife, Miss Ca'line—and if I ever knew a woman it was easy to be annoyed with, Miss Ca'line was it.

Grandpa and Miss Ca'line had the whole top floor of our house—bedrooms, living room, kitchen, and all—so that it was just like a private apartment. But the stairwell was a sounding board, and you could hear everything that went on topside. (We later leased that floor to four nurses, and I matured very suddenly without benefit of birds and bees.)

Anyhow, the old man was sick and it was taking twice as much whisky to drive off the pain and he had stumbled and fallen into the fireplace the night before and cut his head and he was feeling pretty low. We had a bridge party going downstairs, and I was permitted to stay up and eat some mints and shine around among the guests.

It was about 10 p.m. There was a sudden lull in the card table chatter and we could hear the old man get up and drag himself from his room and down the hall, headed for the john. Then we heard Miss Ca'line's querulous voice asking in a peculiarly nasty way, "Hanson, where *are* you going?"

"I am going to—," Grandpa said, loud and clear, and told her exactly what he was going to do. I have never seen a bridge party fold up faster.

When Grandpa died, he had a clean record of never having used a telephone.

"Never talk to nobody you can't look in the eye," he would say. "Wouldn't have one in the house, if it was my house."

One of the reasons Grandpa hated telephones so was that he was a great enemy of monopolies. Just as there was no such thing as a good telephone or a good automobile, there was no such thing as a good monopoly. Grandpa fretted about what would happen if, for example, one concern got hold of all the charred kegs and all the grain and all the bottles in the world.

He purely despised the Tide Water Power Company, which supplied light and water and transportation to our town. He hated the Tide Water for the same reason he hated the Bell Telephone Company. Just as you couldn't pick up the receiver and get a number for a cent less than the going price of a nickel through a competitor, you couldn't stir up a rival streetcar to take you downtown. This kept Grandpa boiling mad.

Telephones, Grandpa said, made people lazy. They encouraged a lot of confounded chitterchatter when a man would be better off walking 'round the corner to do his business in person. Telephones were the agents of slothful women, who spent all their time gabbling into a transmitter when they should have been cooking in the kitchen or having babies. Grandpa didn't like women, either, probably because of his long exposure to Miss Ca'line. He felt that women were a monopoly, like the T.W.P. Company, and resented the fact that baby production was confined exclusively to their guild.

I do not want you to get the wrong impression about my Grandpa. He did not quit work because he was either sick or untalented. It was just that he regarded labor as debasing and an interference with his esthetic life.

Grandpa dearly loved to do four things. He loved to play the fiddle. He loved to drink whisky. He loved to set and think and spit into the fire. But best of all he loved to be left alone by my grandmother.

Miss Ca'line was a driving woman, and if there was any kind of woman Grandpa disliked more than an ordinary woman, it was a driving woman. Miss Ca'line had no appreciation of the arts. She greatly admired money. Grandpa's obliviousness of the need to produce money kept her in a sizzling rage. If it had not been for Grandpa's pension, Miss Ca'line would have been even more intolerant of

TRUE

"Can you stay late tonight? I really have to get off some letters."

Grandpa. She nattered at him all the time; she was a lady who would have been head trustee, president of the board, and chairman of the merger, if there had been something in her life which needed a trustee or a chairman or a president. She was mad, I guess, because she never had been those things. All she had to run was Grandpa, and Grandpa was pretty hard to run. He lacked ambition.

Miss Ca'line was sort of overall fat and she had a tight mouth and a fondness for black bombazine and she didn't like my mother, because my mother had married her Rosebud. Because Grandma wasn't able to administer the lives of anybody except Grandpa, she gave the old fellow a rough time. They may have liked each other once—the children looked like both of them—but the liking had ceased somewhere in the past, before Grandpa quit work.

Grandma was the reason why Grandpa liked to keep us home. If Miss Ca'line had nobody to talk to, why, then, she would talk to Grandpa. This upset his digestion, and his digestion was very delicate. Grandma said it was the chewing tobacco and the whisky made it that way, but Grandpa said it was Miss Ca'line's heavy hand with the grease in the skillet.

He frowned on all modes of transportation. Called them gallivanting. Gallivanting, to Grandpa, embraced anything connected with setting foot in an auto, riding a train or getting aboard a boat. He dismissed airplanes as ridiculous. He even objected to my bicycle. It had wheels.

The old man's objection to locomotion was basic. His feet hurt. His operating range was short. In the morning he took a walk to Cox's store, a distance of one block. There he would converse briefly on the frailty of the nation and buy a plug of tobacco. Twice a week he met his bootlegger there. After picking up a gallon jug of white corn—Grandpa's palate deteriorated in his later years—he would walk home again and not stir from the house until dusk.

In the cool of the evening he would stroll down to the cowlot and pigpen, a round trip of less than a thousand yards. He liked pigs and cows because they stayed put. He hated my billygoat, because Billy's appetite for Ford fenders and tin cans stamped him as more machine than animal.

But, as I was saying, Grandpa believed people should stay home. If there was a story in the papers about a grisly auto accident, Grandpa read it aloud and was almost jovial for a week. If there was a train wreck, he rolled the news unctuously on his tongue. When the *Titanic* went down, it was a personal achievement for Grandpa.

Grandpa believed, passionately, that if enough planes fell out of the skies and enough cars crashed into culverts, if enough trains ran off the track and enough ships rammed icebergs, one day the human race would decide that movement was perilous. Eventually, he figured, this trend would extend to my mother and father, and they would quit gallivanting all the way to Wrightsville Beach, a distance of eight miles.

My Grandpa was pretty bitter because he just knew the world was never going to see things his way. He sensed that we were living in, at best, an unstable age. He died before the '29 depression hit full force, but he had predicted bad times for years. Grandpa would have loved the atom. He would have thought that it was the perfect fate for a gallivanting, lallygagging bunch of flit-brains who didn't have sense enough to hold still.

One evening before he died, he was walking down to the cowlot, lost in reverie and moonshine, when spontaneous combustion in his coat pocket touched off a box of matches. Before Grandpa decided that what he smelled burning was Grandpa, he had lost half a coat and a hip pocket, not to mention a few square inches of skin. After that Grandpa lit his pipe with a straw plucked from a broom.

"I never heard of a dod-limbed broomstraw exploding and setting fire to a man when he ain't looking," Grandpa said, dismissing science for all time.

In his fading years, Grandpa became a legend among the Negroes—a legend that expanded visibly after his death. One night in 1929, Grandpa's ghost came back, red beard and all. Grandpa's ghost used to walk to the cowpen and back every night, puffing at an intangible pipe, spitting ectoplasmic tobacco juice, and muttering a spectral "dod-limb-it" when he saw the state of disrepair into which the truck garden had fallen through the negligence of Jake Kelly, the hired man. I know that Grandpa's ghost came back, because Jake saw him, and that night the cow went unmilked. "I just couldn't milk no cow," Jake said, "with the old man lookin' over my shoulder."

When Grandpa's ghost wearied of walking to the cowlot, it would walk to Cox's store. I know this is true, too, because Lil, the cook, said she was always running into a breath of warm air. "When you feels that sudden rush of air," Lil said, "you just knows that there is a hant around." In later years Grandpa's ghost got tired of walking and moved back into the house. Lil quit.

We all knew it when he moved in. We could hear the floors creak at his appointed hours of movement. The fireplace had been cleaned until it was as sanitary as a surgeon's gown, but from time to time you could get an unmistakable whiff of tobacco juice and whisky. On real special nights, when a storm was brewing and the planes were grounded, the nurses upstairs complained of hearing faint, squeaky fiddle sounds.

We lost that house in the depression, and some unpleasant people moved in. Grandpa was dead and Miss Ca'line was dead and Jake was gone and so was I and so were the folks, and Grandpa didn't like the new tenants. The cowlot became overgrown with jimsonweed and the grape arbor went to hell and the pecan tree was inbred and the peach trees were nothing but gummy ooze and wormy, twisted fruit.

So one night the house just burned down. There was a whiff of warm air before the fire broke out. It was started, I understand, with a broomstraw.

Grandpa's ghost never would have unbent so far as to use a match.

—Robert Ruark

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THE SLAMMER BAGS A BIG TUSKER

[*Continued from page* 43]

compliment: "I've never had a client who was a better shot."

But at that stage of the safari, after two frustrating days of tracking the gray ghosts, Sam had not even had the anticipatory chance of putting a round in the chamber, much less firing a shot. When we arrived back at camp that night and saw the cheerful glow of the cooking fire, young Jack Snead, Sam's oldest son, rushed up to the car and said, "How did it go, Dad?" One look at our crestfallen faces gave him the answer, but Sam gave him a game grin, punched him playfully on the arm and announced that he had gotten some real trophy-sized blisters. Then Sam "doctored" the sores himself, strapping huge strips of adhesive plaster right over the blisters without using gauze. "There, that'll hold me for a couple of more days," he announced. And it did. None of us saw him take the tape off the raw wounds.

"Sam is a real tough fellow," observed Bill Jenvey admiringly later that evening after Snead had gone to bed. "Usually, I worry about a client's ability to take it, particularly if he's a famous bloke. But he's in great shape for a man of his age." After that remark I told Jenvey about a conversation Sam and I had right after we had finished a luxurious dinner aboard the Pan American flight en route to Africa. Sam took a final swig of his wine (he drinks nothing stronger, doesn't smoke), patted his belly and announced that he was 15 pounds over his best playing weight of 180. "When Ah got to be 50 a coupla years ago," Sam said in his best corn pone accent, "all them chitlins and hawg fat began catchin' up with me. It don't come off so easy nowadays."

"We'll walk it off you," I assured him, never dreaming just how tough it was going to be to get that trophy elephant Sam had set his heart on.

When TRUE called Sam up and asked him if he'd like to join our hunting group of "Famous Men" (Marshal Tito, Prince Bernhardt, the Shah of Iran, Kirk Douglas, etc.) his first reaction was immediate and typically enthusiastic: "Hell, yes! When do we go?" It turned out, though, that Sam's complicated golfing commitments (Greenbrier, West Virginia, in summer, Boca Raton, Florida, in winter, plus tournaments in between) made it difficult to coincide with the best hunting seasons in Africa. However, since he passed his fiftieth birthday, the three-time Masters' winner does not hit the tournament trail with the same regularity as he did 10 years ago. A self-confessed millionaire—though he still views "revenoors" with hillbilly suspicion—Sam can well afford to take it easy. But the competitive spirit burns as brightly as ever. Since reaching 50, Sam has won the two U.S. Senior's titles he's been eligible for, and this summer he will defend his World Senior title. In addition, of course, the magic name of Snead still draws a significant part of the gallery when he appears. And he's still a challenging competitor in any tournament he enters a full decade after most of his contemporaries have hung up their golf spikes.

Though Sam had been to Africa before—he played a series of exhibitions with Bobby Locke in the 1950's—he'd never had time to pursue, while there, his second-favorite pastime: hunting. For this trip he had two stipulations: he wanted to pit his hunting skill against the biggest land animal, the elephant; and he wanted to take his 20-year-old son, Jack, along to share the fun and excitement. It meant Jack, a member of his golf team at Breakwater College, would have to miss the fall term—but Sam thought it was worth the sacrifice. It also meant that Jack, being junior, would have to cool his heels in camp until the senior Snead had bagged his big one.

Getting one big elephant on a safari is not easy. Getting two is twice as hard. That was why the Tanganyika Wildlife outfitters had flown us off in the boondocks, far from their famed Selous hunting reserve where elephant control is regarded as a sacred trust. We had licenses for one big one outside the reserve, one in it—and it was felt that we'd double our chances of success if we tried for the outside one first.

Since some of the biggest tuskers in the world are located in this area, we were virtually sworn to secrecy about its location. Suffice it to say that our hunting camp was located near the Indian Ocean somewhere between Kenya's Mombasa and Tanzania's Dar Es Salaam. We traveled through mile after mile of coastal jute plantations, then cut inland until we hit the tall foothills that bar the way to the true plains area where game really abounds. Sam and Jack were disappointed that we caught nary a sight of *any* game en route until our other hunter, John Fletcher, explained that this was tsetse fly country, inhospitable terrain for most game except elephant.

"But it's full of big bulls," said John, "and that's what we're after. We can get other game later, back in the Selous."

That first evening in camp Fletcher told us about finding this "secret" area six months ago on a scouting trip with one of his friends. Sam stopped his running-fight gin rummy game with photographer Bob Halmi long enough to listen bug-eyed as John told of getting two trophy-sized elephants in two days. Both had tusks ranging from 80 to 95 pounds. "It was almost too easy," John said.

Two nights later, after patching up his blisters, Sam mockingly said: "This is almost too hard."

And it was hard work. We'd be wakened at 4 a.m., an hour before dawn, wash down a fast breakfast of tea and toast, then bounce along in the hunting car for an hour to get to an area that

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scouts had reported the big tuskers were. From there, it was all tough work on foot, mile after mile of tracking the elusive tuskers. By 10 a.m., when we'd stop for a snack, the blazing sun overhead had rocketed the temperature to over 100 degrees. And it was humid hot, the kind that weighs and wears a man down fast. Adding to the misery of this jungle oven was the omnipresent tsetse fly, an inch-long monster whose bite leaves welts as big as his body. They were maddening and frustrating; so irritating in fact that only the most stoic natives could live and farm in the area.

But the most irritating of all were the vagrant breezes, bare whispers of wind. Time after time a two-hour stalk would be ruined by a wind shift.

To say that we covered 100 miles in the first four days would probably be an exaggeration, since that would be averaging 25 a day, including our stealthy crawling and stalking time. But when we dragged our tails into camp that nightfall, a *slimmer* Sam Snead, who happily refers to himself as "the ol' ridge runner," ruefully said: "Maaaaaan, but we just don't have huntin' like this in the Virginny Hills. Ah've been shut out on a hunting trip before—but Ah've never been *skonked* like this!"

Hunter Bill Jenvey spoke up: "Sam, I've known clients to spend a *full month* going after a big trophy bull without ever sighting one. 'Course they didn't work as hard as you blokes. . . But it takes time and luck."

Hunter John Fletcher, with a sly wink, added: "Let me tell you, Sam, how the bush pygmies get close enough to kill an elephant with a poisoned arrow. First they find some fresh *marfi*, then they spread it all over themselves so the elephant can't get their scent. . . ."

Sam grinned: "I don't want an elephant that bad, *yet*. But if you fellows keep up that talk I'm going to give you a name for this hunt that you won't like: The Marfi Safari."

Sam's a fast talker—and he had the last word, as usual, that night.

Two nights, 200 tsetse flies, two ruined stalks, 20 blisters and 50 miles later, senior hunter Bill Jenvey called a halt. "The elephants are here . . . Big ones . . . But we can't do anything unless these breezes decide to blow in one direction . . . All we're doing is spooking the hell out of every elephant around . . . I think we should break camp, give up getting two trophy elephant, get a big one for Sam and a good one for Jack . . . I know we can do it in the Selous Reserve . . . And we can have some shooting fun besides."

Jack Snead, who had been patiently awaiting his turn to hunt, was the first to shout agreement.

Hunters Jenvey and Fletcher had the unenviable task of uprooting the camp and moving it 200 miles over rough African roads to the famed Selous Reserve, which the Tanzanian government has recently opened up to hunters after more than 50 years of letting the game build up (and overgraze, in some instances).

The clients took the easy way: we flew, back to Dar Es Salaam for one blissful night of hot tubs and soft beds, then late the next day out to the tiny airstrip right beside the grave of British Capt. Frederick C. Selous, who was killed by a German sniper's bullet during World War I.

Flying in at 100 feet, we saw game galore: herds of graceful waterbuck beside a lake, with hippos wallowing in the shore mud; a batch of skitterish zebra; kongoni and wildebeest, and even a family of bewildered giraffe.

Jack was the first one to spot the herd of elephant. With a war whoop he pounded at his dad, pointing excitedly as the pilot banked closer for a better look. Sam whooped right back with a rebel yell that competed with the roar of the plane's engine. Photographer Halmi, a safari veteran who has been all over the world on the "TRUE-Hunts-With-Famous-Men" series, calmly pointed out that it was nothing but a herd of cows with *totos*, baby elephants.

Sam's enthusiasm was not dampened one whit: "If those are just cows, those bulls have gotta be around *close*, nearby."

As it turned out, Sam's biological reasoning was right. Hunters Jenvey and Fletcher had a smudge fire going to guide the pilot into the tiny airstrip—and we were gratified to find the breeze blowing steadily and firmly in one direction. That meant that the sharp-eared elephant still had to be approached stealthily, but that we at least had a fighting chance at a successful stalk without a wind shift. An elephant can scent a man a mile away, if the wind is right. And the hunters told us stories of elephants refusing to cross the smell of a man-track *48 hours old*. That long trunk for scenting and those huge ears for hearing are remarkably sharp defensive paraphernalia. Happily for us, as it turned out, elephants suffer from acute myopia—and can only see a moving figure, and then only hazily. If the wind is right, and the stalk has been still, a hunter can "freeze" if an elephant looks in his direction—and get away with it.

"There's plenty of game here, Sam," was Hunter Jenvey's cheery greeting as we scrambled out of the small plane. "We'll shoot for the pot, today, and worry about elephant tomorrow."

En route to the camp—some 10 miles from the airfield—Sam got his first shot off in Africa, precisely one week after the start of the safari. After a stalk of almost an hour—the game seemed particularly skittish—Sam belted an impala buck, hitting it shoulder high, offhand, from 100 yards—but about five inches too far forward. It was then we knew we had a sharpshooting marksman as a guest, as well as a competent woodsman. "Dinner," as we fondly named the animal, was mighty welcome, after a week of canned meat.

By then, it was after 2 o'clock in the afternoon—and we were also pretty interested in lunch. But two miles up the road, halfway between the airfield and our new camp, all thoughts of lunch were dissipated by a sight we'd traveled halfway around the world to see: a big tusker crossing the arrow-straight road about half a mile ahead of us.

Bill Jenvey slowly brought the hunting

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car to a halt, then laconically said, "Let's take a look, he seems a big one."

Fortunately the wind was dead right for a stalk and Jenvey was fairly sure that the bull had not seen or heard us. The native trackers quickly deployed from the spot where we had seen the bull cross the road into a glade of trees, a far cry from the hilly and tough terrain we'd hunted previously. It was like a leisurely walk in the woods, except for the pulse-quickening prospect of ending our near week of total frustration.

"Let's take a good, hard look before we shoot. There may be bigger ones around," whispered hunter Jenvey as we set off on the trail. But Sam's eagerness for this particular tusker was evident as he took the .458 Winchester elephant gun from the bearer, determined to carry it himself.

We moved quickly at the start, for a grazing elephant meanders a wide range, sometimes covering 30 miles a day just to keep that enormous body going. Suddenly, the lead tracker put up his hand. There, about 75 yards dead ahead, the big tusker had stopped and was lazily scratching his back against a big tree branch beside a mud hole.

He looked like a whopper.

The wind was still right, and mercifully steady right in our faces, as we crept forward for a good look. "They're big tusks, Sam, very long but a little on the thin side," was Jenvey's whispered analysis. "I think they'll go over 75-80 pounds, and they really are very long. What do you think?"

Sam's whispered reply was succinct: "Let's get him!"

With photographer Halmi backing the action, Snead and Jenvey, using trees as cover crept forward to virtual point-blank range: 25 yards. This closing of the range on an elephant stalk is traditional—and enhances the element of risk, danger and excitement. Sam could have easily clobbered the big tusker at 75 yards, when we first saw it. But, as agreed beforehand, the point-blank stalk was our object. We also agreed that, once we found a really big one, we would take no chances and hope for an even bigger one later.

The big tusker was not in a proper position for the difficult bull's-eye brain shot just in front of the ear. Rather than move and risk "winding" the bull, Sam chose to make the safer heart shot. Mortally wounded, the tusker trumpeted once, spun around, then crumpled as hunter Jenvey automatically fired the crippling leg-breaking shot in case Sam's had not been perfect. Bolting another round into the chamber, Sam quickly applied the *coup de grace* to the downed elephant's brain, then let out a rebel yell that must have scared game for miles around.

"Maaaaan, did you see him go down, just like he was pole-axed," Sam exulted when he'd caught his breath. "Wow!"

Sam's grin was a yard wide as hunter Jenvey clapped him on his broad back and said, "You got yourself a good one, Sam. Was it worth all that work?"

"You can bet on that," Sam grinned, as he posed for the trophy picture.

Later, over a very belated lunch, we all agreed that it would not have been nearly so rewarding and exciting if we had come to the Selous first, without all that hard work, and gotten the elephant on the first day. By dinner time, the boys had hacked out the tusks and feet, taking care to trim off the skin of one leg especially long so Sam can have a "trophy" golf bag, and had the tusks back in camp for weighing. They fell a shade short of Jenvey's estimate of 75 pounds, but they were an eye-popping 76 inches long, stretching five inches above Sam.

"Jack, we'll get you one tomorrow," said Sam to his son—and we did!

Sam's next target was a good buffalo trophy, and while scouting for it another bull elephant crossed the same road going in the other direction. This one had been spooked, though, and was moving fast. But Jack, who had been resting in camp most of the time when his dad was walking his legs off, was up to the chase—and four hours later, a weary Jack had bagged his tusker, too.

From then on, it was a trophy a day for Sam and his son. Sam got his big buff

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(Jack missed). Both got a warthog and kongoni (for leopard bait) and Jack got us another impala steak dinner. In the good-natured bantering between father and son, Sam would point out that his elephant tusks were bigger, but Jack always had the proper *riposte* that his warthog tusks were far bigger than Sam's. It was not a father-and-son competition, rather it was the healthy and friendly badinage of a successful safari.

And successful it was! The Snead trophy room, already well-decorated with American game and countless golf cups, now sports a fine double set of trophy tusks, an imposing African buffalo head, plus other assorted rewards that Sam and Jack will never forget. In addition, Sam owns the most unique golf bag in the world, designed to his own specifications. Made from his elephant's right rear leg, it has extra pockets and straps of tanned elephant ear. It was made for him by Jonas Bros. of Seattle.

The golf bag was not quite ready for Sam's triumphant return to competition this April when, during "Sam Snead Week" at Greensboro, North Carolina, the Sweet Swinger, just a month short of his 53rd birthday, whipped the top touring pros in a warm up for the Masters'. Sam won going away, by five strokes with superlative sub-par rounds of 68-69-68-69 to become the oldest man ever to win a P.G.A. tournament.

And this month, as a fitting climax to the safari, at the annual Father's Day banquet at New York's Waldorf Astoria Hotel, Sam and Jack Snead will get the coveted award as "Father and Son of the Year."

—Doug Kennedy

WHAT JOB FOR YOU IN 1975?

[*Continued from page* 54]

professional executive. He is, as J. C. McKeon of Westinghouse Electric calls him, "the practical egghead." According to this management training specialist, the future executive must know the sciences, understand how to deal with people, have the dollars point of view in running a business and be aware of political consequences when he makes a decision.

Largely sharing this view, business psychologist Eugene Jennings, of Michigan State University, points out that the big growing need is for men who combine knowledge of engineering or a science with serious business training. He predicts that this elite corps will enter industry with undergraduate training in a technical field and a master's degree in business administration.

I recently met one such man, a slim, blond graduate of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and Harvard Business School, who has that quiet air of authority and competence that convinces you he knows his business. On leaving college he became district manager for an office air-conditioning firm. In 10 years he also took over the franchise for a brand of factory air-conditioners. Now, barely 40 years old, he spends only half days at the office. His business is so well organized that he can retire just about any time he chooses.

The point to bear in mind is that the big executive demand is for the highly-educated but ruthlessly-realistic businessman. The era of the 16-year-old machinist's helper who, through dint of hard work and determination, became company president is rapidly drifting into the legendary past. While there will always be occasional Horatio Alger exceptions, ambition is not enough to carry you to the top. Business is too complicated and too enmeshed in our social and political life to make success that easy. Education is a necessity. Today, 99 percent of the corporate presidents are college graduates and more than 50 percent have advanced degrees.

And education no longer ends with graduate degrees. To improve the skills of top executives, many companies—IBM, U.S. Steel, Tidewater Oil, B. F. Goodrich and others—are sending them to MIT for the 10-week "Program for Senior Executives." The program costs $3,300 a man and aims to sharpen the executives' ability to innovate, to come up with new ideas.

Like 19-year-old undergraduates, these seasoned executives live at school and follow a rigid schedule. They study, read, engage in bull sessions and listen to lectures in technological subjects, political science, economics, sociology, even philosophy. If the schooling gives the executives an understanding of the various forces influencing our enonomy and some perspective on what may happen in two, five and 10 years, the companies consider it a bargain.

The back-to-school movement will involve more and more career-minded men in the years ahead, especially engineers who, aside from teachers, are the largest professional group in the nation. We employ about 950,000 engineers and the need between now and 1975 calls for another 400,000. Just being an engineer, however, is no cause for thinking you have it made. You can no longer comfortably sit back on what you learned in school. New knowledge and new problems are accumulating at fantastic speed. The threat—and an awesome one it is—is called obsolescence, and no other field is suffering so intensely from it.

Obsolescence in engineering simply means the death of the usefulness of certain knowledge. A. C. Monteith, vice president at Westinghouse Electric, estimates that half the knowledge of today's engineer will be obsolete in 10 years and, turning the coin, "half of what he will need to know in 10 years is not available to him today."

Ironically, the cause of obsolescence is success. Engineers generally work in the confines of a narrow specialty. Each time they solve a problem, they put themselves out of a job. They then have to master a new or related specialty. For example, I know an engineer employed by the military who has spent a decade trying to develop a reliable proximity fuse that will enable a shell or bomb to explode at a certain distance from the target. Some day he and his colleagues will lick the problems, and the need for proximity fuse experts will end. What will they do? They'll have to squeeze into some related specialty because they simply have not been educated to cope with the coming specialties that will involve engineering with electron optics, psychopharmacology, biology and biophysics.

The only answer to obsolescence, according to Dean Gordon S. Brown of MIT, is re-education. Industry and government will have to send their best technical people back to college periodically for advanced training.

Fairly recent engineering graduates already have noticed the quick pace of change. In 1959 Barry McElmurry was graduated from Oregon State University and joined Standard Oil of California as a research engineer. Last year McElmurry, a dark-haired, bright fellow—the kind that is tabbed "promising" by superiors—returned to school at night for a Master's in chemical engineering. He discovered that mathematics and computers had taken tremendously more important roles in engineering, and he had to do a good deal of catching up. Like the man in our picture of 1975 at the beginning of this article, McElmurry knows that for the rest of his career he will have to return to school at regular intervals to update his knowledge and sharpen his abilities.

Many run-of-the-mine engineers don't feel qualified to try to catch up and have accepted the prospect of their own technological senility. "Two years ago I decided that my time was up," said a 42-year-old engineer with a White Plains, New York, firm. "I simply didn't know the things learned by the hotshot graduates coming into the company. I transferred to sales. It's worked out fine. I like

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it and I'm making more money than I did before."

The problem of obsolescence isn't going to touch the scientists as much, and both government and private authorities agree that these specialists are going to ride a boom in status, income and demand. There'll be a crying need for many more mathematicians, physicists and astronomers than can be turned out by the universities. Moreover, our ever-growing drive to get the answer to "What is life?" will open new careers for biologists, biophysicists and biochemists. Arnold Grobman, director of the Biological Sciences Curriculum Study, a national group revamping the teaching of these subjects, anticipates increased opportunities in biological research, "including investigations in pressing medical and agricultural problems as well as fundamental questions of a more basic nature."

The decade ahead holds similar promise for chemists. People in the business see a rosy future. If you're in college or on the way to it, consider the opportunities. More chemical engineers will be needed to design and maintain plants in the highly-automated chemical and petroleum industries. Expanded research will require more chemists in plastics, drugs, paints, agriculture and medicine, as well as in missiles and spacecraft, atomic energy, pulp and paper, electronics and oceanography.

Physicians and dentists will thrive. The shortages in these fields will grow more acute and competition will be so negligible that even the inferior doctors and dentists will be able to gripe about the size of their income taxes. In proportion to the population we'll have fewer doctors available to patients in 1975 than we did in 1920. The current roster of 250,000 M.D.'s—175,000 of them in private practice—will increase by only about 2,500 a year. And we'd need 5,000 to maintain the present ratio. New drugs, new techniques and more extensive use of medical assistants, however, will enable doctors to treat more patients. By 1975, we'll be able to refer to "my doctor, the computer," because these machines will both diagnose illnesses and recommend courses of treatment.

As with doctors, the number of new dentists, about 850 a year above the present 100,000, will not match the general population growth. The dentist's income which generally is about 60 percent of a physician's, will rise as we grow progressively more teeth conscious and incomes among the lower economic groups increase.

The big rub with setting medicine or dentistry as a career goal is that there aren't enough medical and dental school seats for qualified students. It's tough to get in. Entrance to a law school is wider, and the opportunities are just as fruitful.

An important plus in selecting law as a career is the availability of night school. "I was a second mate in the merchant marine in World War II," an attorney told me. "After the war I went to work in the maritime division of an oil company. I could see pretty quickly that I needed a specialty to get any place. I went to law school at night. With a wife and a baby coming I had to keep my job. After I got my degree the company assigned me to its legal division where I specialized in shipping accidents and losses. It's an important end of the business because a ship accident can result in litigation involving hundreds of thousands and even millions of dollars. Three years ago I accepted an offer from a private law firm dealing in these same problems. Now, I expect to be named a partner in a short time."

While a quarter-million attorneys earn a living today, we'll need many more as our society grows more complicated and laws accumulate and become more spiderwebbish. A deepening trend indicates that the reputation established in the first 10 years of practice generally determines the course of your career. If, by the time you are in your mid-thirties, you don't see bright prospects with the firm or the practice, look around for a change. In the big cities, the fat incomes go to the legal specialist—tax, marine, corporation, air transportation, labor, patent, criminal. Metropolitan competition makes it tough for a young lawyer to begin a general practice. If you want to run your own office, plant yourself in a town or suburb.

Accounting was a kind of poor cousin among professions until the end of World War II, but since then it has come up fast and the future looks good. Income for accountants has jumped dramatically: 35 percent in the last five years, and the senior partners of the "Big Eight" accounting firms in New York City each earns more than $70,000 a year.

Even more important, accountants are making the big jump from keeping the books to keeping the business. Although computers in business and industry will knock out many accountants, who are little more than high-class bookkeepers, they are merely a valuable tool for the man who recognizes accounting as a means for understanding company operations. Accountants have been appointed presidents and vice presidents at Ford, Chrysler, General Motors, General Electric, TWA, IBM and scores of other companies. The profession will continue to grow in importance, says Maurice H. Stans, former director of the U.S. Bureau of the Budget, because "through the science of progressive accounting, management becomes itself manageable, and decision making bearable."

Banking, the business that deals most directly with money, will progressively drop its remaining vestiges of Wall Street dignity and gaily skip along Madison Avenue, giving away "free" stadium blankets, exhibiting paintings and spending wads of money advertising simulated alligator checkbook covers. At the same time banks will save money by replacing people with computers—the machines at Chase Manhattan Bank in New York City knocked out 1,000 jobs in a year—so the need for clerks and paper shufflers will diminish. While banking will offer good careers for lawyers, accountants, personnel chiefs, investment counselors and computer programmers, the industry, like others, will be searching most avidly for executive and managerial talent. Money and big accounts are people, and if you combine banking know-how with skill in dealing with people, you'll be in a position to choose jobs.

The same conditions generally will prevail in the insurance business. Advanced office machines and computers will gobble up clerical staffs and section chiefs, but companies will need more attorneys, actuaries, analysts and investment experts. The juiciest plums on the insurance tree, however, will be picked by the man who writes the policies. Between now and 1975 sales of life insurance are expected to increase at the rate of well over a billion dollars a year. This means rich opportunities—for the knowledgeable insurance salesman.

"Well, you were the nut who was dying to be the well-seasoned traveler!"

In fact, selling as a vocation remains a promising field for the man who enjoys people, is a good self-starter and is not easily depressed by setbacks. It's a field, too, where income parallels initiative and production. Success can only be measured by the answer to "How much did you sell last week?" And the right answer can be lucrative.

Wholesale selling, in general, offers more chances than retail for higher incomes. And the big future in selling awaits the manufacturer's salesman. As in the other professions, however, the premium payoff will go to the man with intensive training. The salesman has to know as much about his product—plastics, equipment, pharmaceuticals, motors, chemicals—as the expert who's buying it. For this reason the business is attracting a growing number of men with degrees in chemistry, engineering, optometry, agriculture and other specialties. A world-beater of a salesman, particularly in the technical fields, can make $50,000 a year.

"One of the big things about this kind of selling is that it's a stepping-stone," a sales manager for a toy company told me. "Before I was offered my job here I was selling plastics to this company. I know other manufacturers' salesmen who have become district managers, executives with advertising and market research firms and executives with companies to which they had been selling."

There won't be much big money in teaching, the biggest profession of all. The rewards will remain of the spirit, rather than the flesh. Two million men and women are full-time teachers, tens of thousands of others are on part-time status. We lack enough teachers now and the demand will grow with our growing population.

The fact has been well paraded that teachers are underpaid. But salaries are rising as more families recognize the tremendous importance of teachers and within the past few years thousands of communities have given their teachers sizable increases. Good teachers are still underpaid. The shortage, however, has made it difficult to weed out the incompetent or disinterested teacher, and these people are overpaid.

The demand for additional teachers on every level of education will be tremendous. Each year we will need another 150,000 elementary school teachers, 80,000 high school teachers and 30,000 college teachers. Generally, good teachers and good salaries go together, and the best-paying posts in the future will be found in New York and California, as they are today. Some communities in the South, where salaries and standards are lowest, may decide to compete for quality teachers and upward changes can occur in areas like Atlanta, Miami and Houston. For many years to come, the talented teacher can expect to receive offers from other communities trying to upgrade their staffs. He also will find school systems attempting to spread his abilities to a greater number of pupils via closed or open-circuit television, film and audio tape.

Government service, like teaching, can't match the salaries available in industry and business. By 1975, however, many thousands of government employees will be in the $20,000-a-year bracket. The federal government, which now employs 2,300,000 civilians, is not expected to increase its work force to any great extent, although it will need more scientists, engineers, doctors, lawyers, mathematicians, statisticians, crime investigators (FBI salaries are the highest of all law enforcement agencies), computer technicians and air traffic controllers.

Like teaching, though, government service has its special rewards. An assistant to a division chief in the Department of Health, Education and Welfare put it this way: "I came into this Department from business. I prefer this. Maybe I could make a few thousand dollars more in business, but I could never get the feeling I have here—of being involved in something big and important that affects the lives of millions of people."

The big expansion is coming in state and local governments where opportunities will open for law enforcement officers, medical technicians, social workers, psychiatric aides, sanitation administrators, recreation directors, housing and urban renewal officials, finance people and court officials.

As more people earn more money and work fewer hours, opportunities will blossom in the "culture" business. Not only will we need more teachers in all the arts, but we'll need more art businessmen, too. McNeil Lowry of the Ford Foundation states: "The Foundation believes a shortage of competent administrators is inhibiting the development of artistic groups." All levels of culture, from musical organizations to museums, are avidly searching for skilled administrators.

Similarly, careers for librarians will grow in number and importance. While we are conditioned to seeing a woman in our image of the librarian, the best and most challenging jobs are held by men. The big need now and in the future calls for men to run technical libraries in business, industry and education. Of nearly 100,000 libraries, about 15,000 already are technical, and this number will double by 1975. While only some 1,000 librarians now are in the $20,000-a-year class, the outlook for 1975 promises that income for 4,000 to 5,000 men.

The future for the professional man, then, looks good. If he keeps up with his specialty, which means never stopping the process of education, the year 1975 will give him more money and more leisure. But what about the man who didn't go to college to learn his trade—the butcher, the baker, the candlestick maker?

Prospects for men in these occupations run from bad to good. If you hold a job that required little training, like farmhand, deckhand, stevedore, assembly-line worker, warehouseman, expect trouble from automation. Service people—waiters, cab drivers, milkmen, building superintendents—are immune to automation, but the pay will relatively remain the same as today.

As the economy, in general, will have

[*Continued on page* 112]

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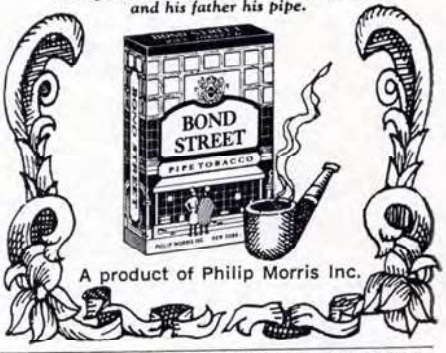
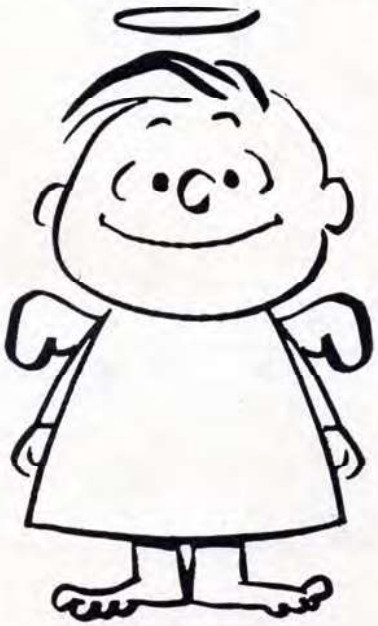


EVERY GOOD GUY



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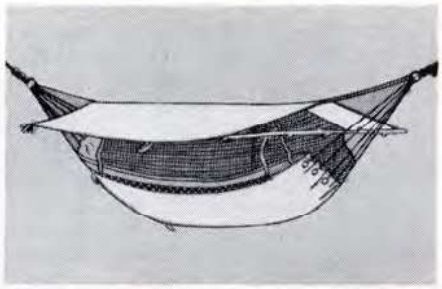

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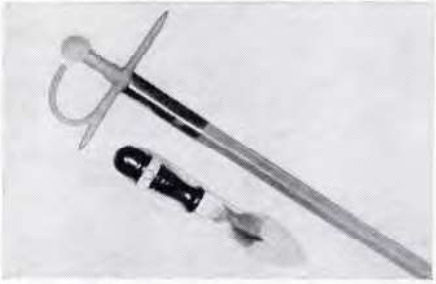

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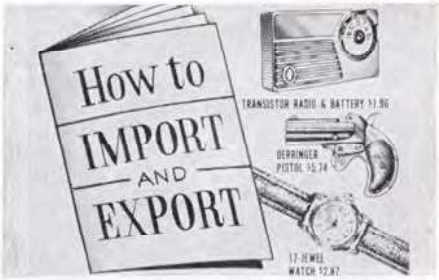

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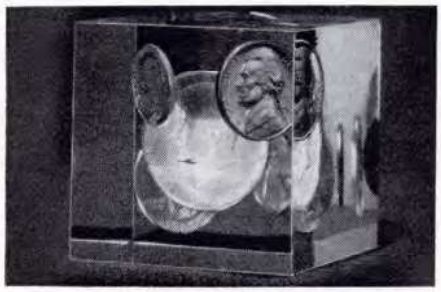

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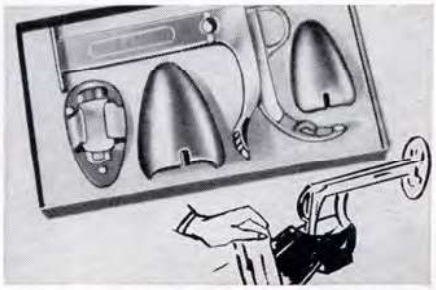

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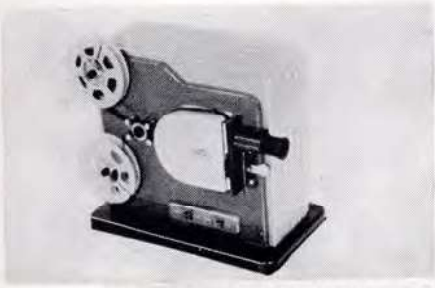

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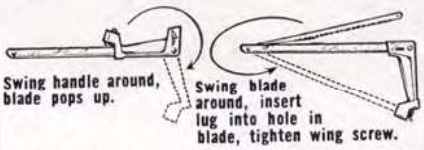

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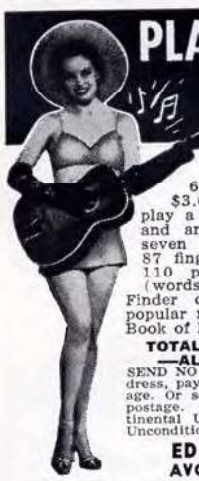

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[*Continued from page* 109]
a decreasing need for unskilled and slightly skilled men, the demand for highly skilled men will skyrocket, even if they have no college degree. The best of these jobs in 1975 will be in the technical industries. The computer field will explode with opportunities for programmers, operators, maintenance men and tape librarians. The electronics industry will need more engineering assistants, hydrogen furnace firers, mathematical assistants and other technicians.

New techniques and equipment in the communications and automation industries will open jobs for many more installation men and troubleshooters. In the highly automated chemical, petroleum, cement, paper and metals industries, the premium skills will belong to the men who participate in process control—machine overseers, instrument maintenance and repair men and engineering assistants. Jobs in the jet, spacecraft and missiles industries will increase tremendously for check-out men, laboratory and electronic technicians and missile assembly mechanics.

The construction and building industry will keep right on booming along at an increase of $2 billion a year, so prospects for masons, bricklayers, plumbers, carpenters, electricians and sheet-metal workers are good. In fact, the Department of Labor predicts that the economy will experience a shortage of these workers by 1975. At that time, the highest hourly wage will go to the men who know how to handle the new materials, like plastic pipe, corrosive-resistant metals and fire-resistant products of the kind used in today's rockets.

Good careers in 1975 are available in practically every field of activity, and it's not difficult to make sure you choose one that suits you. Personnel management will grow in importance as the labor force becomes more mobile and shortages of certain skills intensify. More physical and occupational therapists will be needed for the sick, the injured and the aged. Higher family income with more leisure opens the market for many more hotel managers, travel agents, chefs, athletic directors and sports instructors.

In this rundown on the future of jobs, stress has been put on the employee. But what does 1975 hold for the man who wants to run his own show, the guy with guts enough to want to have his own business or take a big gamble to win his future? The possibilities are good, but much depends on your personality. In every neighborhood, the customer has a choice of barbers, television repair men, plumbers and home-appliance mechanics. Therefore, the ability to get along well with people is as important as competence and reliability.

Yet, in the field of small business a remarkable change is just beginning. The signs are pointing to an upswing in income. More and more persons are rebelling against the traffic on the way to the department store and the big discount house, the crowds around counters, the difficulty in getting the attention of a salesman and the impersonality of service. Our all-time high prosperity makes such shoppers willing to pay more for the convenience and personal attention found in a neighborhood store. A stronger trend in this direction is likely, which means better prospects for the man who likes doing business and derives satisfaction from making it on his own.

Another kind of entrepreneur, the adventurer, still will be in business in 1975, but the truth is he'll have to look outside the United States for activities that will test him. The best chances lie in the underdeveloped countries, most of them in a wide strip extending 750 miles north and 750 miles south of the equator and cutting across South America, Africa and Asia.

There, thousands of Americans already are venturing into a frontier roughly comparable to our own country of a century ago. Away from the big cities, the jungle and mountain communities are loud and wide open. Modest housing and food are cheap. Decent liquor is expensive. Most marriages are common law. Arguments often are settled with a gun or a knife. Money is magic.

RETARDED CHILDREN CAN BE HELPED

Throughout these areas Americans are searching for oil, minerals, gold, precious gems. They are running cattle ranches, farms, cement factories, even small businesses.

A big problem is capital. You need money to make money. Many young Americans in places like Colombia, the Congo and Sarawak try to build up a stake by working for an American company with an office or plant there. In this way they can afford the time to learn the language and local customs. By the time they've built up a bank account they have enough friends in The Establishment and awareness of where to spread a little payola to try a fling on their own. Down in South America I ran into a former Coca-Cola missionary who put in five years promoting the soft drink in bars, restaurants and hotels. He had to order Coke with his meals and as a mixer for his drinks. He quit, switched to straight Scotch and went into a partnership on a sawmill. A small, dark, intense man, he worked like a dog for three years, but now the mill is paying off handsomely.

In whatever you decide to do, face the reality that the future belongs to the "knowledge" people, those who have developed skills through education, training and experience. The job problems of 1975 will be inherited by millions of intelligent, hardworking men who lack one thing: a skill that is in demand.

That fact that you now have a job that gives you a living is no guarantee that the job will exist in five or 10 years. Our fast changing economy is eliminating "job security." The unions will try to protect their working members, but they cannot for long perpetuate unneeded jobs or create jobs. "A job no longer is something which most people can reasonably expect to have or to perform the rest of their lives," points out Secretary of Labor W. Willard Wirtz. "In this era of accelerated change, a man's job is also the uncertain product of unpredictable but almost certain change."

There's only one answer to the problem of a threatened job. Move above it to a better job. "The direction of employment demand is clearly for workers with more education and greater skill," states the most recent Manpower Report of the President.

The means for skilling up to a better job are available. The big obstacles are apathy and ignorance of coming changes. One corporation official told me, "When we were beginning to phase out our household appliances divisions, we offered nearly 3,000 people, slated for unemployment with us, night courses for retraining. We were willing to teach them to handle better jobs. The results stunned us. Only about 20 men took advantage of our offer."

But many thousands of men are grabbing opportunities, either on their own initiative in night schools or in company programs, to improve their skill or develop new skills. Proctor and Gamble is retraining one out of every five men in its manufacturing divisions each year. Standard Oil of California is training promising men to be highly-paid refinery operators. AVCO is educating machinists to correct and adjust automated equipment. "We're in an age where a man can't afford to stop learning," AVCO's personnel manager stressed. "He should take advantage of every type of training offered him."

It pays. At the age of 17, Richard F. Pollard went to work as a page for the Chase Manhattan Bank in New York City. He knew he needed an education, however, and the bank gladly paid the tuition for seven years of night school leading to a degree. Now 31, Pollard, a dark-haired, soft-spoken man with an easy smile, is assistant treasurer and manager of the credit department at the bank.

Pollard has done what needs to be done, more or less, by all men eager for a better career and a better life in the much changed world only 10 years distant. "The best jobs of 1975 will be reached by the men who stay on the escalator moving up to these jobs," says Charles Bowen, manager of educational projects at IBM. "And you can only stay on the escalator by your willingness to change and your ability to acquire new skills. If you stay on the escalator you're going to move-right past a lot of people who stepped off." **—Joseph P. Blank**

THE MAN WITH THE RED AND GREEN EYES

[*Continued from page* 37]

combination honeymoon and therapeutic safari for her. She had been a longtime asthma sufferer and the doctors thought that the mountains of North Carolina might be helpful. For me, this meant leaving the hometown, but as I had already quit school in the eighth grade for a job as laborer on the New York Central Railroad and since I had no great passion for the academic life, I wasn't greatly disturbed.

Our vehicle was an Overland touring car, the first model of its kind equipped with wire wheels. The year was 1922. Paved roads were few and far between. The motel had not yet been born, and road signs were a rarity. Our cruising speed was somewhere between 20 and 25 miles an hour. Our average speed was somewhat less than that because we had to stop for directions every time we came to a doubtful intersection or a fork in the road.

It took us nine days to reach Washington, D. C. It seemed as though we had been on the road all our lives, but we still had hundreds of miles to go. Even in those days, Washington had tourist guides, but they were roving ones then, in Model T Fords who were always on the alert for befuddled tourists. Apparently we qualified, because one of them spotted us as soon as we hit the outskirts and offered to guide us to the national camping grounds.

My stepfather and the guide haggled a bit but they finally made a deal, and off we went, heading for the haven of the "Tincan Tourists." But the ride wasn't as simple as all that. For one thing, our guide was literally a one-armed driver. He had had his left arm shot off in World War I and he maneuvered his vehicle as though every traffic light was a German machine-gun nest which he had to obliterate by pure brute force. My stepfather had no choice. He had to follow him, running through one red light after another.

"I'll just plead ignorance of the law," he told my mother who was nervously biting her nails beside him. "Besides, half the damn things are hidden by the trees."

He was right, too. The traffic lights—among the first of their kind in the country, if not the world—were mounted on small posts alongside the street. Washington being as verdant as it is, this meant that the signals were lost in the foliage. I was tempted to ask my stepfather why the lights weren't placed in the middle of the streets or, even better, suspended from wires stretching across the streets. But the poor man was harried enough, not only by the lights and the confusing traffic circles but by the fear of losing the guide who had already been paid off.

It was a wild ride—one that all motorists still experience today when they visit the nation's capital more than 40 years later—but we made it, and it was worth it. The national campground was ideal. Not only was it beautiful—it was situated on the northern bank of the Potomac about a stone's throw from where the Jefferson Memorial is today—but it was cheap. We were able to rent a site for a dollar a day. This included not only a wooden platform, about 15 feet square and a foot off the ground, on which we could pitch our tent, but also modern community toilets and shower baths. After our long, tiring days on the road, it was like heaven. We didn't even mind the rain that started to fall almost the minute we arrived and kept on falling for five straight days.

The deluge delayed our trek to the South. In those days, a moderate rain was enough to give the motorist pause, and a continuous downpour marooned him. In addition we were told that there was road building going on across the Potomac; that a big, modern highway—18 feet wide and paved with tar—was in the process of construction. This was part of a highway system which would eventually stretch from Bangor, Maine, to Miami, Florida, and would be known as U.S. Route 1. It was a rosy picture for the motorist of the future, but we couldn't wait for the future. So when the sun came out on the morning of the sixth day, we folded our tent, tossed the cat in the car, stowed our supplies, and headed south.

We crossed the Potomac on a steel girder bridge. Below us the water was muddy and rough, but it was nothing compared to the sea of red mud that confronted us when we reached the Virginia shore. Here and there, like little islands, were groups of convicts in their black and white striped prison garb. Some were chained together, some moved about freely, but all were struggling to get the cars through and move them to more solid ground.

My mother was horrified. "We'll never make it. Let's turn back."

"We can't turn back," my stepfather said. "We've already lost five days. If we don't go on now, we may as well give up the whole trip."

"But those prisoners!" she protested.

My stepfather was patient. "They're only a road gang, dear. Besides, don't you see the guards?"

I was sure she saw the guards, whose double-barreled shotguns frightened her as much as the convicts did.

We watched silently as the men went about their work. Their only equipment was a team of horses and their own muscles and brawn. They would hook the team to the front of a car, surround the vehicle with their bodies, and, while the horses pulled, they pushed. It was pure animal and brute strength but they got that automobile through.

When our turn came and the men and horses swarmed around the car, my mother let out an involuntary scream. "God save us!" she said.

Fortunately, one of the guards sloshed his way alongside. He was a tall, powerfully built man who spoke with a reassuring drawl. "Ain't no need to be worried none, Ma'am. These here boys won't hurt you. If any of them starts actin' up, I'll just pepper 'em a little with this here shotgun."

He said it loud enough for all the "boys" to hear. They laughed as though it was a big joke. Then they put their shoulders to the wheel, sang out to the horses, and off we went.

It was a strange experience. I tried to imagine what kind of crimes these good-natured faces all around us could have committed, but, for the life of me, I couldn't come up with anything to match the chains and those black and white prison uniforms. Nor were my sisters any help, although they made some pretty wild guesses for the rest of the trip which was uneventful.

anticlimactic, and something of a disappointment to an imaginative young boy.

We moved further south after a short time, all the way to Daytona Beach. I managed to work pretty steadily. In my four years in Florida, I never ran out of a job. I worked as an electrician, bus and taxi driver, telephone switchboard repairer, private chauffeur, lineman, mechanic; in fact, anything you could think of that had to do with automobiles or electrical work. I was well on my way to becoming a jack-of-all-trades when the Florida boom burst. The land of plenty was suddenly transformed into a land of poverty. People began to say the word "job" in hushed tones, and think of food in terms of mouths to feed. Since I represented nothing but a healthy appetite, I decided to strike out on my own.

I went West; not because I was a disciple of Horace Greeley but because my mother had a distant relative in Flint, Michigan, who had promised to put me up until I could get started on my own. This was my "Aunt Myrtie" whose husband was mayor and therefore spent very little time at home. So, in order to keep herself busy, she rented out rooms to young men of "good character." For the most part these turned out to be graduates of Albion College, a small Methodist school in south-central Michigan.

These boarders represented my first close contact with college graduates, and they sharpened my appetite for formal learning. I began what was to be 20 years of part-time study that included correspondence and night schools, junior colleges, and technical institutes. They cost me a lot of time and much hard-earned money, but they were worth it even though none granted a degree.

I celebrated my 21st birthday at Aunt Myrtie's boardinghouse in 1928. I had attained manhood and was earning $27.50 a week driving a truck for a printing company. The future looked promising. Time to get married, I thought, and raise a family. I accomplished the first in September. The second took a bit longer . . . July of the following year, 1929, memorable not only for the birth of my son but because it was the year of *the* Depression.

It's one thing to read or hear about a time of crisis with millionaires becoming paupers, quite another to suffer through your own experiences as a victim of the Great Depression. The Barnes family—like millions of others throughout the country—came a cropper. My printing company failed and I was out of a job. Worse than that, there were no other jobs. The Florida boom-and-bust seemed like wanton prosperity; at least they had oranges down there.

Little by little, everything we had went: the modest house on which I couldn't keep up the payments, even the furniture, piece by piece. I was reduced to scrounging around for any job I could get: washing windows, repairing porches and screens, selling jigsaw puzzles; anything to turn up a dime or two that you could rub together for potatoes and beans and a little milk for the baby.

In 1932, I got work at the Chevrolet plant in Flint. The next five years seemed like heaven. The pay was regular, we ate, and we could depend on a roof over our heads. Then the bottom fell out again. In the spring of '37, the country experienced a "slight depression." I guess it was something like the aftermath of an earthquake, where you have one big upheaval followed by a minor convulsion. But major or minor, the result for me was the same. I was out of work again.

I busied myself around the house, hoping for the best. It came in the form of an item I read in the newspaper, one of those small, obscure paragraphs that fill up the bottom of a page: the Police Department of the City of Flint announced the retirement of its electrician, and that the Civil Service Commission was throwing open the rolls for a replacement.

Without much hope, I applied for the job. I had faith in my qualifications but not much in my luck. I wrote, in a Civil Service examination, a detailed description of my past experience—my recent electronic work at Chevrolet, my telephone switchboard and line repair jobs in Florida; in fact, everything in electricity I had done except my boyhood experience with dry-cell batteries—and put the whole thing out of my mind. But much to my surprise, the Police Department hired me.

If some fortune-teller had told me that I was taking the first step on my long way to New York City and the job of Traffic Commissioner, I wouldn't have believed it. All I could think about was that this was a job with some promise of permanence and a fair chance for three squares a day for my wife and the baby and me . . . and damn the roadblocks! Also I had a hope that this job would last until I got called back to Chevrolet.

But the roadblocks were there and in abundance, and the biggest was me. It may be that I have a one-dimensional mind, that when I'm convinced that something has to be done, I take the bull by the horns and, no matter what happens, surer than hell, one of us—the bull or me—is going to get thrown.

That's what happened in Flint and—as life proved out—was going to happen everywhere else. First off, I was sworn in as a regular member of the Police Department. This was an unexpected privilege and duty and I proceeded to take it seriously. In the first seven days of my tenure, I arrested the assistant city attorney for speeding, the chief engineer of the local telephone office for impersonating an officer, and the superintendent of the city water pumping plant for failing to remove his private car from a police parking lot.

I also went about my job as police electrician. This was somewhat less exciting than arresting public officials for traffic violations but it had its daily and unexpected challenges. First and foremost was the equipment. Police telephone lines were nailed to trees in such a manner that a mischievous boy or a strong wind made them inoperable. In some cases matchsticks had been used as official equipment to keep traffic light controls operating. The whole thing was a mess, and I spent my days patching systems together that might last a week provided it didn't rain too hard.

It didn't take me long to decide that the job was no picnic. I was the only electrician in the department so I was on call 24 hours a day, seven days a week. And my salary amounted to $133 a month. But it was better than being home on relief. More than that, I was building up a background of experience which I hoped would keep me in some future and happier existence. Some of that experience I could have lived without—like having to work in manholes that were knee-deep in sewage, or dragging the local lakes for suicides.

Two years after I joined the department, the chief decided that the City of Flint was becoming a congested area and that what we needed was one of those newfangled traffic engineers. He brought one in, and I became the engineer's assistant. I worked like a slave, but I learned a lot. So much that I realized I was finding a niche for myself.

When our traffic engineer left us in '41 for greener fields, I was catapulted into his job. For the next five years I learned the hard way—by doing things and making mistakes. My mistakes—and successes—occasionally rated a mention in syndicated news stories that got spread around the country. I found myself with something that resembled a minor national reputation. A lot of the boys on the wire desks decided I was one of those rare things . . . an individual. Even if I wasn't the genius they made me out to be, it made for good copy. I was in hopes that the publicity might do something to further my career (like an offer of a bigger job in a bigger city), but that was slow in coming.

There were fringe benefits, though. I became one of the hot numbers on the conference circuit. I was sent to Chicago for a National Safety Conference powwow, and to Washington to exchange ideas with the Director of the Office of Defense Transportation. People knew me. They had heard about me. It was a pleasant kind of surprise; something I never experienced before. But instead of making me smug, it had the opposite effect. Kept reminding of that popular song of the day: "You came a long way from St. Louis, but you still got a long way to go."

I started going in 1946 when I received a call from the mayor of Denver, Colorado. He said he was setting up a traffic bureau out there and was looking around for a director. Would I be

interested in moving to Denver and taking on the job?

"Well," I said, trying not to sound too flattered and surprised, "I don't know."

"Well, *we* know all about you, Barnes. You've got a fine reputation and your name's been suggested by people we admire and respect. . . . You know, Denver's getting to be a mighty big town: 350,000 people. Twice as big as Flint. I think you might find it very interesting."

"I don't doubt that one bit, sir."

"What do you say, then? Would you be able to fly out here for an interview?"

"Don't see why not."

"Good! Sit tight and I'll send along a letter of confirmation. Nice talking to you."

He clicked off and I put down the phone.

"Well, I'll be damned!" I said out loud, and my voice sounded as though it came from somewhere in the Rockies.

Denver and Flint were two different worlds. If a man lifted his head on a clear day in Flint, he might conceivably see the roof of the Buick Building on the horizon. The same man, on the same kind of day in Denver, had himself a vista that stretched out for 200 miles, complete with the snow-covered Rockies topped by magnificent Pikes Peak.

Aside from geography, there was a difference in the people. Flint was a typical midwest factory town. The citizens were essentially workers. To some of them tradition was a gold watch; to others, just retirement without pension after 25 years at hard labor. When you mentioned "the stars" to them, they thought you were talking about Hollywood actors and actresses. The Denver denizens, on the other hand, had something special in their blood. Even the ordinary laborers had an air of the wide-open spaces about them. Their tradition was the Old West, and they had a sense of history, both in speech and in mannerisms.

Same thing went for the "elite" in both towns. The Flint millionaires were businessmen. Their passion was automobile production, gross business and net profit. And a good percentage of them could, if need be, roll up their buttondown sleeves and take their place on the assembly lines. The Denver millionaires were of a different breed. They wouldn't dream of undoing an elegant gold or silver cuff link even if the Rockies came tumbling down. Money to them was something to be enjoyed and not chased after.

I got my first taste of this hierarchy complex when I tried to institute my first reform in the Denver traffic mess. It was my considered opinion that we could get off to a good start by designating a number of thoroughfares in the eastern section of the city as one-way streets, and I had one of the city councilmen introduce a bill to this effect. The plan was well publicized. An open hearing was to be held and those for, or against, the project were invited to attend and express their views.

At the hearing an elderly citizen pointed an accusing finger at me. "Mr. Traffic Director," he said in a high-pitched, emotion-wracked voice, "68 years ago I drove my horse and buggy west on 18th Street, and I don't need any smart-aleck traffic engineer from Michigan to tell me that I can't drive that same horse back east on that same street tonight if I want to!"

And that was all it took to snow my proposal under when a vote was taken. It turned out that the old gentleman owned half the real estate in the city.

It was my first lesson in practical Denver politics . . . and impractical Denver psychology.

My next lesson came three weeks before my first Easter in this western metropolis.

The mayor called me into his office and outlined the problem. "This is going to be your first Easter in Denver, Barnes." He stopped and laughed. "It may also be your last if we can't lick a problem we have every year."

"I'll do my best. What's the story?"

"I don't know if you know it, Barnes, but Denver is famous for its Easter morning sunrise services. Ever been up to the theater at the Park of the Red Rocks?"

"I'm afraid not, sir, but I've heard about it."

The year before, the Red Rocks Theater had attracted 50,000 worshipers for the sunrise service. Since the amphitheater has a capacity of roughly 10,000, this was like attending church in a subway car at Times Square during the rush hour. But aside from the faithful, there were the chariots of the faithful. These had numbered 20,000 plus, and the Red Rocks parking lots—even with the proverbial shoehorn—could accommodate no more than 4,400 cars. To make matters worse, Red Rocks had four access roads, but because of a late spring only three were available; the fourth was snow clogged.

What happened was utter chaos. Twelve hours after the Easter sunrise service was concluded, there were still enough people struggling to get out of the parking lots to constitute a full house for a sunset service. . . . Some three hundred cars were victims of burned-out clutches. More than a dozen others—for one reason or another—had wandered, or skidded, off the road, and ended up hanging over the steep banks. All in all, a good percentage of the faithful departed from Red Rocks with less of the Christian spirit than they had brought with them.

Aside from the blasphemies that were expounded by frustrated individuals coming down the mountain, there were the cries of official lament which rose from the throats of Denver's religious leaders and Denver's press: "Disgraceful! . . . Unbelievable! . . . Inexcusable! . . . Blasphemous! . . ."

"That's the story, Barnes," the mayor said. "This year the Easter sunrise service is your baby. Take over."

I took over, all right. But my initial reaction was that "baby" wasn't the word for it. "Mongolian idiot" would have been more in line.

"What to do?" I asked myself. The upcoming service was sure to be at least as critical as the last; if anything more so. Things always became "more so," I decided, as the years moved on. So no use hoping that, after the last experience, the worshipers would confine themselves to their own neighborhood churches and take the pressure off Red Rocks. If anything, it stood every chance of being more critical.

In this case, I decided, it was a clear-cut issue: capacity against attendance. So the first thing I did was make an announcement to the effect that attendance at the upcoming sunrise services was going to be limited. The churches and newspapers set up a loud and indignant howl. But the howl was based on a misunderstanding. I didn't care how many *people* attended the services. My limitation was concerned with the number of vehicles. I didn't care if the faithful walked, roller-skated, or snowshoed up the mountains. That was their problem. *My* problem was the number of vehicles. I suggested car pools and busses but—come hell or high water—no more than 4,500 car stickers for admittance were going to be issued to the public. The grumbling subsided. The church and newsmen agreed reluctantly. Their attitude was wait and see.

But I wasn't waiting and seeing. I had a couple of ideas up my sleeve. A little research of past sunrise services revealed that the drivers had been permitted to park head-in on the Red Rocks lots. This meant that when they started to leave, they had to make a complete U-turn in order to get out. The result was an incalculable number of dented fenders and bad tempers. I changed all that. I set up a parking system that had the driver enter his lot from the rear and drive to the front. In short, when he parked his car, he was automatically set to head for the exit.

This was only the beginning. I marshaled the mountain park police, the state police, and the county sheriff officers, and I set up a radio contact unit that would report to me not only on the flow of traffic on the roads but the capacity of each parking lot. And if one of the lots started to jam up, we could immediately shift the flow to the next entrance. If things got worse than my wildest nightmares, I would give the order to close the park and shut down the roads.

Easter morning dawned. I bundled the family—along with a thermos of hot coffee and rolls—and we headed for the hills. It was an early Easter. Snow was still on the ground and the cold was bitter. The only comfort I could take from the weather was that it might discourage some of the faithful who might decide to forego the spectacle, and worship simply in their neighborhood church at 11 o'clock services.

We arrived at the Rocks at 2:30 a.m., just to make sure. It

looked very quiet. My wife said, "Do you think anyone is going to come, Henry?"

I never thought about that possibility. Could turn into a fine kettle of fish. Suppose those uppity Denverites decided to give me the business, boycott the sunrise service? That could be almost as bad as last year . . . worse, if they blamed me for keeping them away.

But I was worrying needlessly. Just before 3:00 a.m., they started rolling in. For two and a half hours the cars and busses arrived in a steady stream. It was like a river of headlights running uphill. They were all on time . . . and so was the sun. It rose in the heavens slowly. Then the choir began. The voices and the sun swelled together until the mountains were filled with music and light that touched the peaks in all directions. It was the most beautiful sight I had ever seen, something, I imagine, like the miracle of the first Easter.

But I couldn't stay to enjoy it. I had to begin my rounds. First I checked the parking lots. All the cars were headed in the right direction, facing the exits. Then I patrolled the roads to make certain that some "flatland furriner" (the natives' favorite name for visitors) hadn't got stuck by the wayside, or halfway up the mountain. That would have meant a roadblock when the traffic started coming down again. But everything was clear. . . . Finally, I made radio contact with all my units to make sure the men were ready and waiting for the great exodus.

By the time I drove back up to the amphitheater, the services were ended and the cars were beginning to stream out. I radioed the glad tidings down along the line, even out to the main highway where the state police were supposed to shepherd the faithful safely through the last miles. . . . Then I conducted my own private Easter service, praying fervently that nothing would go haywire.

Nothing did. God must have loved me that day. The traffic flowed out of the parking lots without a hitch. Not one car or bus got stuck on the grades. Not a single vehicle went over the banks. No burned-out clutches. Not even a dented fender or—as far as I could tell—a bad case of temper.

It was a grand Easter Sunday all around. They told me later that the sermon was good, too.

But I wasn't through with Red Rocks or—more to the point—Red Rocks wasn't through with me. . . . It just sat there, waiting until summer and the outdoor concerts arrived. Then as far as the public was concerned, every concert night was Easter Sunday; especially when the Citizens Cultural Committee booked such stars as Jeanette MacDonald, Helen Traubel, Jose Iturbi, Robert Merrill, Lauritz Melchior as well as a host of other big-league talent.

My worst problem at Red Rocks occurred when the ladies of the Citizens Cultural Committee booked Jose Iturbi. He was at the peak of his career, and the ladies were so carried away that they blithely oversold the theater. With a seating capacity of 9,500, they had sold 15,000 tickets. Where to put the people was the management's problem. Mine was where to put their cars.

When the fateful night arrived, I made a ruthless but inescapable decision. When the parking lots were filled, I ordered the entrance to the Rocks closed.

Thousands of ticket-holders were shut out, and the howls of protest were so loud that it seemed the whole community of Denver was after my blood. But I had the facts and figures, and when I released them at a press conference, the heat was turned off. The ladies, I like to think, profited by their little education in the inexorable laws of mathematics and physics. I was able to go back to the more prosaic business of improving the flow of Denver's traffic to a point where the motorist could live with it. This meant realigning signal systems, marking streets with signs and directional stripes that even a blind man could see, and cooling off the hot spots with extra lights and police personnel.

In the fall of 1952, I was invited to present a paper at the annual meeting of the Institute of Traffic Engineers in Los Angeles. I was given freedom of choice as far as subject-matter was concerned; I could discuss anything. This seemed like a golden opportunity. I could talk about central traffic control systems, one-way streets, parking meters, parking facilities, personal experiences, traffic patterns, driving habits, women drivers, safety programs—practically anything in the realm of traffic engineering. . . . But, after my first flush of enthusiasm, I realized it would have been far simpler if I had been assigned a subject for my paper. Then all I'd have to do is think about it, make notes, dictate it to my secretary, rework it, and fly off to Los Angeles.

I wasn't the only traffic engineer who was invited to read a paper, and I had a fair idea of what the others might latch onto: the same traffic rosary that I had recited to myself. And aside from the danger of repetition, I wanted to talk about something that was not in the past or the present but in the future. . . . Once I clarified my thinking, decided where I was headed, the rest came easy.

My paper for the institute was going to be a paper on pedestrians. But it just wasn't going to be theory and talk. I had a very concrete idea for saving the lives and limbs of the street crossers of the world. What's more, as soon as I got back from Los Angeles I was going to put that system into effect right in Denver.

I had the whole thing worked out—on paper—by the time I got to the West Coast. I not only explained my plan for pedestrians but announced that it was going to be the first order of business for me as soon as I got back home and back on the job.

The paper itself was a success. While the other speakers devoted themselves to traffic flow, parking meters, and all phases of the four-wheeled mechanical monster, I took up the problem of the two-legged human being. It took me 45 minutes to get to the crux of the matter, but that's the way it is with these formal papers; you have to give the dues-payers their money's worth. However, the preliminaries weren't a complete waste of time. For the skeptics present, I had to build up my case with facts, figures, and personal observations. So that when I hit them with my solution, they would fall on their faces and shout, "Hallelujah, Barnes!"

Basically, what I said was this: That the time had come to give the pedestrian a 30 percent to 70 percent chance of getting across the street alive. As things stood now, a downtown shopper needed a four-leaf clover, a voodoo charm, and a St. Christopher's medal to make it in one piece from one curbstone to the other. As far as I was concerned—a traffic engineer with Methodist leanings—I didn't think that the Almighty should be bothered with problems which we, ourselves, were capable of solving. Therefore, I was going to aid and abet prayers and benedictions with a practical scheme: henceforth, the pedestrian—as far as Denver was concerned—was going to be blessed with a complete interval in the traffic signal cycle all his own. First of all, there would be the usual red and green signals for vehicular traffic. Let the cars have their way, moving straight through or making right turns. Then a red light for all vehicles while the pedestrians were given their own signal. In this interim, the street crossers could move directly or diagonally to their objectives, having free access to all four corners while all cars waited for a change of lights. There were a few such installations in Kansas City, Vancouver, and a couple of other cities, but we would put them throughout the entire business area.

Naturally, there was press coverage at the meeting, but I didn't think it would precede me to Denver. It did. By the time I returned from my "triumph," I found a veritable beehive waiting for me. The mayor called me into his office.

The papers had kicked my idea all over the field. The *Denver Post* predicted that the city would see the worst traffic jam in its history. The mayor wanted me to drop the scheme; when I vetoed that, he suggested I try it out quietly, without publicity, in some obscure part of the city. I pointed out that the plan would hardly work without lots of public education.

The mayor capitulated. "Go ahead with your system," he said, "but if it fails you're finished, kaput. All I'll do is buy you a one-way ticket back to Flint. Understand?"

"Perfectly, Mr. Mayor."

And that's the way it was. For me, a 100-percent gamble.

The night before my "moment of truth," our whole department worked through the dark hours setting up the new pedestrian signal system, testing it from a mechanical standpoint. It was a simple enough job, but simple only because we didn't have the human factor to contend with. By 5 a.m. we had everything we needed but people. There were a few leftover drunks from the night before, but they didn't quite make the grade as guinea pigs; most of them couldn't see across a street, much less get there.

I took a couple of my men over to an all-night diner and we had ham and eggs and coffee . . . lots of coffee. I couldn't help thinking: the condemned man ate a hearty breakfast. But I wasn't too worried. Despite the mayor's opinion, the howls from the automobile clubs, and the blasts from the newspapers, I had complete confidence in the system. Theoretically and mechanically, it *had* to work. Hell, it was the essence of simplicity. Red and green lights for up- and downtown cars, and red and green for crosstown. When one stream stopped, the other flowed through. That was normal procedure. Then bingo! Red lights all around—and all traffic stopped. Only the "Walk" lights for the pedestrians, and then they would have the streets all to themselves for 30 seconds.

The only question mark, of course, was human behavior. True, when traffic was given the green light again, only up- and downtown traffic would move, and crosstown traffic would have to sit through what amounted to two lights. Would they back up for miles the way my critics said they would? I didn't think so, mostly because crosstown was always slowed up by the right-turners who always came in conflict with the pedestrians. Even so, I couldn't be sure. I couldn't be sure, either, about the foot travelers. A lot of them—despite all the publicity—wouldn't catch on at first. Some of them might even freeze, especially the older ones, and just stand there, not knowing what to do. Sure, eventually they'd catch on, get the hang of the system, but would they catch on *today* when it was so important to me? And what would the motorists do—start honking their fool heads off?

Well, I didn't have long to wait, and I had gone far beyond the point where worrying would help. So, after breakfast, I went back to the car and slept for an hour and a half.

By the time I woke, downtown Denver was on its legs and its wheels, moving around. It was almost 8 o'clock. The extra police I had requested were on the job, but I can't say they gave me any degree of comfort. Half of them looked as though they didn't know what it was all about and the other half as though they didn't give a damn.

I drove over to Stout and 17th Streets—the mayor's favorite hot spot—and parked the car. Now, there was nothing else I could do but watch and wait. The results weren't long in coming. First, I concentrated on the pedestrians. Most of them couldn't believe their eyes when all vehicular traffic stopped and they were given the walk light. As predicted, some of them froze, just stood there staring, not knowing what to do. But fortunately, there were always a few who had read a newspaper recently and were brave of heart. These were the ones who strolled off the curb as though they were out for a walk in the park. They crossed vertically. They crossed horizontally. And the real pros made it diagonally, one or two of them reading their morning papers on the way.

The innovation spread to all corners like wildfire. Within a half hour the amateurs were in the minority. Once they saw what was happening, they too graduated with honors. I never saw a "Walk" sign produce so many happy feet. Some of them—mostly the ladies—enjoyed the experience so much that they crossed the streets again and again. One of them—apparently completely carried away by her new freedom—made no fewer than six diagonal crossings and thumbed her nose each time at horn-blowing motorists.

As far as they were concerned—the motorists, that is—the new system was received with less enthusiasm. They beeped and honked, fumed and fussed, but in the end they made their right turns, or went on through, just as they always did . . . but in about a tenth of the amount of time they formerly took.

I watched the experiment for about an hour, then checked the crosstown streets, decided there wasn't any unusual backing up of traffic, and decided to go home and get some sleep.

The system worked out fine. Next day the *Denver Post* came out with an editorial admitting that the pedestrian plan was a success and that, after all, I didn't have to take that one-way ticket to Flint. There were other stories, too, including a feature article by the City Hall reporter, John Buchanan. For me, it was very pleasant reading, and John ended it by saying, "Barnes has made the people so happy they're dancing in the streets." And that's how the name, "The Barnes Dance," came into being.

All in all, the "Barnes Dance" turned into a waltz and, like casting bread upon the waters, it came back tenfold. In traffic circles it was like making the hit parade or the best-seller list. For a long time I had been the only professional traffic engineer between Kansas City and the West Coast. This was a hard, cold fact of life, but until the "Barnes Dance" started making the headlines, no one seemed to be aware of it. Suddenly, I became a regular tenant on the long-distance lines. Calls came in from all over the area with offers from cities and towns to do consulting work (surveys and system recommendations) at very attractive rates. The opportunities for making extra money were unlimited. I took on a few of them that weren't too far afield, the ones I could manage over a long week-end with a Friday or Monday thrown in.

The National Society of Editorial Writers held their annual meeting in Denver during October of 1952, and the mayor and I were invited as guest speakers. His Honor spoke first. In his recital of the accomplishments of his administration, he played up the role of my department, citing Denver as the most advanced city in traffic accomplishment.

By the time I rose to the occasion, I found that instead of 30 minutes to present the paper I had prepared, I actually had 10 minutes left, so I just let them ask me questions. It was a lively session—and lasted for two and a half hours.

It seemed that a representative of the *Baltimore Sun* had been at the Editorial Writers meeting and had written home a glowing story of the achievement of Denver in the field of traffic. Two months later, in December of 1952, I received a call from none other than the Mayor of Baltimore. He had read the story and was impressed. Would I be able to come to Baltimore for a week or so to study their traffic problems and advise them what to do about them? I said I didn't know and, even if I did know, I wasn't sure that I could do it in a week. I had heard stories about Baltimore and its traffic problems. It had the reputation of being the graveyard for New York motorists on their way to Washington. It was supposed to be a jungle of unmarked routes, populated by herds of tractor trailers stampeding through endless stretches of white stoops.

"Don't worry about the time, Mr. Barnes. You can take as long as you like."

I asked him if he could send me a letter, outlining some of the major problems he wanted me to study, and also a copy of the story that had appeared in the *Sun*. (There's nothing like a newspaper story to keep you from having illusions.) He said he would, and I promised to let him know how long it would take and how much it would cost.

We left it there and I forgot about it, mostly because I could have thought of 50 other cities where I would rather do a survey. But in less than two weeks, I had the letter and the story. It wasn't from the mayor. It was from the chairman of Baltimore's Traffic Commission. The story was pretty depressing. It added up to the fact that only a miracle could save Baltimore from grinding to a complete halt and that Henry A. Barnes was considered one who could perform miracles. Very flattering but very frightening.

As far as the problems were concerned . . . they ran the gamut and then some: truck routes, signal systems, pedestrian regulations and control, speed limits and an organization setup for the whole department. The chairman said that he was sure I would find many other problems that needed solving. I agreed with him. I took a long hard look at the job, added some black marks for the imponderables and multiplied the whole mess by a

pound of pessimism. Then I wrote back with the follow outrageous demands: I would need a month to do the job. I would have to have a car and a driver. Also a photographer and a secretary. And, finally, my fee: $5,000 and expenses.

Although I knew Baltimore was desperate, I was quite certain they wouldn't be *that* desperate. I was just giving them the chance to turn me down. Much as I would like the money—even half of that—the whole proposition looked like too much of a headache to me.

I couldn't have missed the boat by a wider margin if I tried. Within a week, my offer was accepted lock, stock, and barrel. Everything I asked for was granted, plus a promise of complete cooperation and the city's thanks for my willingness to do the job. And . . . could I possibly arrange to be in Baltimore within a week?

I hotfooted it over to City Hall to see the mayor and arrange for a leave of absence.

"*Baltimore,* Barnes?"

"That's right, sir."

"I don't like it. Don't like it one bit . . . and you can't go unless you take a month's leave without pay."

But this didn't stop me. I advised him I would take the month's leave. He wasn't happy about that.

"Don't you see it, Barnes? If they accepted your preposterous demands, that means they need you desperately. And if they need you desperately, they're going to try to hold on to you . . . at any price. And I'll be damned if I'm going to let you go."

"I need this $5,000 and I want you to give me the chance to make it."

"What guarantee do I have that you won't continue to take it . . . that they won't dangle the golden carrot in front of your nose and that you won't bite for it?"

"No guarantee, sir. The only assurance I can give you is that it's one helluva mess out there. . ."

"I believe that."

". . . and while it's one thing to tell a city what's wrong with its traffic setup, it's another to get them to do something about it. I'm just going out there to do a job of constructive criticism. I'll let them worry about reforming it."

The mayor was not impressed. "I wish I could believe that, Barnes."

"From where I stand right now, Mr. Mayor, I wouldn't touch that job on a permanent basis with a 10-foot pole."

I took off for Baltimore the first week of March, 1953. The first day on the job I met the mayor—Tommy D'Alesandro, who bore absolutely no resemblance to my boss back in Denver. Aside from the difference in their looks and personalities ("Tommy," as he liked to be called, was a portly, dynamic Italian man with a great sense of humor and a combination of gentleness and toughness that made you glad he was on your side), the two men could be described best by how people described them. The mayor of Denver liked to be referred to as a "community figure." Tommy preferred the term "politician." He made no bones about it, enjoyed the title, and relished the rough-and-tumble in-and-out fighting that went with the job. He was a man who never avoided a political battle and, if there wasn't one around, he'd go out and look for it.

Also, on that first day, I met one of the worst traffic messes I have ever seen in my entire life. This took place at the corner of Pratt and Light Streets and I was told it was a "normal, everyday" occurrence. Here some 82,000 cars passed through this intersection each and every 24 hours, and 60 percent of them made left turns. It was a nightmare on wheels.

This problem alone was worth my $5,000 fee. But there were others. For one, a so-called master controller which presided over the traffic signals at the city's 30 most important intersections. It cost about $69 and acted like $69. Fittingly enough, it was located in the men's toilet of the police building and attached to the wall with a couple of rusty nails. I suspected that every time a john was flushed—or some other disturbance took place in the "master control room"—all the lights on Pratt Street blinked like a pinball machine.

There were other surprises, too: the lack of one-way streets, the free-for-all truck routes, the menacing monuments that cluttered up the avenues, the busses and cabs that operated as though they were fueled with high-octane Bourbon, and the pedestrians who just didn't give a damn. But, worst of all, was the Baltimore Traffic Commission: the director of public works, the chairman of the City Planning Commission, the police commissioner, the president of the City Council, and an outstanding, public-spirited lay citizen. Individually, these were fine men: intelligent, well-educated, reasonable people. Collectively, they reminded me of the Marx Brothers in *A Night at the Opera.* Put them together in a room, around a conference table, and they all became prima donnas, fighting for top billing. They fought each other like cats and dogs, and each meeting I attended reminded me that Baltimore was the home of Fort McHenry where Francis Scott Key wrote *The Star-Spangled Banner* to the accompaniment of "bombs bursting in air" and "the rocket's red glare." I could have added another immortal line: "No matter what happened, the traffic was still there."

It was a hectic month for me. I was on the go all the time but I enjoyed it, mostly because of the people, I guess. There were more likable screwballs in Baltimore than there were in Denver and Flint put together. I made some good friends in those 30 days—from the mayor on down—and when I left for home, I didn't do it without a tinge of reluctance.

"Don't give it a thought, Hank," Harry Riley of the *News-Post* assured me. "You'll be back before you can become a memory."

"Not on your life, Harry. I wouldn't take the traffic job here on a silver platter."

Riley laughed. "Don't take bets on it."

After seeing Baltimore's traffic problems, I was well aware of my powers of resistance, but I didn't press it. I said my good-byes all around and flew back home, fully aware that, despite my non-astronomical salary, I was still a lucky man.

On my first day back in Denver, I met with the mayor.

"Well, how did it go, Barnes?"

"Well," I said, "they can give Baltimore back to the Indians and let them keep the beads." This was slightly mixed up with New York, but he got the idea.

I wrote my report nights and weekends. It covered 172 pages of typewritten manuscript. It wasn't kind, gentle, or even diplomatic. I said what I thought, and I said it boldly and bluntly.

Less than a week after I had expressed my report, I was jangled awake by a 5 a.m. telephone call from Baltimore. It was the mayor himself. It took me a couple of seconds to appreciate the time difference; I guessed Tommy hadn't.

"Barnes," he shouted, "this is Tommy D'Alesandro in Baltimore. Is that you?"

"It's me, all right, Mr. Mayor, but I don't know if it's *all* of me. You know, it's only 5 o'clock in the morning out here."

Big joke. He laughed 50 cents' worth at long-distance rates. "You're a character, Barnes, but let's not waste time with incidentals. I just read your goddam report and I think it's wonderful."

"Thank you, sir."

"Never mind thanking me. I'm thanking you. What's more, I want you to come East and clean up this mess. . . . Barnes, do you hear me?"

"I hear you, sir."

"Well, what do you say? Are you interested?"

I rubbed the sleep from my eyes. "Mr. Mayor," I said, "I happen to know that your last traffic engineer received the magnificent sum of $5,000 a year. Am I right, sir?"

"Of course, you're right, Barnes. We paid you that for a *month,* didn't we?"

"That's right . . . except that I haven't received it yet."

"Don't worry. You'll get it."

"I'm not worried. Just thought I'd mention it."

I further pointed out that they couldn't pay me enough to take the job, and besides there were too many problems working under a Traffic Commission—and I had left the names of five

candidates with the commission's chairman. I suggested that he contact them. With that I went back to bed.

At midnight Baltimore time, he called back. "How much would it cost to get you here, Barnes?"

I thought for a moment. Did I want it? I wasn't sure. It was big time in an area where traffic was a crisis. But aside from the job and the pay involved, I had seen enough of Baltimore in action to learn a little about politics.

"Did you hear what I said, Barnes? What's your lowest figure?"

"I'd like to ask you a few questions first, Mr. Mayor . . . if you don't mind."

"Go ahead, Barnes. Shoot."

"I'd be a political appointee?"

"Right."

"Will I have to be a politician, too?"

"No. All you'll have to do is to keep traffic moving. I'm the politician in this setup. . . . Now, what else?"

I told him that $18,000 was the lowest I would consider. And there were a few other important points to settle, but I would be willing to come to Baltimore Monday and discuss them personally.

"Tell you what I'll do. You come here Monday and I'll call a special meeting of the City Traffic Commission and the Board of Estimate. I'll introduce a bill in the council to abolish the Traffic Commission and replace it with the Office of Traffic Director. How does that sound?"

"Pretty good, sir."

"Is there a plane leaving Denver tonight for Baltimore?"

"Tonight?"

"Look, Barnes," he growled, "I need you here even just for a day. We'll put on a big show, announce your appointment, get the newspapers off my neck, and the motorists throttled down to a purr. That'll hold everybody until you can get out here and go to work."

"I'll see."

"I hope so. . . . Now, tell me . . . is there a plane leaving tonight?"

As a matter of fact there was: a milk plane, 1 o'clock in the morning.

"Excellent!" he shouted. "I'll see you here at City Hall at noon Monday."

He hung up before I could say another word. . . . It took me a good 30 minutes before I could adjust myself to the fact that in a few hours I'd be flying east. Most of the 30 minutes was a wrestling match. I didn't like the smell of politics in the air, but I had to admit that—like it or not—I had agreed to go east that night and discuss the possibility with him the next morning.

I arrived in Baltimore with just enough time to wash the sleep from my eyes and get a barbershop shave at the hotel. After a transcontinental plane ride, dozing upright, I felt like little more than an insomniac, fresh out of an unmade bed, in a suit of rumpled pajamas. My only consolation was that I wasn't up for one of the "10-best-dressed men" of the year.

And wouldn't you know it! Assembled in the Chandelier Room of the City Hall were Mayor Tommy D'Alesandro, the combined members of the City Council, the Board of Estimate, the deposed Traffic Commission, and the local press corps . . . all waiting for me. I felt like the chief of a Latin American junta taking over a new republic, although I'm sure I didn't look the part.

Tommy rose and shook my hand. He insisted that I be introduced all around even though I knew most of the gentlemen present.

"Traffic Director Barnes!" he announced with a flourish, and we all went through the motions.

I called Denver to tell the mayor I had taken the job. I didn't want him to read about it in the papers.

He listened to me carefully while I explained what I had done and why I had done it.

"Well," he said philosophically, "I had a feeling it would come, but I appreciate your calling me." He paused long enough to laugh. "Tell me something, Barnes."

"What's that, sir?"

"How about those Indians and the beads?"

I thought about it for a few seconds, and then raised my right hand toward Denver and said, "How!" I was the most expensive Indian Baltimore had ever bought.

Maryland has one of the funniest state mottoes I've ever run across: "Manly Deeds, Womanly Words." It's particularly funny when you've had the occasion to come in close contact with the natives, especially the natives of Baltimore. In my eight and a half years as traffic director there, I heard more profanity—with and without variations—than I ever have before or since. City Hall often sounded like an army barracks with everyone confined to quarters. But it wasn't only City Hall and it wasn't confined to the doers of manly deeds. Some of the ladies I had the privilege of listening to had a preference for embroidering their vocabulary with purple phrases that kept my eyebrows permanently raised.

Many of these conversations took place over the telephone in one of the city's radio stations. It was a question-and-answer program in which the radio audience was supposed to call in and quiz me about Baltimore's traffic problems. It turned out to be something quite different. Half the time the listeners weren't on the receiving end; I was. They were dishing it out and I was taking it. Fortunately, because of the Federal regulations, only my side of the conversation could be heard by the audience, for the caller's language was sprinkled with many four-letter words. Funny part was that most of the really wild ones were women, and, when they took off, I was glad that this was radio and not color television, because I couldn't keep my ears from burning a bright fireman's red.

I discovered, after the first six months of my tenure in office, that Baltimore was essentially hidebound in tradition. The traffic problems were extreme only because the people were extreme. They inhabited one of the original 13 states. *The Star-Spangled Banner* had been written outside the watery edges of the city, at Fort McHenry, overlooking Chesapeake Bay. And Barbara Fritchie had flown the American flag in a town called Frederick—only 40 miles away, not far from Gettysburg.

You put them all together and you had a spirit of independence that was great for history but murder on traffic. In my eight and a half years there, I ran into more strange problems per capita than I did or have in Flint, Denver, or New York City.

For instance, no place but Baltimore could give birth to a traffic jam over a thing like a crab cake. Ridiculous? Nothing is ridiculous in Baltimore.

The natives seemed to lose their minds over crab cakes and they'd come from miles around on summer nights and weekends to get their fill. Trouble was, most of them came to one place—a famous fish house on the east side of the city. It was located on U.S. 40, a four-lane, two-way street. But did this limitation bother the fish lovers? Not on your life. They not only double-parked, some of them *triple*-parked. This despite the fact that the street just happened to be part of a national highway carrying peak traffic at all hours. The result was a king crab tie-up that was enough to make you lose your mind.

But it wasn't a mirage. It was a mess, and I had to do something about it. I asked the police in the area to get rid of those double- and triple-parkers. They were met with disbelief, indignation, and abuse. "Man, we're here to buy some crab cakes. . . . We just got to have crab cakes. . . . You're crazy if you think we're going anyplace else. This is the best place in town. . . . Why don't you go and chase crooks and leave us crab cake lovers alone?"

The police handed out tickets in wholesale lots, but there weren't enough police to handle the situation; and I doubted there were enough tickets, either. The crab cake lovers held firm. They took the tickets but refused to leave without their favorite food. The newspapers got in on the act, printing pictures of the mess. Nothing happened. I sounded off publicly and privately, but all I got for my trouble was a pass from the

fish house proprietor, entitling me to free crab cakes for the entire Barnes family. I returned it with something less than thanks.

I never really beat this problem. The best I could do was eliminate the triple parkers and, with the cooperation of the police in issuing tickets, I was able to get rid of most of the double parkers, thereby improving the situation but never once and for all solving it.

Occasionally, Baltimore's tendency toward madness manifested itself in pathetic ways. One of the best examples of this was a huge monument sporting a bust of Johns Hopkins, a traffic hazard that reduced visibility to zero. Before I got to Baltimore it had already caused six fatalities and a number of lesser automobile accidents. The only thing I could do was have it moved to a safer place.

When my plan was announced, I got a call from a former mayor of Baltimore. It seemed the monument was located where he could see it every morning when he got up, and, as he had dedicated it, it reminded him of former glories. He asked me not to move it. I felt like a heel, but I had no choice. I moved the monument, but I wished I could have postponed it.

The longer I stayed in Baltimore, the more I became convinced that this was a town that even Rube Goldberg couldn't invent. It seemed to get wackier every day.

Another nut who got on my back was a gentleman claiming to represent his neighborhood. He appeared in my office one day and demanded the installation of a 15-mile-an-hour sign on his street. I suggested that he arrange a meeting with the people in his neighborhood so I could explain why a 15-mile-an-hour sign would serve no useful purpose and why, therefore, I wasn't going to install it.

He refused. I called some of the people he mentioned and found, as I had suspected, that he was the only one who wanted the sign. In fact, most of them said he hadn't even talked to them about the matter and they were convinced, as I was, that such a sign would be detrimental to traffic safety. Therefore, I told him flatly in spite of his threats, to "go to hell," that I was not going to grant his request!

About a week later I got a call from the mayor. The complainer was in his office and would I please come over and tell him what it was all about?

I explained the situation, going into the details of the man's request and his claim as spokesman of the neighborhood. I pointed out that I had talked to all his neighbors about the installation and they agreed that it was unnecessary and ridiculous.

The man told me, while the mayor listened, that the mayor would order me to make the installation. The mayor said he couldn't oblige. He didn't know anything about traffic and that was why he had hired me in the first place. I in turn pointed out that I wouldn't put up the sign even if I was ordered to do so, and the mayor could fire me if he wanted to. The man then turned his ire on the mayor.

He pointed out that he had made a $1,000 donation to the mayor's campaign fund and that he could make or break mayors, governors, and other major politicians. The mayor looked more than a little surprised. He said he just couldn't accept so much money from such an important individual and not do his bidding, and he would have to return the money. Before he could have the check made out, the man left in a huff. The mayor told me later that he had had the donation checked. It was for $50 and not $1,000.

That was Tommy all right, not a phony bone in his whole body. And he always came through when the chips were down. What made it even more impressive was the fact that he was coming up for reelection and he needed every dollar he could get.

But two months later, I wondered if I had overestimated him. What gave me pause was a call from a political manager who proceeded to put the bite on me for a contribution.

"You know, Tommy's coming up for reelection this year, Barnes."

"Yes, I know."

"It's going to be a tough fight, Barnes. We've all got to pitch in. What can I put you down for?"

"Nothing," I said.

The pause was loud if not long. *"What!"*

"I'll explain it to you in one-syllable words," I said. "I took this job with certain reservations. One of them was that I was nonpolitical; that I would neither work for, nor contribute to, anyone's campaign for reelection."

"Are you out of your mind?"

"No, I don't think so. You see, my kind of job can't be done with any degree of success if I have to worry about whose toes I have to step on, big, fat ones or little, skinny ones. Mind you, this has nothing to do with Tommy. Naturally, I want him to be reelected, but I'm not getting mixed up in politics in any shape, form, or manner. Is that clear?"

"Clear as mud, Barnes. You're a dreamer. Come off it and face reality. You're a political appointee—pure and simple. What in hell do you think is going to happen to you if Tommy gets his lumps at the polls?"

"I guess I'll get my lumps, too?"

"You're damn right, you will. You don't make sense, Barnes. Now, I'll give you one more chance. . . ."

"Thanks for the opportunity, but I'll pass."

"Your funeral, Barnes. I'll have to tell His Honor."

"Send flowers," I said and hung up.

The mayor called within an hour. "Barnes, what in hell did you tell my campaign manager?"

"Exactly what he told you, Tommy. I won't contribute to a campaign fund."

"All I want to know is are you sticking to your stupid, high-sounding principles?"

Well, I thought, it was nice while it lasted. Where do I go from here?

"Yes, Tommy, I'm sticking to my stupid, high-sounding principles. Not a red cent."

He laughed. "Good boy, Barnes. If I ever saw the color of your money, I'd fire you in a minute."

Tommy was reelected without my help or my money. It wasn't an easy fight for him, but he made it with a respectable margin of votes. However, although Baltimore had the same mayor, a new term always brought about changes.

"I hear you're getting the sack, Hank," my friend, Riley, needled me the day after the mayor had been sworn in.

"Wouldn't surprise me," I said.

"You know, Tommy doesn't go along with the lip-service bit. If you don't kick in, you get kicked out. I hear you're the only one who didn't come through."

"That's right, Riley. I'm shining up the seat of my pants for the grand exit."

A few days later Tommy called me into his office.

"Barnes," he said, "I'm doing away with the Office of Traffic Director. As of midnight June 23 you're out of a job."

"I'm sorry to hear that, Tommy. I've enjoyed working for you."

The mayor laughed. "Don't be stupid, Barnes. It doesn't suit you and I can't stand it. Tomorrow, at 12 noon, Baltimore's Traffic Director will be replaced by (there was a pause while he checked) Baltimore's Commissioner of Transit and Traffic. The term of office is six years and you're it, Barnes."

I started to speak, but all I could do was open my mouth and let it hang there, stupidly.

"What's the matter, Barnes? Are you for once speechless?"

"Six years, Tommy? You're elected only for four. I don't get it."

"Very simple, Barnes. You've got traffic so screwed up in this town, it'll take you at least six more years to unscrew it. Now, get out of here, put a crease in your pants, and get ready to be sworn in."

The winter of '58 was a bad one for Baltimore. We piled up more snow than I had experienced since leaving New York State as a boy. Or maybe it just seemed that way because while Denver was equipped for snow, Baltimore wasn't. In Denver, you believed in God but took precautions. In Baltimore, you just believed in God. In 1958 we had cold and snow and sleet

storms—one on top of the other—with the natives abandoning their vehicles and hotfooting it for home and the fireplace, leaving me to pick up their cars and get them off the road.

For days even the trucks couldn't get through. A combination of sleet and snow would freeze them in their tracks.

Half a dozen of the local transit busses conked out all over town. I was working with limited heavy equipment—five 30-ton mobile cranes and six bulldozers, plus our trucks and police equipment—so I had trouble enough with ordinary traffic without having busses lousing up the roads. Fortunately, all but two were in places where we could get at them and dispose of them. It was only one wayward jitney that was giving me the big headache, out near the suburbs, on Route 40, and stuck near the top of a hill. If that wasn't bad enough, it had skidded before coming to a halt and was spread over two lanes of the four-lane highway. Not only was it immobilized but it was immobilizing every car that had the misfortune to come up behind it.

I was sitting in the traffic control center, in an around-the-clock shift, getting reports from all over the city, so I had a pretty good picture of what was happening out there. I could just see the line of traffic piling up behind that roadblock . . . not able to get through and understandably afraid to go around it.

I called the transit company and asked if they knew about the bus and if they would remove it. Yes, they knew, but they were too busy to get around to it. "Too busy, hell!" I told them. "If you don't get that damn jitney out of there in the next hour, I'll send a demolition squad over and blast it out of the way."

The dispatcher laughed in my ear. "Temper, temper, Commissioner. Private property, you know."

"It won't be private by the time I get through with it," I promised. "It'll belong to posterity. Get moving."

They didn't get moving. I guess they just didn't give a damn. I called them several more times, repeated my threat, and got exactly nowhere. I called in my field supervisor and explained the situation to him.

"Think you can get a bulldozer out there?"

"I can give it a try, Commissioner."

"Good. If you make it, get rid of that damn thing. I don't care where you haul it or where you hide it. Just move it and get it out of the way."

The next day I didn't ask any questions and he didn't volunteer any answers. But by midmorning, the transit company started calling *me*. First the superintendent, then the general manager, and, finally, the president. Where in hell was their bus? they wanted to know. Haven't the faintest idea, I told them. They got as far with me as I had gotten with them before. By noon, the transit company's chief attorney was on the phone. He was more diplomatic than his client, but it boiled down to the same thing: Where was the bus? What had I done with it? When was I going to return it?

I told him he was wasting his time. I didn't know anything about it. With which he dropped the diplomatic approach and informed me, in no uncertain terms, that I had tampered with a valuable piece of private property and that I would be held responsible for any damages suffered by the company. If necessary I would be sued for the entire value of the vehicle plus the estimated revenue of its earning capacity while it was unavailable to the public. Also, I might be charged with a criminal action: bus theft.

For some reason—maybe sheer exhaustion—I thought this was very funny. "Look, counselor," I laughed, "I called your company several times and told them to get that damn crate off the road. They ignored me. From where I sit, the city could slap a fine on them that'll equal, if not exceed, the price of that roadblock *plus* the costs involved in hauling 40 vehicles that were piled up behind it. Do I make myself clear?"

The company lawyer switched tactics. "I understand you threatened to blow the bus off the road, Commissioner."

"That's true. Trouble was, I was fresh out of dynamite. . . . Now, look, counselor. I don't know where your damn bus is. What's more I don't *care* where your damn bus is. And what's *more,* if I knew, I wouldn't tell you. So you can tell the transit company to put that in their Diesel and smoke it out their exhaust. I've had it. I've been on duty now for 47 hours. I'm tired and I'm going home to bed. My advice to you is to put a light in your window and maybe your wandering bus will come home. Good night, sir."

I slept 12 hours straight. When I woke, I got a report from the office. The transit company had found their bus. They had sent out searching parties, scouring Route 40, and one of them came up with the prize. They found it hidden behind a clump of trees in a blind gully in a wayside park.

"Pretty mysterious, wouldn't you say, Commissioner?" my field commander commented and didn't even bother to remove the tongue from his cheek.

"The Lord moves in strange ways," I intoned, "His wonders to perform."

Two weeks before Christmas, 1961, I received a call from the city administrator's office in New York asking if I would be interested in taking over the traffic commissioner's job. I said no. I pointed out that I was happy in Baltimore, that my children and grandchildren lived there, and that I wasn't interested in moving.

About four days later I got another call, asking if I would come to New York and discuss the matter with the city officials. By this time I had weakened a little, so I agreed, and two days before Christmas I was in New York discussing the appointment.

Two days after Christmas I met with Mayor Wagner at Gracie Mansion, his official residence. Driving up to the door of the mansion, I was stopped by a police officer and asked to identify myself. I was then left at the side steps to find my own way in. There was nothing to indicate where a visitor was supposed to enter, and, when I finally found the front door, I wondered if a person just walked into the mayor's house or rang the bell and waited to be received. But there was no doorbell. So I walked in, feeling certain that I would find myself in the family room with the mayor at breakfast with his family and wondering who this hick from Baltimore was. However, my fears were wasted because I found myself in a public room where there were others waiting for His Honor.

The meeting was very relaxed. I found that the mayor was a former classmate of the mayor for whom I had worked in Denver, and that he had checked with him about my ability, temper, and a few other things. I reminded the mayor exactly what my salary demands were. I informed him that I didn't play politics, in any way, shape, or form; that I didn't contribute to campaign funds, support any candidate for office or do anything other than the job for which I was hired. The mayor said that he would think about the matter and, more than likely, I would hear from him. I got into a cab and headed back to my hotel.

Traffic in New York that day was almost at a complete standstill. It took nearly an hour and a half to get back there. I asked the cabdriver if it was always like that and he said, "No, probably in a day or two a couple of cars will return to New Jersey and then things will be back to normal!" This didn't add to my enthusiasm for my possible new job.

The mayor was to be sworn in the following Monday for a new four-year term, and the papers stated he would make announcements by the end of the week as to who the new commissioners would be. Rumor had leaked out that I was going to be appointed, but I didn't lend any credence to rumors.

When the first inquiry came about the job, I believed that, in all fairness, I should tell the new mayor of Baltimore. I set up an appointment. I told him about the inquiry and that, while I was eating regularly, still I had been in Baltimore nearly nine years and that I was the only non-elected city official who hadn't had a raise during that period of time.

The mayor said that he hadn't realized this fact and that certainly I was entitled to a raise as it was long overdue. He further stated that he would have no objections to going to

the Board of Estimates and requesting a sizable raise for me, but, he added, it would be impossible to do this until 1963! It was then 1961. The budget had been passed for the current year and it wouldn't be right to reopen the matter of raises. That meant that it would be more than a year before I could expect anything *if* the board did approve it, which wasn't too likely.

On the Friday after I returned from my visit with Mayor Wagner, I received a call stating that New York had agreed to all my conditions of employment, including salary, moving costs, and living expenses for three months while we were househunting.

Sunday afternoon, the president of the City Council of the City of New York called and said that the mayor would like me to be in New York Monday morning to be sworn in along with the rest of the officers, even though I wouldn't take office until the 15th of January.

We left Baltimore New Year's day.

Arriving in New York, we took the bus to the East Side Airlines Terminal and a taxicab to City Hall, where we had to fight our way through the crowd, and identify ourselves at least a dozen times because we weren't "among the fold."

Three hours later, though, things were different. I was the Commissioner of Traffic for the City of New York and as such now had official standing. I found that my car was waiting to take us anywhere we wanted to go. I was interviewed by the press and was given a salute by the police on duty. I had no trouble walking into the mayor's office or anywhere else I wanted to go in City Hall.

We rode to the railroad station with two attendants and were even permitted to park on the taxicab runway, something that would have been akin to first-degree murder a few hours before.

Already I had found that there was something to being a "Commissioner" in the Greatest City on Earth.

On the way back to Baltimore I began to think about the turns my life had taken, of where I was going and where I had come from; the road to New York City had started in my little hometown in upper New York State, but the detours to Flint, Denver, and Baltimore had been long ones.

Not too long ago I received an invitation to speak to the Rotary Club in the place where I was born. By this time, I was old enough not to be too impressed by invitations to speak before local civic groups. But this one was different. It was my own hometown. I had been born there and I had left it more than 40 years ago.

I suppose a psychiatrist can explain what it is that makes a man yearn to return to the scene of his birth after he's made a splash in the muddied puddle of life. Maybe it's just plain ham, because, generally speaking, no one remembers him from the old days. I mentioned it to my friend, Riley, and I received a typical answer.

"Very simple, Hank. It's like returning to the womb—with fireworks."

Whatever it was, I couldn't resist it. So I journeyed back to my birthplace and went through the ritual of the hometown boy who makes good. There weren't but a few who remembered me as their former paper boy. It didn't matter. It was an enthusiastic luncheon and I made my little speech, exchanging compliments with the city fathers and the first citizens of the town who wouldn't have let me in their back door if I had knocked on it four decades ago.

But, when finally I was alone, I had to go back to our old house, my first house. It wasn't the same. Time and progress had turned it into something different. It was difficult to remember my Tom Swift years when I was an electronic genius who had scarred my mother's buttocks with my burglar alarm and seared my tongue with acid batteries picked up from the garbage heaps of the local trolley company.

I took office as Traffic Commissioner of New York City on January 15, 1961. It was 24 years since I joined the Flint police force as an electrician. That's a lot of cars under the bridge but it was something I never dreamed of when I was fishing suicides out of the Michigan lakes and prowling around for electrical cable conduits in the Michigan sewers.

Strangely enough, I came to my New York job with less trouble than I did to any of the others. I didn't have to work my way up from the bottom as I did in Flint. And I didn't have to fight the president of the City Council and the members of the Traffic Commission as I did in Baltimore. All it amounted to was two trips to the Big City; the first to meet with a group of officials, the second to meet Mayor Wagner.

Between those original meetings and my appointment, I often asked myself if I knew what I was letting myself in for. It was a wonderful but frightening prospect. The biggest job of its kind in the world . . . and the biggest headache, too. When I thought of the wonder city that New York was, with its awe-inspiring buildings, its wonderful port, bridges, subways, tunnels, and millions of people, I was thrilled to think that I might become an important part of it. When I thought of its 1,600,000 registered vehicles—plus the Long Islanders, New Jerseyites, and other commuters—tied up in a continuous traffic snarl, I had the hell scared out of myself.

There were other frightening prospects. Budget items which had cost the traffic departments of Flint, Denver, and Baltimore hundreds or thousands of dollars ran into the millions in New York.

My staffs which had varied from 25 to 250 people would now be made up of a minimum of 800 employees. The two or three shops and offices I had become accustomed to would jump to more than a dozen. And the 80 vehicles I had been allotted to my department in Baltimore now became 204. Even an item like parking meters took on astronomical proportions —approximately 60,000 of them!

And it was those 60,000 parking meters that gave me my first taste of big league competition—complete with cat-and-dog fights and Indian scalping parties on the warpaths. . . . Without knowing it—and with all the innocence of a "promising rookie" still wet behind the ears—I walked into a trap that resembled the White Sox scandal of the early 1900's.

When I came on the scene, there were nearly 60,000 (10,000 off-street) meters, all right, but 15,000 of them had been either totally or partially disabled by vandals who had broken into them and walked away with their contents. And another 10,000 to 20,000 had been tampered with to such an extent that they were inoperable. The average income from each meter had been cut in half—dropping from an annual high of more than $200 to a low of little better than $100. Obviously, something had to be done. The city fathers were complaining and the city newspapers were screaming—and no city newspaper can scream the way the New York papers can scream.

But I wasn't too disturbed. As far as I could see, it was a simple matter. All we had to do was make a complete changeover of parking meters. Expensive, yes, but not nearly as expensive, in the long run, as trying to do with what we had, considering the poor return the city was getting. Besides, the demand for a new, vandal-proof meter was unanimous among those who were concerned in any way with this problem. It took me and the city administrator's office about 90 days to make a decision. In my opinion, there was one model that was head and shoulders above all others. I tried to vandalize the thing myself and I couldn't make it—and that was good enough for me.

A group of eight department heads got together at City Hall and directed me and the city administrator to work out an arrangement with a Chicago company for the purchase of 47,000 new meters and the maintenance of a total of 52,000.

I submitted our report findings to the Board of Estimate. They seemed satisfied but the major competing parking meter companies weren't. They demanded a public hearing. And, in true democratic fashion, they got one.

The Board of Estimate, some public-spirited citizens, the entire press corps, plus radio and television reporters, sat in judgment.

"Mr. Mayor and gentlemen," the Opposition said, opening its argument, "it is unbelievable—even unthinkable—that the great city of New York would compromise itself by acceding to the

snap-judgment decision of a minor official [*me*] who has made an obvious error in favor of the recommended parking meters." (He ignored the fact that the city had purchased 5,000 of these same meters, under the same circumstances, six months *before* I arrived in New York.)

Needless to say, his remark was inaccurate. I had made no snap judgment as I and the city administrator had been *directed* to submit a report—and had done so—but I decided to let it pass.

The Opposition continued. "I will prove to you—Mr. Mayor and gentlemen—that if I am provided with one of these so-called vandal-proof parking meters, I will pick it apart with the simplest of instruments."

The mayor and all the members of the Board of Estimate turned to me. I shrugged.

"Unfortunately," the Opposition went on, "since there is no specimen [he made it sound like a urine analysis] of the so-called vandal-proof meter available, I cannot demonstrate its vulnerability. But you must take my word for it. . . ."

"That won't be necessary," I interrupted. "It just so happens that I have one of those specimens the gentleman is talking about right here. If he has that instrument handy, I'll be glad to submit it to a test."

I nodded to one of my assistants and he came down the aisle carrying one vandal-proof meter with him.

"It's all yours, sir," I said. "Go to work."

I was a little surprised that the Opposition actually had a gadget on him but he did, and he did go to work. He pried, then tried to insert it into the coin box lock . . . and broke it off.

He apologized. "I'm sorry, Mr. Mayor, gentlemen. . . . Obviously, this was defective. I have another that will surely break open the coin box." He displayed another instrument that was a cross between a screwdriver and a knife. "Now, if I had another meter. . . ."

It just so happened that I had two more in reserve. They came down the aisle in the arms of two assistants and found their way in front of the Opposition.

"Why don't you have a go at these?" I suggested.

He did: prying, twisting, straining to crack open the coin box. He broke off two more of his "can openers" but he never made it inside. True, he damaged the locks, but even if that coin box had had anything in it, it would have cost *him* money.

He retired in a huff. The mayor and the Board of Estimate seemed satisfied about the new meter. But not for long. The Opposition demanded that the city's choice be tested by three of the best testing laboratories in the area. I agreed. All of the officials involved agreed. The recommended meter still came out on top. I thought that was the end of it but then the vendetta started. The Opposition started rumors to the effect that I was on the payroll of the favored parking meter company; that I had six bank accounts, under various names, in Denver and Baltimore banks, stuffed with bribes; that I was being lavishly entertained by call girls in Palm Springs, California, where the president of the company whose meter I favored maintained a winter residence. And, if that wasn't enough, I was supposed to be receiving blocks of stocks in the meter company, which would be delivered to me as soon as the pending contract was completed.

There was so much stink raised that City Hall decided to delay the contract. During this delay, several newspapers decided to investigate me. This started a chain reaction which stirred up the District Attorney for New York County. He, too, decided to get into the act and investigate me. There followed an investigation by the Commissioner of Investigation of the City of New York and, finally, by a special Attorney General appointed by the Governor of New York State. And if that wasn't enough, the Opposition had private eyes trailing me and my family, digging around in my past as though I were nothing less than a combination Benedict Arnold-Mata Hari.

But the straw that broke my back materialized when an investigator for the Commissioner of Investigation for the City of New York started putting my staff through the wringer, calling them up, individually and collectively, for a Gestapo-like grilling.

As far as I was concerned, that was it. I called the commissioner of investigation.

"Look," I said, "I don't mind if you put your flatfoots on my tail or on my family's tail. I think it's stinking and cheap, but I'm willing to submit to it. I have nothing to hide. But when you put those gumshoes on my staff, I'm going to scream to high heaven. You've got one helluva nerve to submit these people, who don't know beans about this problem, to a reign of terror. Now, get the hell off their backs. If you don't, I'm going to get on yours."

He laughed at me. "*You* look, Commissioner. You're not in Baltimore. You're not in Denver and you're not in Flint, Michigan. You're in New York City, you understand? And this isn't a hick town. Even if it were, *you* wouldn't be running it."

I bit back. "Well, let me tell *you* something, *Mr.* Commissioner: if you think you're running this town, you're doing a great job of running it into the ground. Now, I'll repeat what I said just in case your hearing is overworked from listening in on too many private conversations: Lay off my people. If you don't I'll call in the newspapers and give them an earful."

"You wouldn't dare."

"Don't take book on that." I slammed down the phone and left for a luncheon meeting of the Citizens Budget Commission.

The commission is a nonprofit, nonpolitical organization that acts as a watchdog over the city budget and city procedures. Their meetings consist of roast chicken and roasted city officials who revolve on a spit over an open fire of questions and answers. On this particular occasion I was the chicken. After a few warm-up pitches—which put the reporters present into a relaxed, afterdinner doze—one of the members threw me a curve.

"Commissioner Barnes, is the municipal government geared to let you do the kind of job that must be done in this city in order to solve our traffic problems?"

At that point, I was not only full of chicken, I was still full of my battle with the commissioner of investigation, and the question was like opening the door. I briefly outlined the parking meter situation, most of which was a familiar story to the members present. From there, I went on to the difficulties I encountered trying to get the best possible meter to meet the city's needs. Then I waded into the deep waters: the investigations I and my family, and my department had been subjected to by the various newspapers, state and city agencies, private detectives, and last, but not least, the persecution of the members of my staff by the commissioner of investigation.

The meeting suddenly came alive. The questions came so thick and fast, I couldn't keep up with them. The reporters yelled at me. The chairman called vainly for order. Finally, he adjourned the meeting. The gentlemen of the press reached for their hats and I started back for the office. But before I could make it, I got a call on my radiophone.

It was one of my deputies. "Boss, what happened at that meeting today?"

"Why, what's up?"

"This place is crawling with newspapermen, radio people, and television cameras."

"Thanks. I won't bother to come back."

"That's a good idea. You couldn't get standing room here."

"It's just as well because, since the mayor is out of town, I want to see the deputy mayor. I think I'm in for a hot time in the old town tonight!"

I told my driver to change course and head for City Hall. Maybe it was just as well the mayor was away. If there was a real blowup, it might take a couple of days to simmer down. I got to City Hall and went directly to the deputy mayor's office.

"What's this all about, Commissioner? Every damn newspaper in town has been on my neck for the last half hour. Did you blast the commissioner of investigation at the Citizens Budget meeting?"

"Yes, sir. I did."

He looked at me aghast. "You're kidding."

"No, I'm not kidding . . . not then, not now."

"But, why!"

I told him why, sparing none of the details. He listened quietly until I was through.

"Commissioner," he said, measuring his words, "granted everything you say is true. I'm not saying it is, mind you, but for argument's sake, let's say it is. Even so, you have no right to put on a public spectacle here. I know you're new in this town but there are certain rules of the game you have to adhere to. And first and foremost is this: We don't air our family squabbles and we don't wash our dirty linen in public."

"That depends on how much dirty linen you have. In my case, it was spilling out of the laundry basket."

"That may be but, from now on, whenever a situation like this comes up, you're to come to me or to the mayor. No more one-man crusades. No more 'Lone Ranger' scalping parties. . . . Clear?"

"Okay. *If* you tell the other commissioners to stay off my back —I'll stay off theirs."

Aside from all these shenanigans, time and the record proved that I had made the right recommendation for the city's present parking meter. After less than one year of operation, revenue was increased by *$2,300,000* and there was a *98-percent* drop in vandalism.

When I came to New York, one of the first stories written about my appointment posed a question which apparently occurred to a lot of people: What was going to happen when the temperaments of Henry A. Barnes and Robert Moses (especially in his capacity as city coordinator of highways) met and clashed head-on? Would there be anybody around to pick up the pieces?

Perhaps it was a good question, but I never wondered about it myself. Robert Moses was famous not only for his city planning, his road building, his parkways, his expressways, his bridges, and his tunnels but for his short temper and large vocabulary. The newspapers measured us carefully and decided that a confrontation would be better than that heavyweight dream bout between Jack Dempsey and Joe Louis. No one doubted the fireworks that would result. Everyone regretted the fact that the battle couldn't be held in Madison Square Garden.

The matchmakers (the newspapers) went about their business methodically. Every time Mr. Moses or I met the press, the boys would carefully place the little "sticks" on our shoulders and wait for one or the other of us to knock them off. Mr. Moses ignored them. After all, he was "Goliath" and he didn't have to go around looking for a fight. I passed up the bait, too. I had enough problems without risking a bloody nose from one of Mr. Moses' caustic jabs.

But the boys were persistent and one day they caught me with my guard down.

"Mr. Commissioner, if you could put your finger on one solution to New York City's traffic problems what would it be?"

"Mass transportation on the parkways and freeways," I answered innocently, automatically. It wasn't anything new or startling, coming from me. After all, I had said it several times and out loud in the articles I had written for the *Herald Tribune*. . . . The trouble was I hadn't said it officially. And now I had.

That night Mr. Moses flexed his muscles and roared. And he had a right to because for 25 years he had been commissioner of parks and was responsible for the city's parkways. "Never!" he shouted. "Our parkways were made for leisurely driving and shall not become gasoline gullies for busses."

The battle was drawn. The reporters carried the story back to me. . . . By this time I knew I had been had but there was no backing away now.

"I agree wholeheartedly with Mr. Moses," I said. "The parkways do indeed have leisurely driving. As a matter of fact, some of the most leisurely driving in the world takes place on them—bumper to bumper, fender to fender at three or four miles an hour. . . . What's more," I continued, "his ban against commercial traffic on the parkways is so ridiculous that a salesman, carrying a case of samples in his car, is liable to a traffic ticket and a fine if a policeman catches him."

A few weeks later, I had occasion to speak at a luncheon meeting. During the question-and-answer period, someone asked what I thought of Robert Moses and, specifically, his plans for two cross-Manhattan expressways which had been on the drawing boards for more than 16 years.

On the first score, I made it plain that Mr. Moses was a great man, that he had done a tremendous amount of good for the city of New York. However, I added, like all of us, Mr. Moses was a human being and, as such, qualified for a margin of error. As far as his planned expressways were concerned, I thought they were great as far as they went. Trouble was they came to a grinding halt at the edge of Manhattan and, in my opinion, they had to be connected to the tunnels west of the city.

But Mr. Moses was not inclined to take my opinions kindly. "There are no limits to this man's cleverness and gall," he told the New York reporters. "What he must find out is that New York is a great city and not just an outsized Baltimore! This man is not even an engineer! How dare he criticize our plans!"

I agreed with Mr. Moses. I was, in truth, not a graduate engineer . . . but neither was Mr. Moses, whose university degree was in political science . . . which brought us to a Mexican standoff.

Sometime later, Mr. Moses wrote an article for *The New York Times Sunday Magazine*. His subject was newspaper reporters and what he thought of them. It was a brilliantly written piece. Mr. Moses is a very competent writer, much better than most people in public life. But aside from the merits of the article, there was one paragraph that caught and held my eye. It read as though it were written for me. In essence it amounted to this: Every city official who wanted to do his job—and do it well—has found it necessary to step on someone's toes. However, every once in a while, it was sound practice to wipe the slate clean and start all over again.

I immediately sent out my secretary to buy two common blackboard erasers. I had one wrapped in tissue paper, placed in a gift box and tied it with pink ribbon. I attached a personal note and sent it off to Mr. Moses' office at the World's Fair site. Two days later, I received a reply: "Dear Commissioner: I appreciate your gift and I too am all for wiping the board clean. When I was in Latin school we called this *'tabula-rasa.'*" It was signed, "Cordially yours, Robert Moses."

Thus ended one of my battles of 1962. I don't know what it added up to or what either of us accomplished . . . but, between the two of us, we sure sold a helluva lot of newspapers.

Ever since Baltimore I have been convinced that people are more difficult to handle than cars, and New York has done nothing to deflate this theory. If anything, it has proved it out. As time goes on the technical problems become more automatic while the people problems become more surrealistic.

Take Saint Patrick's Day in New York, for instance. Basically, this is a clan holiday. The city has more Irish than Dublin, more Italians than Rome, as well as other ethnic blocs. Yet for some reason (maybe the preponderance of former Irish mayors and politicians had something to do with it) Saint Patrick's Day became, over the years, a city-wide festival, celebrated in every neighborhood pub but especially on Fifth Avenue where the annual parade stepped off with more color and swing than it did in Dublin.

Years before I appeared on the scene, someone in the Department of Traffic decided that nothing else would do but to paint the normal white stripes on Fifth Avenue a Kelly green. It was a grand gesture and the Irish loved it. Even the rest of the population thought it was cute. So much delight was generated by the green paintbrush that succeeding mayors didn't buck the tradition for fear of losing the Irish vote.

I had no quarrel with it. I thought it was all right, myself; much less of a headache than the crab cake lovers.

For two years, after my arrival, all went well. Saint Patrick's Day appeared with regularity and so did the green line on Fifth Avenue. It was an expensive tradition, but it was worth the money as long as everyone enjoyed it so much. However, in 1963, after Saint Patrick's Day and the Kelly green line came and went, the situation became a little sticky.

It was time for the Steuben Day Parade and the citizens of German extraction demanded that I do for for them what I had done for the Irish: paint a *blue* line along their parade route on Fifth Avenue. Nothing doing, I told them, we can't take the time.

"Are we less important than the Irish?" they demanded.

"No, but as far as the Saint Patrick's Day Parade is concerned, it's no longer just Irish. They've got Chinese, Japanese, and many other national delegations marching in it. If you can do the same, I'll consider your request."

They couldn't, but they said they would pay for the blue stripe themselves if I would grant them permission. I agreed, provided they would put down a blue tape and remove it right after the parade.

Those Steubenites were clever. They got themselves a lot of blue adhesive tape from the Blue Ribbon Cafe and pasted it over our white lines. When the parade was over, all they had to do was roll up the stuff and cart it away.

Next spring the Puerto Ricans hit me. They wanted a blue line for *their* parade. No dice, I said. They said they would go to the mayor. I decided to get to him before they did.

"It's getting a little out of hand, isn't it, Commissioner?"

"I'm afraid so, sir."

"Look," the mayor said, "would you object to just painting a couple of blocks of blue lines on either side of the reviewing stand? Two blocks north and two blocks south. Maybe that'll satisfy them."

Then it was the Germans' turn again. But I thought I had anticipated them.

"The mayor gave the Puerto Ricans four blocks of blue lines on both sides of the reviewing stand. I haven't removed them. You're welcome to them . . . no charge."

"You don't understand, Mr. Commissioner," they said patiently. "The Puerto Rican blue is not the same shade as *our* blue. We are much deeper."

"Hell!" I thought. But I gave in, and added another coat of deep blue over the four-block stripe.

For a while, things were quiet. Then Columbus Day came along. I received a letter from the Italian Historical Society reminding me of the annual Columbus Day Parade and that it was high time the city's Italian population was treated with the same respect as the city's Irish. The Italians wanted a Roman *royal-purple* stripe down Fifth Avenue.

I turned them down cold. I didn't know what Roman royal-purple was and, what's more, I didn't give a damn.

That was a mistake on my part. The Italians were more in evidence than the Germans, and they weren't taking any of my lip. Aside from telling me in person what they thought of me, one of their leaders, who happened to be the Commissioner of Markets for New York City, got on television and proceeded to tell the public at large what manner of man I was. I watched and listened to him with mixed emotions. On the one hand, he was blasting a fellow commissioner in public, a breach I had committed before the Citizens Budget Committee and for which I had caught hell from the deputy mayor. But on the other, he was calling me a "small-town boy" who had nothing to offer the city but a provincial outlook.

This called for nothing else than another conference with the mayor on a subject neither of us enjoyed. We kicked it around for a while.

Finally, the mayor said, "Why don't we just follow through on the original setup—paint four blocks of purple stripes for them—two on each side of the reviewing stand—and that is the last line for special events that Fifth Avenue will see!"

I thought about it for a minute. "Okay, Mr. Mayor," I said. "I'll buy that any time!"

It was done that way and we *did* get away with it. But it wasn't without Donnybrooks all over the place when Saint Patrick's Day came around, despite the fact that all the responsible officials of the Irish holiday—including Cardinal Spellman and Judge James Commerford, vice chairman of the parade, and Shawn Keating, regional director of the post office—all approved of my action, declaring that "the green" was to be worn and not stepped upon. . . . The Donnybrooks came from individual die-hard Irishmen who took it upon themselves to raid Fifth Avenue in the wee small hours of the morning and try to do their paint job with Kelly green brushes. Several of them did and two of them were partially successful: one for a distance of seventeen feet and the other for about half that stretch. But I had organized my own "White Paint Brigade" to stand by and repaint every stripe the Irish "underground" managed to get to.

It worked out well, mostly because my worst, and unuttered fears had not materialized. I was scared to death that New York's "Finest"—a great percent of them Irish—would mutiny, come out in their squad cars with paint-brushes and buckets, and make a bum out of me.

The whole business of parades in New York is a headache. The city, because of its size, population, and ticker tape tradition is the last word in the parade league. Here they're bigger and better than anywhere in the world . . . and there are also more of them. Frankly, it's a distinction I could live without because they raise hell with traffic and hell with business. And, as a result, the businessmen raise hell with me. Lately, we've been moving them out of the congested areas whenever possible and confining them to upper Fifth Avenue, above 59th Street. It doesn't make for Utopia, but it's a help.

Last summer I received a letter from the noted symphony conductor, Leopold Stokowski. Mr. Stokowski had a suggestion to make about parades. He said that since they were such a nuisance, why didn't I confine them to the mall or the great meadow in Central Park. There the paraders could prance around to their heart's content without causing a ripple in the city's traffic.

On the face of it, the idea is a good one except for one thing: the last person who suggested it was invited to lead the parade and head for the nearest Central Park tree where he would be treated to a necktie party. The truth of the matter is that New York's public loves parades and, what's more, they love them on the streets of New York. They just won't stand for hiding them in the bushes. A parade without Fifth Avenue or lower Broadway and without the tall buildings and the showers of ticker tape and torn-up telephone books wouldn't be a New York parade.

Somewhat less amusing was a traffic light experience we had in the Borough of Brooklyn. . . . For the most part, the public looks upon traffic signals as a kind of necessary evil. Drivers don't like them because they slow them up, and pedestrians fret and fuss if they have to wait for the green to cross the street.

But what happens when one of those pesky lights konks out? One of them did not long ago and, as a result, a seven-month-old baby was killed in an accident. It wasn't avoided because there was the usual slow motion process that seems to be part and parcel of government operation on any level: city, state, or Federal. It takes a catastrophe to get the gears moving a little faster.

Ever since I came to New York, I've been yelling my head off for better communications between the responsible agencies that have anything to do with traffic in the city. As far as the signal system was concerned, it was—and is—handled by four separate entities: the Traffic Department, the Department of Water Supply, Gas and Electricity, Consolidated Edison Company and private contractors. Traffic installs the signals by private contractor. Water, Gas and Electricity furnishes the bulbs, and Con Edison the power. . . . But in addition to these components, there's the problem of maintenance which is handled also by private contractors.

In the case of the Brooklyn tragedy, the fault was in a power failure: an underground cable had burned out. The police, instead of notifying my department that one of our lights was out, simply reported the failure to the contractor who called Con Edison without specifying that a signal light was involved. As a result, my department knew nothing about our responsibility and the electric company appeared on the scene to restore the light almost 13 hours after it had gone out. In that period, the accident had occurred.

Since then my shouts and pleas have been listened to. Now,

when a traffic signal konks out, the police notify my department immediately. If the fault is a power failure, we have almost instant communication with contractors and Consolidated Edison, and emergency crews are dispatched forthwith. Maintenance contractors have to restore the light within two hours or the company is penalized at the rate of $10 an hour. This specification is written into the $1 million plus contracts we have with the maintenance companies, and, so far, it has yielded excellent results. One company paid $1,100 in penalties in one year before it learned we meant business.

Coping with the unpredictable New York mind is part of the day's work for me. Some of the big changes I made get by without a murmur, and some of the smallest evoke hoots and hollers that can be heard from one end of the town to the other.

My first capital budget request was a fine case in point. I asked for more than $200 million over a five-year period. Half of this amount was earmarked for off-street parking and the other half for the installation of a new electronic traffic signal system. . . . I expected screams of anguish from the economy-minded newspapers and the harried taxpayers. Not a whisper. The newspapers gave it about five lines and tucked it away in the middle pages. Then someone realized that the signal system would mean new lights for Fifth Avenue. *Bedlam!* Remove those antique traffic signal heads, each with its small gilded figure of Mercury? Over their dead bodies, especially the dead bodies of the Fifth Avenue merchants! Barnes has no heart. He is no more than a cold-blooded electronic robot. And that brought out the headlines.

I took a terrible beating for weeks on this *cause celebre*. I was attacked from every angle and at every opportunity: newspapers, poison-pen letters, insulting telephone calls, petitions, and even face-to-face abuse when someone recognized me on the street.

In the end, I gave up. I couldn't take it any more. Each of the new traffic lights would be equipped with a small shelf, and on each shelf, resplendent and victorious would be reinstalled a small gilded Mercury statue.

By this time I felt I had been in the city long enough to start making a few bold moves. So I plied the city's streets and avenues, projecting myself into the driver's seat of the average New York motorist, cabbie, truck driver and bus jockey. Then I started looking at the sore spots: Broadway, Fifth Avenue, Madison Avenue, and the crosstown streets in the midtown area.

No doubt about it, something had to be done about all of them. First on my list was Broadway. It cut across everything diagonally and, for my money, was nothing more than a concrete bone in the throat of what should have been an even flow of traffic. I decided to use it as a switch point, making it one-way southbound and other streets northbound.

I expected the press and the driving public to greet this innovation with the usual cries: "Another Barnes Brainstorm." But they were strangely quiet. If the plan failed, I knew they'd scream to high heaven. "Who does this rube-fink think he's dealing with, hicks? Send him back to the bushes!"

Fortunately for me, the Broadway plan worked. Traffic flowed along the Main Stem like it never flowed before. Even the crosstown streets benefited a little from the change. It wasn't much but, in New York, anything is something.

While the Broadway project was taking place, Mr. Robert Moses was busying himself with the completion of New York's 1964-65 World's Fair. Also, the New York Mets baseball club was readying its brand-new stadium, near the Fair, for the opening day of the baseball season. Also, the Aqueduct Race Track, near the Fair, was already swinging with the "improvers of the breed." I took one look at the calendar and decided that when these three extravaganzas convened on one particular day, in the same neighborhood, there'd be hell to pay.

Conservatively speaking, the Fair was expected to draw daily about a quarter of a million people; the Mets, forty-odd thousand, and the usual Aqueduct aficionados added another twenty-five to thirty thousand. Naturally a good percentage of them, despite New York City's excellent mass-transportation system, would drive to their destinations. It looked like a hot summer ahead.

About this time, I appeared on a WCBS radio program, "Let's Find Out." After outlining my plans for changes on Broadway, Fifth and Madison Avenues, and explaining my proposed electronic signal system which would not only keep cars moving but relieve most of the traffic policemen for more pressing duties, the moderator asked me if I had a favorite nightmare.

"Yes, but 'favorite' is hardly the word for it. I think of it as my worst and recurring nightmare."

"Would you mind telling us about it, Commissioner?"

"Well, it takes place on a warm Sunday afternoon. Half a million people are at the Fair, the Mets are playing a doubleheader against the Giants at Shea Stadium, Aqueduct Race Track is packed to the rafters and the rest of the population is heading out to Jones Beach on the Long Island Expressway."

I was asked what I intended to do if this nightmare ever became a reality.

"Leave town Friday," I said.

These innocent remarks fired the old feud between Mr. Moses and me. When a reporter asked him to comment on my "favorite nightmare," he flared up. The man's talking nonsense, he said. Worst prophecy I ever heard of, he added. "Why, we have one of the best highway systems approaching and surrounding the Fair." There'll be no trouble, he predicted.

I had to admit that Mr. Moses was absolutely right about the highway system surrounding the Fair. It was an excellent piece of road building. But I pointed out that in order to get to that beautiful approach, the motorist would have to use the same old beat-up, back-alley streets, each of which was a potential bottleneck.

We let it go at that. Neither of us had any inclination for another public brawl. We were both too busy with our individual problems.

As luck would have it, mine materialized first. The 1964 New York World's Fair was scheduled to open on a Wednesday, April 22. Shea Stadium had its unveiling five days before, on the 17th. Looking back at it now, all I can say is that I'm grateful both events didn't take place on the same day. If they had, I would truly have left town.

The opening day for the Mets was a weekday, a Friday. I didn't even give it a second thought. Sure, they'd get a good opening crowd but the Fair was five days away, and it was too cold for swimming at Jones Beach. Aqueduct was running, but the Mets would surely conclude their game against the Pirates before 5:30 p.m., unless they were running a marathon.

I was not much of a prophet that day.

Of course, I didn't expect to be double-crossed by the contractors who were falling behind schedule but kept it a big secret. The 5,500 parking spaces that were supposed to be available at the stadium were 1,500 short on that opening day. What's more, I was double-crossed by the fans. Too many of the more than 50,000 of them decided to use their cars instead of public transportation.

An hour before game time, the jam was on and the parking lots were full. But this didn't bother the baseball faithful. They just made illegal parking the order of the day. They planted their cars—and left them—on the road shoulders, the curbside traffic lanes of Grand Central Parkway, and even on the newly seeded lawn areas on the north side of the stadium entrance where many of them sank into the soft spring turf up to their hubcaps.

When I saw what was happening, I commandeered a Port Authority helicopter and took a bird's-eye look at the mess. It was even worse than I thought.

When the game ended, an even greater mess developed. Not only were those 50,000-plus fans streaming out of the exits to claim their abandoned cars, but 1,600 other commuters' vehicles were piling out of one of the city's fringe parking lots in the immediate neighborhood. Complete chaos. And what made it worse was the needlessness of it all. True, the traffic was bad enough, but it certainly didn't need the harebrained roadblocks which the builders put in its way.

From where I sat, in a helicopter hovering over the mess, I saw a scoop tractor loading dirt right on the Long Island Expressway, completely oblivious to the snarl around him. That took care of one lane. Another lane was blocked off by metal drums. This left only one lane for tens of thousands of cars to inch along. Traffic was backed up clear to the Midtown Tunnel (about ten miles west). . . . On the Grand Central Parkway (another important egress artery) some "brains" were erecting an overhead sign and, in the process of this "emergency operation," were fouling up two more lanes. There were other "geniuses at work," lousing up a lane here and a lane there. . . . I straightened it out by phoning directions to 10 radio cars on the ground who relayed my messages to the police. . . . All in all, April 17, 1964, was a day to forget. I wish I could have, but I kept thinking about the upcoming summer when Shea Stadium, Jones Beach, the Aqueduct Race Track, and last, but not least, the World's Fair would erupt on a hot summer afternoon.

Maybe the answer could be found in a prediction I had made two years before. The *Journal-American* published it in a box beside the story of the Shea Stadium fiasco:

> I suspect that the first man (motorist) to start home from the Fair in 1964 may well pass the last man on his way to the Fair in 1965.
>
> —*Traffic Commissioner Henry A. Barnes*
> *May 1962*

The same issue of the *Journal-American* carried a story concerning the civil rights issue. It reported an upcoming "stall-in" at the approaches to the World's Fair. This was supposed to take place on opening day and would involve some 1,800 cars which would conveniently "run out of gas" as they neared the Fair entrances, thereby creating a roadblock that would keep motorist-visitors from gaining admission to a spectacle they had traveled perhaps hundreds of miles to see.

Naturally enough, City Hall, as well as the Fair officials, were upset about the probable consequences of this demonstration. The municipal government had quite a stake in the enterprise and all of us wanted it to succeed. We held numerous meetings to see what we could do to meet the emergency. Since cars are traffic and a "stall-in" involves cars, I was in this problem up to my ears. . . . Did I have any suggestions?

I did. For some time now I had been wrestling with the problem of stalled cars on our major highways. New York traffic is such that one automobile, running out of gas on a busy highway, can create a king-size jam that will take hours to clear away. That was only the *inconvenience* aspect of the problem. There was also the *danger* aspect. . . . Not long ago there had been a 34-car chain collision on the East River Drive. This unbelievable smashup was caused by one car that stalled when it ran out of gas. So I didn't think it unreasonable—"stall-in" or no "stall-in"—to ask motorists to check their gas before driving onto the high-volume roads.

I therefore issued a new traffic regulation aimed against motorists who ran out of gas on the major arteries of the city. Maximum penalties on this charge could amount to $50 fines and jail sentences up to 30 days. Needless to say, the civil rights groups—mainly several local chapters of CORE (Congress of Racial Equality) which had been disciplined by their national organization for this proposed unauthorized demonstration—charged me with being "anti-Negro," "racist" and all the other brand names usually reserved for the governors of Alabama and Mississippi.

I can't say I was bothered much. After all, my job was to keep traffic on the go, and that went for white, black, yellow, or Mesopotamian traffic. And while on the face of it "running out of gas" sounds like an innocent enough lapse, the possibility of chain collisions isn't the only danger. Fire, police, and ambulance emergency services could be slowed or entirely stopped!

Despite my new regulation, the "stall-in" adherents claimed to be not impressed and certainly not deterred from their original intentions. Barnes or no Barnes, fines or no fines, jail sentences or no, they were not backing down. Come opening day at the Fair, there would be the biggest traffic jam in the history of all traffic jams, they said. What's more, they would have not only 1,800 stalled cars to block the approaches and gates to the Fair, they would have *2,000* of them.

I had all my men on duty as well as every bit of equipment I had at my disposal. The master plan for dealing with the "stall-ins" amounted to an alertness, on the part of every civil employee, that was tantamount to an expected invasion from Mars. . . . Personally, although I agreed with every precaution, I didn't think the "stall-in" would amount to much. I based my opinion on the good old American capitalist system: pride of ownership, the value of personal possessions plus the identification of every motorist with his very own automobile. . . . In short, I just couldn't see a car owner abandoning his car on the highway when he knew that it was going to be pushed, shoved, or bulldozed out of the way by every available piece of muscle and machinery that the City of New York had at its disposal.

It turned out that I was right. The "stall-in" didn't materialize. There were no 1,800 cars running out of gas on the approaches to the Fair. There weren't even eight of them. The whole thing was a fizzle and the weather was a drizzle. The Fair opened, the people drove in, and all of us went home, breathing sighs of relief. The only problem was that it rained so hard all day that I doubt we could have seen a stall-in from the police helicopter where I spent most of the day.

I suppose the showdown at Shea Stadium took a little more out of me than I was prepared to give. Six months before, I had had a heart attack. I was a hospital case for two months and a convalescent for another two. So, taking both factors into consideration, my doctor thought a rest and a checkup might be in order.

A reporter from one of the major dailies interviewed me. He asked me if I were going to resign for reasons of health.

"No," I said. "After reading the papers, I've decided that I don't have any heart, so I couldn't possibly have any heart trouble. I'm just going to follow the advice of an old friend of mine in Denver, Colorado, who said, 'Don't let the bastards grind you down.' "

"Anything else, Mr. Commissioner?"

"Yes. . . . Basically, I'm mean and ornery. But I'm going to do my job the way I see it—pressure groups or no pressure groups. And that goes for merchants as well as civil righters, politicians as well as Pollyannas. They're just going to have to suffer with me until we all move freely to the Promised Land."

Many people have asked me many times how I made it so big from such a small beginning. I think it's because basically I'm a do-it-yourself man. In Flint I never hesitated to get out into the mainstream of traffic and run a control box when it conked out. The same went for Denver. In Baltimore I once grabbed a bucket of paint and a brush and threatened to redecorate the men's room to get rid of the cockroaches if the municipal maintenance department didn't do it. In New York, when things got really sticky, I jumped into a helicopter and took over the direction of traffic from my bird's-eye perch.

As of now—this very moment—I might be picking up my hat, getting into a car, and driving to any one of the five boroughs of New York to see for myself how things are going. In two years I was driven 70,000 miles in New York's traffic to get a firsthand look at what the average motorist has to look at.

In short, I don't believe in ivory towers because I don't believe in white elephants.

If I see you at the next traffic light, for both of us, I hope it's green, because while I have more than 70,000 of those red and green eyes in New York City alone, the green are the ones that I and millions of other drivers love most.

—**Henry A. Barnes**

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A shocking account that rips the mask off America's native Nazis—the Klan . . .

HOODED AMERICANISM

By David M. Chalmers

THIS FUNNY LIFE

A collection agency sent a merchant a form letter asking him to remit the amount he owed. When there was no response, they mailed him a second then a third letter. Each letter, though ignored, was increasingly more threatening. Finally they sent a collector to see him.

The merchant greeted the man warmly and paid his bill without hesitation. "I don't understand it," said the surprised collector. "Why didn't you settle up at the start and save us all this trouble?"

"I didn't have the money," replied the merchant. "So I copied your letters and mailed them to people who owed me. The results were so gratifying I held off paying you until I could get your complete set."

Clarence Roeser
Saginaw, Mich.

My history class became quite involved one day in a discussion with our teacher over a problem in civil economics. We were expressing our ideas and opinions concerning the population explosion of the United States. We finally agreed that family planning and education was the answer.

Our very able history teacher took it one step further by inferring that certain levels of our society which needed help were not getting it. To prove his point, he asked one student, "What people usually reproduce the most?"

The student thought for a moment and then replied, "Women."

Paul J. Yarnall
West Chester, Pa.

During World War II one of my buddies in my outfit, a private, received a letter from his wife indicating she was having all kinds of trouble at home and that he should come home, if he could, and help straighten things out.

It was an inopportune time for him to ask for a furlough since the furlough quota for the company was already at a maximum. However, he made a strong plea to the C.O., maintaining that his wife needed him at home.

Finally, the C.O. asked him point blank: "Do you place your wife before your duty to your country?"

"Sir," my buddy replied, "there are 11 million men taking care of my country. But I'm the only one taking care of my wife."

He got his leave.

Fred Bodemer
Fort Bragg, N.C.

Our company had just completed filling out our "Dream Sheets," listing our next duty choices after leaving the Naval Air Technical Training Center at Memphis, Tennessee. All the men were noisily discussing the choices they had made when the instructor walked in for the next class.

"Sir," asked one of the men seriously, "if I get stationed in Japan do you think I should take my wife with me?"

The instructor considered the question a moment, then asked one of his own, "Would you take a bologna sandwich to a steak supper?"

Kenneth L. Munn
Sanford, Fla.

Registration procedures at a West Coast university required students to follow a prescribed path from station to station along the registration route. At the last station, where questionnaires had to be filled out by students in special categories, individual desks bore various signs: "All Foreign Students Register Here. . . All Teaching Candidates Register Here. . . All Veterans Register Here. . . All Graduate Students Register Here," etc. At one desk with the sign: "All Freshman Women Register Here," a neatly dressed young man handed out and collected mimeographed forms requesting name, address, telephone number and marital status of the new girl students.

At the close of registration, this young man gathered his stack of completed forms and returned to his fraternity house to be welcomed by his gleeful fraternity brothers.

John R. Cashman
Norwell, Mass.

A couple of privates in the Army were out on the town on a 48-hour pass and they really lived it up. When they finally came to in their hotel room the following morning, each had black eyes, teeth missing, a cut face and torn clothing.

They tried to remember what had happened, but couldn't, so they decided to go back to the bar where they had spent the evening and ask the bartender.

As they walked through the door of the bar, the bartender looked up and exclaimed: "Well, I see you two guys finally decided to make up!"

Dan Bennett
Pacific Palisades, Calif.

At our college, when rolls are served at dinner they're placed on the salad plates by the girls who work the line. We're served cafeteria style, as are most other colleges, and have a choice of either one or two rolls.

The girl who served the rolls one evening was a very pretty, soft-eyed blonde. As the upperclassman ahead of me went through the line, the girl asked the usual question, "Would you like two?"

He replied casually, "I'd love to."

Robert H. Sanford
Ellensburg, Wash.

A newly married couple, close friends of mine, were separated for the first time when the husband had to go to Boston for a few days on business. Although only a few hundred miles apart, he could have been in Bombay the way they carried on. The husband made her promise she would join him if he found being away from her too painful.

Sure enough, a few days later she was packed and off to Boston in record time. She had received a postcard which read simply, "Having a wonderful wish. Time you were here."

Tony Furman
New York, N. Y.

Recently in a Marine bootcamp classroom, the sergeant was drilling the new recruits on his pet subject, hand grenades.

"What would you do if a grenade was thrown into the room you were in?" he asked the first private.

The private returned the standard manual answer, "I'd hit the dirt, sir."

After asking every man in the class the same question and receiving the same answer, the sergeant left the room, returned and rolled in a dummy grenade.

Every last man in the room got up and ran!

Paul Whitten
Peoria, Ill.

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duck stretchers in Acapulco

Here are four members of the Jantzen International Sports Club in the elasticized stretch ducks in all necessary lengths. Our government insists we tell you our elasticized duck is 93 percent cotton, 7 percent rubber; want to commit this to memory? Bob Cousy and Paul Hornung (that's Hornung's left hip pocket in the lower right of your screen) wear the western look walkers, about $8.95. John Severson (left), big wave surfer, has on the stretch surfing trunks, about $7.95. Terry Baker has on the new water ski stretch ducks, about $5.95. John's surfing jacket is about $7.95, Terry's water ski jacket is about $5.95. Tom Kelley took the picture near the Caleta in Acapulco.

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